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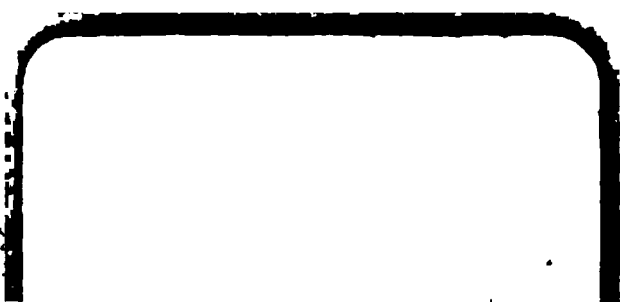
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De la ...

GAE



1

The History
OF
CARAUSIUS,

The Dutch Augustus, and Emperor of Britain, Zeeland,
Dutch Flanders, Armorica, and the Seas;

The Great First Hollandish Admiral;

AND

THE FIRST SAILOR KING OF ENGLAND.

WITH WHICH IS INTERWOVEN AN

Historical and Ethnological Account

OF THE

MENAPII;

The ancient Zeelanders and Dutch Flemings.

COMPILED FROM UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED

ANCIENT, MEDIEVAL AND MODERN AUTHORITIES.

BY

J. Watts de Peyster.

POUGHKEEPSIE :

PLATT & SOHRAM, PRINTERS.

1858.

The Kingdom of Holland,

The small spot of ground which has engaged the eyes of all Europe, even since the earliest ages,—the mention of whose important name, at any time, excited the observation of all parts of the world,—and whose universal trade has communication with all the more or less civilized nations,—always remains the object of attentive reflection for every cosmopolite; who has become in any way acquainted with its natural, political and moral history. A piece of ground, torn from the ocean, and during so many ages defended against its rage,—a country appearing to the eyes of travelers, in the summer as a garden, divided into orchards (gardens), and grass meadows, in the winter as a small archipelago, in which the cities, like so many islands, elevate themselves above the surface of inundations,—a state, which is incomparable on account of its long struggle in obtaining civil liberty, and endless sacrifices for promoting its interest,—a nation, which has been continually divided by political quarrels, violent ecclesiastical disputes, and internal divisions, and after all has never been torn asunder,—a nation, under only a very small obligation to nature, and compelled by it to be industrious, but nevertheless, simply through its own industry, as great in all arts and sciences as any nation of the earth; much greater indeed than all the favorites of nature,—should not all this make the Kingdom of Holland a constant and most important object of critical observation?—[*Anglicised from the “Dresses, Morals and Customs in the Kingdom of Holland.” 1808.*]

TO
JOHN WALCOTT PHELPS,
CAPTAIN IN THE UNITED STATES ARTILLERY;
THE ACCOMPLISHED SOLDIER AND CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN,
DISTINGUISHED FOR GALLANT AND MERITORIOUS CONDUCT
THROUGHOUT THE
WAR WITH MEXICO,
AND PARTICULARLY IN THE
BATTLES OF CONTRERAS AND CHURUBUSCO;

THIS WORK
AS A TESTIMONIAL OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

The History of Carausius:

FROM

Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle.

A. D. 1176–1204 :—1209–1358—(1483 ?)

A STRANGE MELANGE OF FACTS AND FANCY.

*Transcribed and first Published from a MANUSCRIPT
in the HARLEYAN LIBRARY, by*

THOMAS HEARNE, M. A.

OXFORD, 1724.

Anglicised, so as to be intelligible to ordinary readers, by

J. W. de P.

Interpolated words and sentences in (—).

A stalwart young bachelor in this land was tho; (then)
Carausius* [(Karant) Carausius] was he named, the cause
of so much wo (woe.)

For tho he had in war erst been, and done great mais-
trie (exploits),

And had said much of himself (his loyalty) he thought
in tricherie (treachery).

He went and begged leave then of the Emperor of
Rome,

To keep the sea about this British land from strange
men that thither come (infested it),

And promised him, that, while there, if well advanced
he were,

*NENNIVS, the Chronicler, tells us that the Scottish river *Carron* (CAR-
RUNUS, Latin,) derived its name from CARAUSIUS, which in this form.
K(O)ARAUN, is almost identical,—(*Caraus*, CARAUN, KARAUN, Carron.)

To yield more gold to Rome than all Britain did thither
bere (bear).

Then the Council of Rome believed his fair behest (of-
fer,

And that he was a strong man and of great power with
the meste (multitude),

The Emperor with good charter, and with his own
cel (seal)

Him gave of the sea about (Britain) the warde (duty of
defending) every del (part).

This false man went forth then with his charter aboute
(all about),

And, of evil-doing men, gathered to him a great route
(army),

And then he purchased by the gold that God did him
sende (sent),

And provided him good ships, and into the sea wende
(went),

And wou him soon much gold with strength and
quoyntise (prudence and capacity),

And afterwards by robbery ; help, however, failed (to
afford) other wyse.*

So large (generous) he was to his men of things that
he fonde (acquired),

That he had a very great host in a very little stonde
(time).

He robbed in islands in the sea, and the havens all
aboute,

So that of needy men there came to him so (very) great
(a) route (multitude),

*That is, he did not aid the Roman allies and subjects, who were plun-
dered by his confederates, the sea-rovers, whom CARAUSIUS had been sent
to destroy.

That there was no neighboring prince able to resist
him round about.

His power waxed ever, so that each land him began to
doute (fear),

So that he spoke with the men here of this land,
And appeared to them so faire y now, and gave them
to understand

That if they would abowe (submit) to him, and him as
their king nome (name),

That he would bring them all safe out of the danger
of Rome,

And deliver this land from the Romans, and of strange
men (foreigners) echon (every one),

That so free a land as this (Britain) in the world there
should be non (none).

This land then made him its king, for he was so quoynte
(wise) a man,

And he began to war anon upon the king BASIAN;*

And easier against the other gathered his hoste faste,
So that they came together and fought a battle at laste.
But CARAUS of felonye (wickedness) began to under-
stonde (conceive),

And thought that (as) the Picars (*Picts*) were from a
strange lond (land,)

That were with BASIAN the king, that FULGENCE [(Ful-
gentius,) his uncle,] hither brozte (brought),

That he would liztliche (likely) to him turn (with them)
for hire he thozte (thought),

To him he spoke so cunningly, and mede (rewards)
began to bedde (offer),

* A fabulous sovereign of Britain, mentioned in the *Fasti Annales* of
GALFRED (Geoffrey) of MONMOUTH.

So that he (Fulgentius) the king BASIAN betrayed in
his nede (need),

For tho' he came with him to battle he turned against
him e(a)chon (every one):

So that he neither knew which were his friends, nor
which were his fon (foes),

And BASIAN and all his folks eode a non to gronde (were
immediately ground to pieces),

And he himself and many others were slain there in
astonde (astonishment at the treachery of so
near a kinsman).

Then was this false CARAUS (Carant) made king of this
land (England) here ;

Without assistance it came to him of kynde (as though
begotten to it or by right) to have such power.*

Then (when) tything (tidings) came they to Rome
that he (CARAUSIUS) had done them (the Empe-
rors DIOCLETIAN and MAXIMIAN) such shame,

They took a great lord, ALLECT (Allectus) was his
name,

And sent him into this (British) land, and men with
him ynowe (enough),

So that in battle this CARAUSIUS he slowe (slew),

*GALFRED (Geoffrey) of MONMOUTH (translated) reads as follows, with regard to the facts narrated between the 25th and 44th lines:—

Which (the sovereignty) when he had obtained it for the asking, he immediately declared war against BASSIANUS, and slew him, and took upon himself the government of the kingdom. For the *Picts* betrayed BASSIANUS, those whom Duke FULGENTIUS, the brother of his mother, had led into Britain, who, when they should have assisted him, corrupted by the promises and gifts of CARAUSIUS, they deserted from BASSIANUS in the heat of the battle, and fell with fury upon their former fellow-soldiers. Thereupon the latter, stupefied, since they were ignorant of who might prove a friend or who an enemy, fell into confusion, and the victory declared for CARAUSIUS. Who, when he had achieved this triumph, assigned to the *Picts* a district to settle in, in Albany (Scotland), wherein, having intermarried with the *Britons*, they dwelt throughout subsequent ages.

When this battle was done he began to arere (raise or wage)

War upon men of this land, because they with CARAUS were (had served).

The *Brytones* (Britons) then of this land to schilde (shield) them from schame,

Chose them a new king, ASCLEPIOD (Asclepiodotus) was his name,

That was Earl of Cornewail (Cornwall), he gathered ys ost anon (his host immediately)

To war, and to stand against the Romaynes (Romans who were) ys fon (his foes).

He went him to *London*, as kyng ALECT there was, To honoure there false Godes as it fell out then bi cas (by chance),

Tho' the king this astounded that his folk thus come (people came upon him)

He at once left his sacrifice, and his folk with him nom (took),

And went out against him, and hard battle he smyte (fought),

So much folk there was slain, that grief was it to wyte (know)

These Britains were so courageous, and wox euer (waxed or wrought) so faste (firm),

That the Romaynes and their king had to fly at laste.

The Britons followed after, as they ought to do,

And slew many thousand, and ALLECT the king also.

A lordlyng of the *Romans*, that I know was named GALLE,

Came and yielded him to our kyng, and his men, nay indeed alle,

The king him took to prison, to London he was brozt
(brought),

The kyng him would give lyf (life), but his men would
nozt (not),

Nor suffer that there should be left alive any of their
fon (foes),

But led him in to London, and his men echon (every
one)

To a running water, that yet is there I wene (think),
And smote off all their heads to bring them out of
tene (trouble),

This water there where they slew them was called
Galle-brc(o)k, (Wallbrook,)

After GALLE, that same prince, that there his death
to(o)k.

Then was *Britain*, this land, of Romeynes, almost lere
(empty or delivered).

But scarcely was it ten zer (years) before they here
agayn were,

ASCLEPIOD made himself there to be crowned as king
anon (at once),

And kept about ten years this land well mid (in pros-
perity) fram his fon (from his foes).

But through *Romaynes*, that hither came; that heathens
were echon (every one),

And through misbelievers, Christendom was nigh in-
deed al agon (all lost),

Two Emperoures of Rome, *Dyoclician* (Diocletian),

And an other, his associate, he that furious MAXIMIAN,
Were both reigning at one time; the one in the East
ende,

And the other in the West, of the world, Christendom
to schende (destroy).

For the wicked MAXIMIAN Westward hither sozte (departed),

And Christenemen, that he found, to strange deaths he brozte (consigned).

Chirches he leveled to the ground, there must not one stonde (stand),

And all the (Christian) books, that he might find in any londe (land),

He would let them burn every one amid the heye strete (in the middle of the high or public streets),

And the Christians all he slew and none alive lete (left).
Before God there was no mercy, then for Christendom.
In so little time never was undergone so great a martyrdom.

For there were in a month seventeen thousand and mo (more)

Martyred for their love of our Lord, (oh! was not that great wo?)

With foreign great Saints that he held (or flayed alive) in long torment,

As Saint CHRISTYNE, and Saint FEY, and also Saint VINCENT;

FABIAN and SEBASTIAN, and many others, as we may in Church rede (read),

And many a one turned again to heathenism for drede (dread).

Among all these in this land, that were monion (monks, or many a one)

Here martyred at this tyme, Saint ALBON was on (one),

He was the first martyr, that to England come (came).
Much was the shame men did then to Christendom.

The Lord hath the dear man who many led into Cris-
tendom (the fold of Christ).

Under these wicked Emperoures there was a noble mon
(man),

Elevated by their wicked laws, that under them much
won.

CONSTANCE (Constantius Chlorus) was his name, he
conquered of Spayne

The homage, and of France, and afterwards here of
Bretayne.

Hollandish and Zeelandish Sailors, and Dutch and
Flemish Soldiers, compared.

No sailors can Hollandia's sons surpass in trades em-
prize, (a)

But Zeeland's boys the *bravest* (b) are, when battle's
signal flies;

And while the Netherlands produc'd the stoutest men
for war, (c)

(Of all the Dutch, the Gueldre-lads (d) the palm of cour-
age bore—

Though *champion's-belt*, *Nymwegen's* sons had won and
nobly wore; (e)

While of the martial Flemish race (f) none were like
Hainault's (g) men,

(Of whom the Valenciennes (h) cites the boldest prov'd
again.*

* Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE'S *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*. Chap. IV., page 182-'4 (1688), (a) Temple, Heylyn, and a host of authorities; (b), Temple, and the results of an hundred naval conflicts; (c), Caesar, and the testimony of centuries; (d), Marlianus, Leodius, Long, Lempriere, Anthon, Milman, Littleton, Spruner, &c. &c. &c., establish that the ~~Menapli~~ embraced the people of the Duchy of GUELDRES (*Gelrences*); (e) and (h), Temple; (f), The whole history of the Spanish and Austrian monarchies; (g), Caesar first encountered the MENAPII and MORINI, in the *Hennegau*, and had the worst of it.

Wonders performed at Eleutus by the Dutch Foot or
Infantry, July 1, 1690.

“Never did any Troops perform greater Wonders than the Foot, who, when they were forsaken by the Horse, alone sustained the Charges of the *French* Horse and Foot, and being Attacked in Front, Flank and Rear, all at once, they yet continued firm, unbroken, and impenetrable: They let the Enemies Horse approach within Pistol shot of them, and made their Discharges with such an unconcerned and steddly Aim, that the whole Squadron together seemed to sink in the Ground, hardly thirty of the whole number getting off, and this Course they so accustomed themselves to, *that at length they laughed at their Enemies, and challenged them to advance*; The *French*, on the other side, were so abashed with the Execution done upon them that they retired as soon as the *Dutch* began to present their Muskets at them, nor durst they any more come near them, but suffered them to retreat in good Order, without offering to pursue; and this unparallel'd Bravery made the Duke of *Luxemburgh* speak in their Praise, that they had out-done the *Spanish* Infantry at the Battle of *Rocroy*, where the *Spaniards* performed Wonders, adding withal, *Prince Waldeck* (the Dutch General) *ought ever to remember the French Horse, and himself never to forget the Dutch Foot.*”—*LIFE of WILLIAM III., late King of ENGLAND and Prince of ORANGE*, 3d Edition. Pages 288–’9. London, 1705.

Errata, Omissions, and Explanations.

UNIMPORTANT TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS NOT NOTED.

Page 5, line 24, for "Pyraean" read "Pyrenean."

" 7, " 3, after "English," insert "(See Prefatory Remarks, page XII, Wonders performed by the *Dutch Foot* at *Fleurus*, 1690.)"

Page 7, line 10, after "despot of Java," insert "*Maendels*."

" 13, " 16, after "elements," insert "See DE PEYSTER'S DUTCH BATTLE OF THE BALTIC;" the account of the same, styled the BATTLE OF THE SOUND, wherein OPDAM 'performed acts (of heroism) which surpassed all the examples of antiquity.'—(*Les Delices de la Hollande, La Haye*, [the Hague,] 1710, Vol. I., pages 245-'6, and 380-'1, and in DE LA NEUVILLE'S *Histoire de Hollande*, Vol. III., Chapter IX., pages 83 to 94.)"

Page 18, line 27, after "Rhine," insert "which expressed as well the *Maas* and the *Schelde*, for all but the *Tabudan* (*Boudt*) mouth of the latter were looked upon as outlets of the Rhine."

Page 19, line last but one, after "*Friesland*," insert "which in the Vth Century included *Zeeland*."

Page 19, last line, for GRATTON," read "GRATTAN."

Page 27, line 18, after "*Minevia*," insert "Menevia or Menapia."

" " " 32, after "section," insert "(the third part known as *Holland*, from which HENRY FOX derived his title of Lord *HOLLAND* in 1763.)"

Page 31, line 19, for "in" read "from."

" 33, " 1, after "285," insert "or 287."

" 39, " 20, for "Tristan" read "TOCHON."

" 47, " 19, after "[or Augusti,]" insert, "or HILARITAS AUGGG.—[Happiness or Enjoyment of the three Augusti]."

Page 48, line 31, after "which," insert "that learned numismatist considers after examination."

Page 52, line 10, for "prancing," read "galloping."

Page 54, line 12, after "demolished," insert "In this singular little structure we possessed, until within about a century, a perfect specimen of one of the Roman temples in Britain. According to tradition it was dedicated to the Goddess of Victory. 'It had a tessellated pavement. It was 19 feet 6 inches in diameter, within, arched towards the top, with a round aperture (like that of the Pantheon at Rome) in the midst of the dome, 11 feet 6 inches diameter, and the utmost height to the periphery, or edge of this aperture, from the floor, 22 feet."

"At a little distance from the top, beneath the circular opening in the midst of the dome, was a small square window on one side, and round the inside, resting on the floor, were stone seats, and against the wall, on the south side, an altar; the door of entrance, which had a regular Roman arch, being placed under the square window."

"Arthur's Oven was pulled down about 1743, by Sir Michael Bruce, of Stonehouse, near Falkirk, for the sake of the stones; but

with little profit to himself, for the stones were used in constructing a milldam, which was soon carried away by a flood."

" 55, line 5, for "Nonnius," read "Nennius."

" 59, lines 5 & 6, after "transmutation," read "**Carann, Karant,** or **Carun**—Anglicised into CAROS, CAROWE, and CARON—may have been gradually lengthened into CARUNUS, and then into **Carausius.**"

Page 73, line 5, after "confound," insert "Bononia."

" 73, " 6, for "Boulogne," read "*Bonogne.*"

" 78, last line, insert "The lines most applicable to this occasion are those of tricky ARIEL, from Act I. Scene II. of SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest* :

"I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement : sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly ;
'Then meet and join : Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight outrunning were not : the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble :
Yea, his dread trident shake."

* * * * *

—————"and for the rest o' the fleet,
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again ;
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,
Bound sadly home for Naples, (*Britain*).
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish."

Page 79, line 9, after "fortress," insert "(which TRISTAN, in his History of the Emperors, [Paris, 1644, Vol. III., page 380,] says had been very strongly fortified, and garrisoned with Roman soldiers by CARAUSIUS.)"

Page 85, line 16, after "tribe" insert "and its affiliations or adoptions, constituting a confederation rather than a substantive nation."

Page 85, line 34, for "sixteen pages," read "one hundred and forty-four pages," or "nine signets."

Page 87, line 14, after "armies," insert "Such, after study and reflection, are the writer's convictions."

Page 89, line 9, out "which," and insert it before "branching," in the 11th line."

Page 92, line 1, after "**Domburp**," insert "(where then was the PORTUS CLASSIS BRITANNICÆ ?)"

Page 92, line 13, for "*Morionorum*," read "*Morinorum.*"

" 95, " 17, for "immediate antagonists," read "allies."

" 96, " 23, for "(Romans)" read "(Romans)."

" 96, last line, after "are" insert "and were."

XV.

" 97, line 2, after "Germans," read "The only *Belgæ* of pure blood were the *Bellovaci*, *Ambiani*, and *Attrebates*."

Page 97, line 5, after "Mor," insert "still a common Flemish word." (English, *Mere*.)

" 98, " 29, after "inhabited," insert "then."

" 100, " 15, after "Venice," insert "and according to Gibbon, (V. 487,) the tutelar Saint of Corinth."

Page 105, line 31, for "**Saron**" read "**Saxon**."

" 109, " 1, between "and" and "uncertain" insert "intrusive or."

Page 109, line 8, after "philosophers" insert "followed."

" 109, " 27, for "Romer's Walle" read "Romerswalle."

" 110, " 8, for "~~Mearapii~~" read "~~Menapii~~."

" 110, " 24, for "mediæval," read "the first or early modern."

" 111, " 14, for "Frisiibones" read "Frisiabones."

" 111, " 32, after "Frisia" insert "~~Friezland~~. or FRESIA, in the Vth, and even as late as the IXth, century, included the *Maas-Scheldic Archipelago*."

Page 112, line 11, after "knife" insert—" (in the *Norfolk* dialect, a large clasp-knife was, and may still be, known as a '*snicker-snee*.')"

Page 116, line 3, after "*Bois-le-Duc*," insert "extending down to *Roermunde*, on the *Maas*, and embracing *Lillo* and *Breda* on the *Schelde*."

Page 119, line 4, between "a" and "stone" insert "square."

" 122, " 2, after "*Parokeanitēs*" insert "or *Parokeanitai*."

" 123, " 19, after "progress" insert "Any one who will examine TURNER'S *Anglo-Saxons*, will be satisfied that the *Greeks* not only were acquainted with northern and western Europe and Britain, but had traded thither and established colonies therein."

Page 125, line 19, insert "With regard to *science* in the *Netherlands*, at the epoch of the invention of *printing*, the provinces of Overijssel and Guelderland were the most learned countries of Europe.—(NEALE'S *History of the so called Jansenist Church of Holland*.)"

Page 129, line 34, after "succeeded" insert "(about B. C. 120.)"

" 132, " 28, strike out from 'Batavi' to 'but' in the last line of the page, and substitute "their territory embraced the triangle, whose apex was at Burgunnatum(*Schenkenschanz*) bounded by the old Rhine (which flowed by Leyden), the Wahal, and the Maas (emptying by its Rotterdam mouth)."

Page 134, line 25, after "[aiones, plural,]" insert "Latinized."

" 135, " 17, after "*burg*," insert "PLINY locates the *Cimbri*, *Teutones*, and *Cauci* on the shores of the *British Channel*; CLAUDIAN, in his '*Getic War*,' (quoted page 42,) styles the OCEAN, which receives the Rhine, the '*Cimbric*.' We shall see hereafter that the NETHERLANDISH CAUCI were in fact a constituent of the MENAPIAN confederation, or, according to PONTANUS, the *Trans-Rhenan MENAPII*, between the *Flevan Lake*, the *Yssel*, the old *Rhine*, and the *Vecht*, embracing about the present province of *Gueldres* and the eastern half of *Utrecht*."

Page 143, last line, continue—"D'ANVILLE, more correctly, however, locates it between the *Vire* and the *Somme* : DEWEZ, from *Calais* to the *Schelde*,"

Page 153, line 13, for "1529 : obstinate," read "1535 ? repentant."

" 153, " 15, before "relapsed" insert "obstinate or."

" 157, " 25, after "bonfires," insert "and judicial murders by immersion in mortar and subsequent starvation."

Page 164, line 32, after "sea," insert "According to EYNDIUS : STRABO, the best interpreter of CÆSAR, extended the MENAPII and MORINI southward to the edge of the *Ardennes* forest."

Page 171, last line, add to the note, "VALOIS considered the *Portus Æpatici* identical with *Boulogne*. It is very probable that both it and *Meldi* were in the vicinity of *Calais*."

Page 185, line 32, after "VIIth Century," insert "(See BUTLER'S '*Lives of the [Roman Catholic] Fathers, Martyrs, and other Principal Saints, Vol. II., November VII., ST. WILLIBROD, pages 826-828, wherein he speaks of the FRISONS at the mouth of the Rhine. ST. WILLIBROD preached to the Zeelanders, Hollanders, and West and East Friezlanders, and was first Bishop of Utrecht ; afterwards the head-quarters of the, so called, Jansenist Church of Holland.*"

Page 195, line 2, after "*Boston*" insert "(Consult BANCROFT'S '*History of the United States*,' pages 300-'1, wherein he states that the *Puritans* originated "in towns and villages of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and the borders of Yorkshire," and that their "place of secret meeting" was "an unfrequented heath in Lincolnshire, near the mouth of the Humber," whence they fled across the sea to HOLLAND, 1608.)"

Page 196, line 20, after "century, insert, " : according to TURNER, it was founded A. D. 600."

Page 200, line 27, after "overcoat," insert "*Saxum*, which DUCANGE in his '*Glossarium*' mentions as synonymous with *Sagum*, a species of cloth,—Gallice, *Saie*—(translated by GUY MIEGE, 'a Coat used in time of War by the ancient Persians and Romans, being something like a Jacket, or a close Coat, such as we wear 'em now adaies,' whose skirts did not descend below the knees,—according to the ACADEMICI CRUSCANI, "*Saia, specie di panno lano, il piu sottile, e Saia, drappata dicono a una sorte di panno lano fino, chiamato dai forastieri Peluzzo di Siena,*") by WEBSTER rendered '*Serge*.' "

Page 216, line 10, after "clocks" insert—" (by HUYGENS, 1657—*Clavis Calendaria*, I. 9.)"—

Page 221, line 5, for "*nulle*" read "*mille*."

" 224, last line, for "at its head," read "head or vice regent."

Page 226, line 8, for "(DECIREMUS)" read "(DECIREMIS or DECEREMIS)."

Page 227, line 1, out * after "deep," and expunge NOTE *, in connection, at foot of page.

Page 227, line 20, after "ALFRED," insert a *, and subjoin as a note, "*See Article '*Clepsydra or Water Clock*,' in the '*Clavis Calendaria*,' Vol. I. pages 4 to 7."

Page 236, line 2d from bottom, after "constitute," substitute for the rest of the sentence, "a distinct work, entitled 'THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE SAXO-GERMANIC-NETHERLANDISH CONFEDERATION. (*Menapio-Frank Alliance*.) known under the generic name of FRANKS or FREEMEN,'—which will be published (D. V.) in the course of the year, 1859,—to which the reader is referred for details."

Page 252, line 10, for "*I' hertogenbosch*" read "*S' Hertogenbosch*."

" " " 22, for "*Nicellæ*" read "*Nirellæ*."

Page 256–268. N. B. Readers will take notice—although the good sense of the majority should render this remark unnecessary—that while the main historical facts in these pages are correctly set forth, the unimportant details were suggested by the author's imagination, in the same way that while a portrait to be valuable must be exact, the accessories are left to the taste and talent of the artist.

Page 257, line 9, after "wake" insert, "—for the wake of an ancient trireme, or galley of a larger class, resembled that of a modern side-wheel steamer—"

Page 259, line 10, after "fleet," insert "BURCHETT, in his Naval History, says a thousand sail."

Page 261, 3d line, after "peace" insert a * and add as a note :

"The other warres made by the Cæsars prooved not so well in the beginning: for Constantius Clorus, who remained to make head against Carausius; as Carausius was valiant & wily, and in possession of al Britannie, so could he no way prevaile against him, but was rather forced by the Germanes which came down against him, to conclude a peace with Carausius; and so Carausius remained peaceable Lord of Britannie the space of 7 yeeres. Yet afterwards his companion & familiar friend called Aleetus slew him, and tooke the government of the land to himself, which he held 3 yeeres. (W. TRAHERON'S *Historie of all the Romane emperors beginning with Caius Julius Cæsar and successively ending with Rodulph the second now reigning.*" London, 1604.)

Page 263, line 32, after "CARAUSIUS," insert—

"Ships dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds."

Page 275, line 8, after "general," insert—

"Not all the glory, all the praise,
That decks the hero's prosperous days;
The shouts of men, the laurel crown,
The pealing anthems of renown,
May conscience' dreadful sentence drown."

Page 275, line 16, after "enemies," insert "ALLECTUS might have exclaimed
ed with Macbeth—

"I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears."

Page 277, line 19, after "offices," insert—

"And with necessity,
The tyrant's plea, (Allectus) excused his devilish deeds."

Page 280, line 32, after "Franks" insert a *, and add as a note, "How the excesses committed in London by the disbanded troops could have been attributed—after consideration of the preceding operations—by historians to the Franks, is difficult to imagine; since it is next to impossible that FRANK and SAXON mercenaries could have constituted the *whole* army of ALLECTUS. History records that his guard corps d'armée—the *only* one which encountered the Romans, and was almost cut to pieces, was composed of FRANKS; this renders it probable that the remainder of the troops who were not engaged, consisted of Roman legionaries—who had proclaimed for, or afterwards deserted to, **Carausius**—Romanized Britons, and Celtic subsidiaries—among them, perhaps, *Picts* and *Scots*, whom we have reason to suppose first served under the *labarum* of the usurper's predecessor, the Menapian AUGUSTUS."

Page 283, line 26, for "~~Wal~~-brooc" read "~~Wal~~-(~~Wael~~—*clades*, Latin)-brooc (**broc**)*", and add as a note: "An intelligent critic suggests that Wallbrooc is correct, inasmuch as it is synonymous with Gallbrooc, and took its name from LUCIUS GALLUS, a Roman captain, who was slain there. The brook—which ran nearly across the heart of Roman London, has long since been covered over, and a street, known by the same appellation, occupies a portion of its course and constitutes the only memorial of its having existed. Moreover, if *Nant-Gall* signifies the "Creek of Gallus," "Wallbrook" (q. d. Gallbrook) may have the same signification, and both mean the Gaul's (or Celt's) brook. This appears evident from the substitution of "W" for "G" in some words. The name of the kingdom of "Wales" is said to be derived from the root of "Gael" (Gaul, Kael, Celt [C hard]); and **Gal-walas** (or *Wealas*) is the old Saxon for Frenchmen, and "Weala-ric" (c hard, like k) for the kingdom of France. "Wal-kynne" also signifies "Walli, (*Cambri*) Welshmen."

Page 286, 2d line after "campaign," insert—

"Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

Page 295, line 8, after "Century," insert a *, and add as a note, "THE POPES OF THE XVTH CENTURY; translated from Chapter III, page 213, &c. of 'The Discovery of Italy,' Fornova, 1845. *Histoire de France au Seizeime Siecle, La Renaissance* (The Regeneration) of JULES MICHELET, by the Author of 'CARAUSIUS,' &c. &c."

When CHARLES VIII of France entered Rome, on the 31st of December, 1494, the Pope RODERICK BORGIA, the famous ALEXANDER VI, who recently had been elevated to the Pontifical throne, was not as yet the illustrious personage who has left such a mark in history. He was a man sixty years old, very rich, who for forty years had managed the finances of the Church, and collected its taxes. At the time of his preferment he was the greatest capitalist of the (Roman) Catholic College. He did not drive a close bargain for his place, but paid generously, and without concealment,

for every vote; to one, sending, in open day, four mules loaded with silver; to another, five thousand crowns of gold; putting in practice, to the letter, the precept of the Gospel, 'Distribute thy goods to the poor.'

He had four children by his mistress VANOZZA, who were acknowledged publicly, and brought up without concealment. His manners were not worse than those of the other Cardinals, and he was much more laborious and attentive to business than they. One thing he was charged with—that of being always governed by a woman, the VANOZZA, and the mother of VANOZZA; he was afterwards led by his daughter, the beautiful LUCRETIA, who has been sung by all the poets of this epoch. His affection for her constituted his weakness, and he loved her too dearly for his own honor.

Another very astonishing fact in connection with the Court of this Pope is, that BORGIA, born in the country of the Moors, at Valencia, in Spain, was able to attract to Rome a number of traders belonging to that country, both Moors and Jews. He maintained an intimate correspondence with the Turk, and was in receipt of a pension from him for detaining as a prisoner the Sultan GEM (ZIZIM). This strange friendship went so far, it is said, that *he made the proteges of BAJAZET Bishops, and even Cardinals.*

This memorable pontificate happened just in time to crown *an astonishing series of wicked popes.* One only, Pius II, in sixty years, formed an exception to the rule. The characters of the others presented a combination of three things: they were, first, impudent debauchees; and secondly, at the same time such good fathers of families, so avaricious, miserly, ambitious for their own, that they would have laid the world in ashes to make their bastards princes; besides that, thirdly, they were ferocious priests. PAUL himself tortured the members of the Academy of Rome, suspected of being Platonists, one of whom died in his hands. This PAUL had such a thirst for the blood of the Bohemians, that in order to exterminate them he exhorted MATTHIAS CORVINUS, the only defender of Europe, to let the Turks alone, in order to become the executioner of Bohemia. He discovered a new and singular means of amassing treasure, which was, no longer to nominate any one to a bishopric, but to leave everyone vacant and himself collect the revenues. If he had lived he would have been the last Bishop of Christianity.

SIXTUS IV was much worse. *His furious, impudent, unbridled pontificate surpasses the recitals of Suetonius. Rome, in the time of the popes, as in the time of the emperors, has often produced perfect madmen. The idea of infallibility mounted to their brains, so that many a sensible man became a furious maniac.* SIXTUS, once Pope, afforded a new example. He drove out the women, lived like a Turk, requiring thenceforth only pages. These minions, growing up, became shepherds of souls—Bishops or Cardinals. With these denaturalized manners, he was no less actuated by natural feelings; ruined the Church for his bastards, particularly two, whom he had by his sister; embroiled the whole of Italy; and, sword and fire in hand, sought to acquire principalities for them. He introduced a new law of nations; putting—unheard-of atrocity!—prisoners

of war to the torture ; and threatening the bishops who did not side with him to sell them as slaves to the Turks.

This horrible pope died, and every one returned thanks to God.

Who would have thought that the succeeding pontificate could have been worse still ? Yet so it proved. INNOCENT VIII (JOHN BAPTIST CIBO) was not less rapacious for his own lineage, and not less corrupt. Over and above his own crimes he had a greater, in that he tolerated the crimes of all others. There was no longer any safety : rape, robbery, every crime, was tolerated in Rome. Noble ladies were carried off in the evening and returned in the morning ; the *Pope laughed*. When the people saw him so indulgent, they commenced to murder ; he was not disturbed any the more for that. A man had killed two girls. To those who denounced the deed, the Pope's Chamberlain gaily replied, '*God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but that he should pay and live.*'

At the death of INNOCENT there were two hundred assassinations each fortnight at Rome. ALEXANDER VI deserves the credit of restoring some little degree of order. The cardinals deemed that in him they had selected an administrator. He was originally a lawyer of Valencia. They considered him avaricious, but not ambitious. Although nephew of CALIXTUS III, in place of the establishment of a prince, he desired simply a good post to make money in. One of the ROVERI, nephew of SIXTUS IV, had three archbishoprics. BORGIA, looking to the substantial, had only the revenues of three archbishoprics. Above all things, a business man, a fluent speaker, agreeable, a prodigious bestower of promises, inexhaustible in falsehoods, this *ecclesiastical Figaro* succeeded singularly well in all his missions. That is the reason why he was maintained for such a length of time in the position of the *factotum* of the popes, who could not dispense with him, neither for political intrigue nor for the great spiritual traffic, the counter of pardons and punishments, the bank of livings, of sins and lawsuits.

In this bank of exchange between the gold of this world and the goods of the world to come, two things showed that BORGIA was not a vulgar financier, but an inventive head, a creative mind. *He was the first of the Popes who declared officially that he could, with a word, absolve the sins even of the dead, and relieve the souls suffering in purgatory.*

This showed a perfect comprehension of his time. He foresaw perfectly that if faith diminished, nature gained strength ; that as people became less Christian they became the more men [humane], more tender, more feeling. What son could have the heart to leave his mother in the devouring flames ? What mother would not pay to deliver her son therefrom ?

But if the spiritual fires of purgatory yielded so goodly a crop, how much more were the visible and temporal flames certain to produce an impression and extract silver from the pockets. Who can tell what amount the Holy See acquired through dread of the Inquisition. *In Germany, two monks despatched by Innocent VIII into a small district, the diocese of Treves, BURNT SIX THOUSAND MEN as sorcerers.*

We have already spoken of Spain. Whoever considered himself in danger there, hurried to Rome to lay his possessions at the feet of the Pope. What did the latter? The rapacious SIXTUS IV. so bloodthirsty in Italy, showed himself gentle and kind in Spain, recalling to the Inquisition the parable of the Good Shepherd. ALEXANDER VI. on the other hand, far wiser, comprehended that the more the Inquisition burned men the greater need there would be of the Pope. He praised the Inquisition, was cruel in Spain, clement in Italy. The Jews and Moors against whom, there, he hurled fire and flames, found him, at home, the best of men, establishing themselves near him and bringing thither their fortunes. A Pope so intimate with the Jews, the friend of Bajazet, had much to fear from a crusading army.

* * *

Errata Erratorum.

Page 10, line 13. An accomplished Dutch lady informs the writer that the present proverb is "**Lieber Turks dan Paaps.**"

Page 20, line 29, for "*Delft-hacen*" read "*Delfts-hacen.*"

" 21, line 10, for "*Delph*" read "*Delft.*"

" 24, line 17, after "talent," insert *, and add as a note, "EUMENIUS states that when CONSTANTIUS rebuilt *Autun*, on the *Aronx*, in France, he derived the majority of his workmen from Britain, 'which abounded with the best builders.' "

Page 24, line 21, after "coins" insert a †, and add as a note, "The numerous medals struck by CARACIUS are no inadequate tokens of the wealth and splendor which graced his reign; and the inscriptions and devices with which they are impressed display the pomp and state which he assumed in his island empire.—PALGRAVE'S *History of the Anglo-Saxons.*"

Page 27, 2d line from bottom, for "channels," read "profound channels of a sea or estuary."

Page 32, lines 30 and 31, strike out "(See note Itius Portus)" and substitute after "A. D. 40," "CLAUDIUS CESAR, A. D. 43."

Page 50, line 16, after "Isis" insert a *, and add as a note "Could the river *Inis*, which flows through *Oxford*, have derived its name from this Isis, the goddess of navigation, worshipped by the Saxo-Netherlandic conquerors or colonists of England?"

Page 51, line 14, after "**Wengist**" insert "(**Wengst**, a stallion, *Dutch.*)"

Page 51, line 15, after "Holland," insert "TURNER admits that the Saxons who first invaded England comprised the FRISAXS and their neighbors, and that the district of *Sleswick*, around *Bredsted*, 10 miles NNW. of *Husum*, was colonized by the STRANDFRISH at a date of which we have no records, so that the country of the *Jutes* and *Angles* was settled as remotely by the Netherlandish race as the Low Countries enjoyed valuable accessions by the immigration of the Danish Saxons."

Ergo, Angles (Angli), SAXONS and NETHERLANDERS are the same race.

Page 57, line 17, after "GIANZE" insert "(G A N S C H E, *Dutch.*)"

Page 57, line 18, after "~~Malbe~~" insert "(~~Malbe~~, *Dutch.*)"

Page 97, (XV), line 2, after "*Attrebrates*," insert "(See *Article Belgium, Encyclopædia Britannica.*)"

Page 101, line 6, for "(**Santa Blaas**)" read "(Sinter, [from SAINT, *French*,] **Blaas**, *Dutch.*) whose fete-day—when the United Provinces were Roman Catholic—was on the 5th December."

Page 111, line 28, after "*Friezland*," insert "(Old Dutch; *Friesland*," present Dutch.)"

Page 114, line 13, after "words," insert "The EAST FRIEZLANDERS—the most republican tribe of the Netherlandish, and consequently of the European, races—never accepted feudalism.—(MOTLEY I. 38.)"

Page 127, line 23, after "*Kenen-borch*" insert "(*Kenen-borghete*, a village whose domain carries with it a title of nobility.)"

Page 130, line 20, after "1570," add a *, and insert as a note, "On *All-Saints'* (Souls or Hallows) *Day*, 2d November of this year, an awful inundation swept away one hundred and twenty-one houses in the village of *Schereling*, seated upon the sea, at the distance of an agreeable walk from the *Hague*, which gave rise to the following poem, discovered among some scraps cut from an old newspaper :

' The Village of Sheveling.

A Dutch Legend of 1530 (1570).

' A startling sound by night was heard
 From the wild Sheveling coast;
 Like vultures on their clamorous flight,
 Or the trampling of a host.
 It broke the sleeper's heavy rest,
 With harsh and heavy cry;
 Storm was upon the lonely sea!
 Storm on the midnight sky!
 The slumberers started up from sleep,
 Like spectres from their graves.
 Then—burst a hundred voices forth—
 The waves! the waves! the waves!
 The strong-built dykes lay overthrown;
 And on their deadly way,
 Like lions, came the mighty seas,
 Impatient of their prey!
 Like lions came the mighty seas!
 O vision of despair!
 'Mid ruins of their fallen homes,
 The blackness of the air.

XXiii

Fathers beheld the hastening doom,
 With stern, delirious eye ;
 Wildly they looked around for help—
 No help, alas ! was nigh.”
 Mothers stood trembling for their babes,
 Uttering complaint—in vain—
 No arm—but the Almighty’s arm—
 Might stem that dreadful main !
 Jesu ! it was a fearful hour !
 The elemental strife,
 Howling above the shrieks of death—
 The struggling groans for life !
 No mercy, no release, no hope,
 That night the tempest-tost
 Saw their paternal homes engulfed—
 Lost ! oh, forever lost !
 Again the blessed morning light
 In the far heaven shone ;
 But where the pleasant village stood,
 Swept the dark flood alone ! ” ”

Page 132, (XV), for “Burgunnatium” read “Burginatinm.”

Page 143 (XVI), for “Page 143” read “Page 140.”

Page 143, line 33, after “*Schelde*” insert, “LINGARD, in his ‘*History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*,’ concurs in this, conceding—as is the fact—that the estuaries of the southern branch of the *Rhine* and *Schelde* were often confounded in ancient works of geography. At the beginning of the second century, we descry a small and contemptible tribe, inhabiting, under the name of Saxons, the neck of the *Cimbrian Chersonesus* ; in the fourth, they had swelled, by the accession of other tribes of kindred origin, into a populous and mighty nation, whose territories progressively reached the *Elbe*, the *Weser*, the *Ems*, and the *Rhine*.”

Page 171, (XVI), between “both it” and “and Meldi,” insert “*Grudii*.”

Page 219, line 18, for “*Nimcegen*,” and wherever it occurs, read “*Nijmegen*.”

Page 255, line 19, after “Hun,” insert a *, and add as a note, “ODOACER was the Chief of the *Scyrrî* [Alans ?], a tribe, or allies, of the *Huns*.”

Page 302, last line, for “enters,” read “entered.”

“ “ Note, 1st line, for “Grantacester,” read “Grantae-easter.”

“ 303, 1st and 2d lines, for “issues,” read “issued.”

“ 308, line 24, after “*Chlodio*,” insert a *, and add as a Note, “*Clodio* or *Hlodi* was the son of *Teut(ð)omir* or *Theodomir*, the son of *Ricomir* or *Marcomir*, the famous chief of the *Franks*, sung by *Claudian* and defeated by *Stilicho*.”

Prologue.

This history was composed as an agreeable occupation, and published to gratify the author's love and admiration of his FATHERS' FATHERLAND, the Dutch Netherlands; yet, nevertheless, was a work requiring such wide investigation and close study that it has consumed every available hour for upwards of a year. The freedom and influence of the Menapians (ancient Zeelanders, Dutch Flemings and South-Hollanders) cannot be disproved; but still, in order to make assurance doubly sure and render facts more clear and irrefragable, a review of their history is intended, and, to that end, extensive orders have been sent to Europe for the most reliable publications in regard to so interesting a subject. That the MENAPII, (MENAPIOI)—under a name unknown to history in its correct orthography—were a substantive nation when they arrived in the Netherlands is very likely, but it is just as probable that the name by which the Romans recognized a *tribe* was applicable to a *confederation*. Such is the opinion of two renowned ethnologists, who derived the Latinized MENAPII, of CÆSAR,—the *Μεναπιοι*, of Strabo,—from *Men* aft, two Teutonic words, signifying a community of peoples, an appellation which was afterwards universally assigned to the most prominent constituent of the league. This view clears up every difficulty as to the location of the CHAUCI, TOXANDRI and SUEVI, in the territory originally assigned to the Menapians. From the MENAPII the **Hollanders** derived their commercial bias; the FRANKS, whatever naval enterprise they evinced in the course of their national career; the **Flemings**, their manufacturing

energy; the **Zeelanders**, their naval superiority; and the **PURITANS** their spirit of independence.

It has been remarked that this book seems a combination of two works—one a biography of **Carausius** and the other an ethnological account of the **MEXAPI**—rather than one continuous history. Such is undoubtedly the case, but as hope assigns it to CHAMBERS' *third* category in his classification of books*—the *useful* and *instructive*—and as it was written to gratify those interested in the subject, and not to please the public, it is of no consequence whether it belongs to the *first* and is *saleable* or not. The fact is, it was written more like a series of articles for a periodical, and as interesting or valuable facts were discovered or presented themselves, than like a connected work undertaken in accordance with a predetermined plan, and it was printed from time to time as the manuscript accumulated, the first signet having gone to press a twelvemonth since.

Disgusted with the obsequious spirit which induces historians to follow in the beaten track and flatter the powerful or popular, lest by striking out new paths for themselves they should awaken the prejudices and arouse the hostility of those whose opinions are based upon their interests, or formed from books written on purpose to deceive, the writer determined to judge for himself and vindicate the nation to which the world does the least justice, while it derived thence almost all its *useful* if but little of its *ornamental*. "The world knows nothing of its greatest men," and we Americans know less than the majority of those to whom we owe the most. Misled by the teeming pens and press of

*A "good book, in the language of the booksellers, is a saleable one; in that of the curious, a scarce one; in that of men of sense, a useful and instructive one."

New England, which deluge the country with their Gascon glorification of the Puritan element, we are wofully blind to the immense impulse which the Netherlandish race gave to the progress of human improvement and happiness.

To the *Knikkerbakker* he sincerely hopes that every portion will prove agreeable and instructive; to all others he has nothing to say except before they condemn they had better be sure that they are capable of judging, or possessed of facts sufficient to overthrow what is advanced in favor of the *only* people on record whom JULIUS CÆSAR encountered and could not compel to pass under the yoke.

J. W. de P.

Rosehill, April, 1859.

The Story
OF
CARAUSIUS,
The Dutch Augustus and Emperor of Britain and the Seas ;
AND OF
Holland's Mighty Share in the Defeat
OF THE
INVINCIBLE ARMADA:
LIKEWISE,
The Lives of the Dutch Admirals,
FROM THEIR
MONUMENTS AND THE MEDALS
Erected to their Memory and Struck in their Honor
BY THE
“Dierbaar Vaderland,”

COLLECTED, COLLATED AND TRANSLATED
BY A
Descendant of that Race
~~W M O~~
ONCE GAVE AN AUGUSTUS TO THE WORLD AND AN
EMPEROR TO BRITAIN;
—CARAUSIUS, A. D. 285-'7—292-'4—
TWICE PRESERVED THE RELIGION AND LIBERTY OF
ENGLAND;
—IN 1588 AND IN 1688—
THRICE PLAYED A DECISIVE PART IN ALBION'S GREATEST
NAVAL TRIUMPHS;
—AT SLUYS, 1340; LA HOGUE, 1692; AND ALGIERS, 1816—
EVER MAINTAINED THE INDEPENDENCE OF THE ANGLO OR
True Sarra Family,
AND
COMPELLED TYRANTS TO RESPECT THE RIGHTS OF MAN;
WHOSE REPRESENTATIVES
The Dutch Nation,
MADE THE WIDE WORLD THE WITNESS OF THEIR GRANDEUR;
SPLENDOR WHICH KNEW NO LIMITS BUT THE POLES,
THE ZENITH AND THE DEPTH OF THAT ELEMENT
UPON WHICH
~~THEY~~
FOUNDED THEIR STATE AND HARVESTED THEIR WEALTH:
A Race to Whom the Ocean was a Friend, an Ally, a Preserver,
and a Benefactor;
WON BY THEIR PATIENT VIGOR, AND RETAINED BY THEIR VALOR AND
ENTERPRISE.

PLATT & SCHRAM, PRINTERS, POUGHKEEPSIE.
1858.

Holland.

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land."

* * * * *
"Glad, then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labor, fish'd the land to shore,
And div'd as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergris;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away ;

* * * * *
How did they rivet with gigantic piles
Through the centre their new-catched miles !
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the forced ground ;
Building their watery Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky."—ANDREW MARVEL.

"A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the *hold* of nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, doth but spring a leak.

* * * * *
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard."—BUTLER.

"Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to go.
Spreads its long arms against the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore ;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile.
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil,
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain."—GOLDSMITH.

INTRODUCTION.

“Hail, holy Order, whose employ
Blends like to like in light and joy ;
Builder of cities, who of old
Call'd the wild man from waste and wold.
And in his hut thy presence stealing,
Roused each familiar household feeling ;
And, best of all, the happy ties,
The centre of the social band,
The instinct of the Fatherland.”—BULWER'S 'SCHILLER.'

Land of my Forefathers !

mijn (Ous) Dierbaar Vaderland !

PHYSICALLY SO SMALL, MORALLY SO GREAT—so *small* that its continental territory has an area less than one quarter of England alone—[about that of Wales]—and, rejecting those portions which are occupied by water courses, natural or artificial, is scarcely larger than the state of Massachusetts:—so *great* that LOUIS BONA-PARTE, in his address to the Dutch army, assembled upon the plain of *Maliban*, in 1808, could not refrain—Frenchman and Celt (or rather Corsican, a race distinct, *sui generis*,) as he was—from this remarkable eulogy : the more remarkable because true :

“Officers and soldiers ! Your ancestors gloriously bore the standards and flag of their country to the extremities of the earth.”

Far north, Ice Master, *Barentz* and happier *Beemskerck* drave,
Erst *Arctic's* virgin bulwarks burst—to one a glorious grave—
The other triumph'd o'er them froze, that his Hollandish might
Might steer to shear the regions drear, grim with *Antarctic* night;
And after frays which mighty praise insure his land alway,
Dying his name's undying fame won *Gibraltar's* day ;

Like Douglas, dead, his mighty dread, 'gainst odds, that fearful fight
 Vast riches gave and made his grave exhaustless fount of light :
 Towards the *West*, in Clio's breast lies hid the remote day
 When Holland free, in *Acadie*, trench'd, built, asserted sway,
 'Fore English ship, had made the trip, to steal the fruits away—
Houtman of Gouda, no freebooter, South Holland's merchant prince,
 In *Java*, th' *East*, laid out the feast, has gorg'd his nation since,
 While, round the world, gales friendly whirl'd Hoorn's **Schouten**
 and **Le Maire**

Cape **Horn** avows whose heroes brows the ROSTRATE circlets wear
 A score of years, such trophies rears, *no other* land can show—
 Stern truth, proud boast—on ev'ry coast, three centuries ago.

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If Dutch conduct was so laudable in the youth and manhood of their country, its declining years found the army ever faithful to the traditions of its **Maurit**, and **Frederic Henry**, and ready to maintain the lustre of its palmiest era.

How they behaved under that NAPOLEON, whom the world styles Great, is likewise a matter of history, and redounds to their honor. On every occasion which afforded them an opportunity the Dutch troops excited the admiration of the Emperor and his Marshals, who, whatever their faults, were, at all events, capable of estimating soldierly bearing. LOUIS BUONAPARTE bears witness to this again and again, in his "Historical Documents and Reflections on the Government of Holland," of which country he tried to be the honest King for a period of four years.

At *Austerlitz* they were peers of the bravest; in the campaign of *Friedland* they distinguished themselves, and GROUCHY and other French Generals, who had the temporary command of them, lavished warm praises upon their cavalry and artillery. "At the siege of Colberg," reads the dispatch, "the Dutch infantry rivalled in valor the French army." In 1807, under MORTIER,

upon the shores of the Baltic, "the Dutch army had the greatest share in the various engagements with the Swedes, and *behaved most gloriously*". "It was the Dutch who compelled the Swedish army in Pomerania to a suspension of hostilities"; and thus, in 1807, decided the matter in favor of France, upon those coasts, even as at *Nyburg*, in 1659, their determined gallantry assured the victory to the Danes. Officers and privates vied in doing credit to their blood, and "General MASCHECK stopped the enemy a whole hour at the head of a single squadron" of hussars. "The Dutch brigade which reached Spain on the 25th of October, took part in this (the) action," (in the neighborhood of *Bilboa*,) on the 31st of that month, "and *covered itself with laurels*." "Marshal LEFEBRE expressed his satisfaction with the conduct of the Dutch, and declared that *it was impossible to act with greater valor*." In Spain, CHASSE laid the basis of that reputation which his defence of *Antwerp* crowned. He it was who acquired the *soubriquet* of the "Bayonet-General," from his fondness for using, and his troops success with that weapon, the assumed prerogative of the Englishman. At *Ocana*, the courage of his Hollanders won for him decoration, title and domains. In a Pyrenean mountain pass, those same Hollanders saved the army-corps of ERLON and made their commander a Lieutenant-General and Baron of the Napoleonic Empire. In Galicia, near *Bonnal*, in the battle of the 17th of March, 1809, "the Dutch brigade *covered itself with glory*," "advanced against the intrenchments (of the Spaniards) with *shouldered arms* ; this bold manœuvre put the enemy to flight and decided the victory." Near *Ciudad Reale*, on the 29th of the same month, the Dutch hussars "*charged with extraordinary intrepidity* and the greatest success." General SEBASTIANI deemed it his

duty to make a special report of their "brilliant behavior." Upon this occasion, the Colonel, "at the head of one squadron of this regiment (say one hundred men,) charged a body of Spaniards consisting of three thousand foot and a regiment of horse." "Their conduct," adds the French General—well worthy to be a judge of valor and military qualities—"will immortalize them." "The courage they displayed, and the services they rendered on those days, have been appreciated by the whole army, and particularly by myself." On the 31st of May, 1809, the Dutch displayed unusual gallantry in the capture of *Stralsund*, a victory of momentous importance to the safety of Napoleon's dominion. Upon this occasion the Dutch artillery performed wonders, and "with its six-pounders engaged for two hours against twenty-four-pounders, and silenced the batteries of the town of the right." Soldiers alone can appreciate the dangers of such an unequal contest, and the glories of a success. Two months afterwards (27th, 28th July,) on the distant fields of Spain, in the battle of *Talavera*, "one of the most celebrated throughout the Spanish war, the Dutch artillery particularly distinguished itself." At *Flushing*, 1st, 15th, August, the same Arm "covered itself with laurels" in a contest with the English. At this very time the Dutch were winning the loftiest distinction upon the rugged field of *Almonacid*. Here, as before, their cavalry and artillery deserved and received the highest encomiums of King JOSEPH. "As a reward for the good conduct of the Dutch in the Spanish army, they were authorized to reckon each of their campaigns in the Peninsula two." Whoever has read any account of the first great Revolution in the Netherlands, must have almost shuddered while perusing the desperate but triumphant enterprise of MONDRAGON and his capture of *Zierickzee*.

It remained for the Hollanders of the XIXth Century to emulate that temerarious exploit, by their re-capture of *Fort Batz* from the English. But enough has been shown to prove that exalted praise of the *Vaderland's* military is not speaking without book. Hundreds upon hundreds of instances might be added to the list, were it necessary to exhaust the record. Another name would be deserving mention here, could gallantry and every quality which makes the soldier, atone for services against his native country. Despot of Java, "chief devil 'Moloch' of the Javanese," marshal, governor-general of the Dutch empire in the East, "who burst through the wilderness of Java with his great military road," and lives in story as the intrepid warrior, the stern disciplinarian, the fearless commander, thou wert a type of the indomitable Hollander, unchastened by his morality, religion, or the almost universal innate love of justice peculiar to the breed. Yes, I have a right to make this assertion. Produce any Order of Knighthood but that of the "Union," which has ever adopted for its motto a sentiment derived from those statutes which enjoin upon, and teach, a man his duty towards his neighbor. The war-cry of the chevaliers of the "Union" might be the watchword of the pulpit:

"Doe wel en zie niet om."

(Do what is right, happen what may.)

And now, one word about patriotism:

Amsterdam owes its rise and prosperity to its fisheries, particularly the "Great" or Herring "Fishery." This is still remunerative, but the "Small" or Whale "Fishery," in which two hundred and fifty years ago the Dutch were all pre-eminent, gradually became less and less lucrative, until its prosecution entailed an almost certain loss. This falling off in a pursuit once the most gainful, is due to the operation of causes with

which the Hollanders had nothing whatever to do, and mortal could neither overcome nor resist. The ambition of Napoleon, the counter-voracity of England, the injustice and rapacity of both those powers combined, labored to destroy a commerce which was the world's wonder, the growth of centuries, and in a great degree they succeeded.

Lie there, mischievous wretch, [Napoleon,] and corrode all around like a cancer ;

Swallow the nations up, swallow and hunger again.

Glutton ! * * * *

Germany fought and fell ; with the sword you hew her in pieces :

Holland abandoned her gold, but was oppressed as before.

Is not Hesperias' land like a temple by savages plundered ?

Even from the indigent Swiss honor is stolen away.

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"Wrecked on your chalky coast [England] are the sacred rights of the nations :

What is your island else but a piratical den ?

Fire to the world you have set, that, unchecked, you may rob in the medley ;

Like the voracious shark, wander your ships on the sea,"—

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Hear me ! why this dispute ? [England is supposed to retort.] There is world enough to contain us :

Greatness and glory you seek ; gain is my wiser desire.

World's benefactor called, but world's manufacturer also,

Since I can only be one, I have selected the last !

Zealous am I for freedom, I mean, the freedom of commerce ;

Freedom of course for myself, not for my neighbors the same.

Therefore I offer you peace ; *let us share the booty between us :*

Green-covered earth shall be yours, mine be the billowy sea,

sings the Swedish poet, Esaias Tegner, late Bishop of Wexio.

But let that pass.—England's unthankfulness to Holland, although far less criminal in intent and less terrible in its results, is nevertheless, considering her people's intelligence, religious sentiments, and blood relationship to the Dutch nation, alone to be compared to Austria's

ingratitude to Poland. I dare not trust my pen to say more—so, to resume the subject particularly under consideration, Dutch patriotism:—

“The North Hollanders, however,” says LOUIS BUONAPARTE, when no longer king, “notwithstanding the expense and loss incurred by the whale fishery, persisted in continuing it from a pure spirit of patriotism, and from national pride; and it appears to me that this alone would be sufficient to refute those who charge the Dutch with selfishness and avarice. On the contrary, there is no people with hearts more enlarged or more generous, and who are at the same time more moderate and reasonable in their desires.”

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So *small*, I repeat, that the contest for its possession excited the scorn of the Turkish Emperor, AMURATH III., who, hearing foreigners dilate upon the torrents of blood spilled by the Spaniards in endeavoring to enslave them, and by the Hollanders determined to be free, supposed that the two nations in question were disputing the possession of the most extensive empires. What was his surprise, when the object of so many murderous battles and sieges was shown to him upon the map. “If the business were mine,” he remarked—in a tone which showed his contempt for what seemed to him such a petty affair,—“I would send my pioneers and make them shovel such an insignificant corner of the earth into the sea.”

And yet so *great*, that Rome, at the zenith of her force and fame, with the whole wealth and power of the ancient world at her command, could not impose her yoke upon the ancient Hollanders, the *Menapii*: so great, that CHARLEMAGNE, the greatest monarch that ever sat upon a modern imperial throne, could not enslave them: so great, that the most sanguinary bigot

history presents for our abhorrence, PHILIP II., of Spain, with the riches of the new world at his command, the power of his mighty father in his grasp, the influence of the Papacy—exerting all its blandishments of future rewards, and displaying all its comminatory terrors—to stimulate his peoples and his armies to their utmost, as his support; although originally possessed of all their strong holds and master upon every open field, could not coerce that race to remain his subjects, who had cheerfully contributed one half of his enormous revenues to their native-born sovereign, CHARLES V.,—a race, who, swearing that they would rather become Turks than Papists,—*Eiver Turcx dan Paus*,—victims than vassals,—threw themselves upon the mercy of the deep, and became as free in body as they had showed themselves free in soul; and then waxed so great that while one foot was planted in the Artic Zone the other rested in the Antarctic Circle. The commerce of the world was theirs; their left hand gathered in the riches of the East, while their right hand, as instant to the implements of peace as to the weapons of land and naval warfare, siezed wealth and glory at every point to which sagacity and fearless enterprise could plan and carry out adventure. Holland is the only state of which it is recorded that wealth increased, prosperity abounded, science flourished, religion blossomed and bore fruit, and freedom reigned in the midst of a terrific struggle, with a nation of “boundless extent, of gigantic power,” and stupendous wealth, whose bannogs howled and bayed at the gates of the Republic.

Hollanders, and descendants of Hollanders! Reflect upon the past of Holland. Her glory is our common heritage and possession. We shall do well if emulating we approach the dizzy eminence of our forefathers' grandeur.

“*You require virtues, Sire,*”—exclaimed the Minister **Dan der Goes**, Grand Chamberlain of the Order of the UNION, instituted by LOUIS BUONAPARTE, then King of Holland, at the installation of the Knights, in the great hall of the palace at the **Baguc**, on the 16th February, 1808,—in his address to that monarch, who was seated on his throne, surrounded by the great officers, attended by pages,—“*they are what the King of Holland has a right to require from a nation that has set the example of them to others: they were the appanage of our fathers.* * * *

“To require virtues from us, is to suppose we possess them! * * * **Hollanders!** let us resume that noble pride which is not the effect of presumption, but springs from the feelings of our own worth. *Let us recollect those days when the simple Province of Holland, governed only by its Counts, and much smaller than it is in our days, had already attained such a pitch of splendor and power that the friendship and alliance of its princes were sought by the neighboring kings. From that time the wealth and prosperity of this little country excited universal jealousy.*

“Let us go back to periods still more remote. The name of Holland scarcely began to be known, when it already triumphed over the unkindness of nature. Supported by indefatigable courage and constancy, we had learned to curb the waters and subdue the ocean by immense works: and if subsequently our faults, our dissensions, the culpable revolts of some turbulent lords, involved us in misfortunes, and reduced us, after a long state of inactivity, to be considered no longer as anything more than the domain of a foreign potentate; with what glory did we rise superior to that disgrace! and how great the prosperity that has followed those times of distress!

“Let us call to mind the times when our fleets and armies triumphed everywhere over the haughty house of Austria, when we contested the empire of the ocean with the English, and strove successfully against the united force of the most formidable states ! What ! *shall not those noble recollections inspire us with confidence ?*

Dutchmen ! Was the nation ever wanting to itself, as the King has often asked you, when it had great men at its head ? Has it not been the ornament and astonishment of Europe for its industry, its application to literature, to the arts, to the sciences, and, lastly, to commerce, which flourishes only through their means, and cherishes them in turn ?

“I need not speak to you of our **Maurice**, or of our **Frederic Henry**, who may still be quoted, even in the age of the most accomplished warrior that ever existed, (?) the great Napoleon, and under the reign of the brother and pupil of that August monarch. I will not mention our **Cochorn**, the emulator and rival of VAUBAN, or our **De Ruyter**, **Van Tromp** and **Strenskerk**, (Heemskerck ?) hitherto unequalled on the ocean. Can their memory ever be obliterated ?

“Was not Holland the cradle of ERASMUS, the country of GROTIUS, **Bynkershoek**, VOSSIUS, **Burman**, **Shulten**, **Hungens**, **Musschenbroeck** and **Boerhaave**, the retreat of SCALIGER, the asylum of DESCARTES, the refuge of BAYLE, and the school of PETER the Great ? Can a king, who patronizes the arts, endeavor in vain to revive among us these great names, to which such illustrious remembrances are attached ?

“*No chevaliers, in a country like ours, that exists only through industry, science, and art ; the path of honor is not confined to the hero who defends it, it is equally open to the man of learning, who imparts to it instruction ; to the skilful mechanic, who labors for its preservation ;*

to the prudent and honest merchant, who adds to its wealth ; to the man of letters, who does it honor ; and to the citizen, who distinguishes himself by his virtues and good conduct : All may equally deserve well of their country, all share the affection of a wise king, who is a friend to mankind and a father to his people."

These are eloquent words ; but are they not eminently truthful ? This is a lofty panegyric, but would not the mere recital of the facts recorded in her chronicles prove a still more splendid encomium.

Reader, if you ever read before, you know that no country has ever been greater upon the sea than **Holland** or the United Provinces—no people have won richer prizes, acquired more wonderful influence, or plucked greener laurels upon the most unstable of elements.

"Earth confess'd her power, she sat like a queen on the waters."

The foregoing pages and references prove that the Dutch soldiers of the present era are not inferior to those of former days---brave, patient of fatigue, persevering, prompt, and sagacious. Belgium learned it to her cost in 1831, when the Hollandish forces required but ten days to annihilate her armies.

The following pages will present the story of a Hollander, the first on record, as illustrious for the position he acquired as for his distinguished conduct as a warrior, but particularly remarkable as an admiral and as a monarch.

CARAUSIUS.

THE DUTCH AUGUSTUS AND EMPEROR OF BRITAIN AND
THE SEAS :

The Great, First, Hollandish Admiral.

“ 'Tis much he dares ;
And, to the dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety.”

Towards the close of the third century DIOCLETIAN, as famous in his sovereignty as he was abject in his extraction and obscure in his birth, had restored the Roman Empire to a comparative degree of order and tranquility. Like Jupiter among the fabulous gods, he reigned supreme, striking down all opposition with a mortal agent, launched through space with as unerring aim and blind obedience as those thunderbolts with which the poets tell us the king of Olympus smote the Giants who assailed his throne. That agent of repression, destruction, and punishment, was MAXIMIAN, the Emperor's adopted son, friend, general and colleague.

Doubtless, in order to embody a flattering conceit, based upon the fabulous connection, DIOCLESIAN assumed the title of *Jovius*, while his coadjutor, ostensibly his equal, but substantially the obedient executioner of his will, was contented with the more modest appellation of *Herculius*, by whose mythological assistance the “Father of the Gods” overpowered and swept away his fearful adversaries. His first real labor, however, al-

though directed against an apparently humble object, proved that with the name he had not acquired the powers of the demi-god.

In the distribution of the imperial power, DIOCLETIAN retained the East while the West was assigned to MAXIMIAN, whose first mission was to suppress the insurrection of the Gallic peasants, roused to despair by the fourfold tyranny of their immediate masters, the soldiers, the tax-gatherers, and the barbarian invaders. Like his prototype, the Imperial HERCULES, dead to the sentiments of pity, and alive to the interests of the higher orders of the state, stifled the germs of liberty in Gaul with as little remorse and as effectually as his namesake had choked the Nemean lion. The prosecution of this labor brought him to the coasts of the Atlantic and Northern Oceans, and introduced him to the hero of this sketch, destined to wrest from him the fairest appanage of his government, the title of AUGUSTUS, and the acknowledgment of rights due to the power of intellect, developed by the smiles of Fortune.

MARCUS AURELIUS VALERIUS CARAUSIUS was stated by the writers of his own era to have been of the meanest origin, ("*vilissime natus*,") the nursling of Batavia, (*Bataviæ alumnus*), and a citizen, or rather native, of the Menapian nation (*Menapiæ civis*). Continental writers never pretend to question the nationality of this individual, who left so glorious a name behind him. By one French biographer he is claimed as a native of *Belgic-Gaul*, by another, of *Flanders*; HEMET says, of "the parts about *Cleves* and *Juliers*," and Captain, Hon. GEORGE BERKLEY, R. N., would have us to believe that he was a noble Roman, born among the Menapii. This latter, in his *Naval History of England*, shows that he gave the subject his close attention,

and is so clear that it is due to him to present his views almost at length :

“Who this *Carausius* was, thus honorably brought at once upon the Stage of public Action, [A. D. 287,] has not been well determined. Many have erred extremely about his Birth and Country. * * *

“What we find of him in the old Historians is not only very little, but evidently it is told with Partiality against him. He is represented as a mean and infamous Person ; but with great Injustice : what he had he obtained indeed by Force, but so did those who hatefully condemned him.

“*Aurelius Victor* calls him a Native of *Menapia*, and a mean Person, who had raised himself by slow Degrees to Consideration. It is plain the *Romans* thought greatly of him by the Trust they reposed in him ; nor is there any Thing to support what this Author says, which has been the Occasion of many Errors. * * *

“The *British Antiquarians* are in a Manner the only People who have given themselves any Trouble about this Sovereign ; and they in general have guessed unhappily about him. * * *

“From the Word *Menapia*, used as the Place of his Birth, he has been by these Persons represented as a Native of *Ireland*. But though the Word *Menapia* be used in a Sense that would justify that Opinion, if there were nothing repugnant in History, it cannot stand good here.

“*Ireland* was not at that Time a Place with which either the *Britons* or the *Romans* had any Communication ; and it is utterly improbable they should have a Leader from an Island in which they were utter strangers.

“*Menapia* is a name of a Part of *Flanders* [Holland] as well as of *Ireland*—[that District in which the *Mena-pii* had planted a colony, called after the name of the

Fatherland,]—and from this latter [Holland], it was as natural they should have an Officer, as it was utterly against Reason to imagine they should from the other.

“Some have fancied him a Native of *Scotland*, but neither is there any real Foundation for that Conjecture.

“As the country of *Carausius* appears to have been mistaken by many, so does his Descent: he is generally understood to have been a low Person, brought by Accident into Power; but his Name, *M. (Marcus) Aur. (Aurelius) Val. (Valerius) Carausius*, frequent on his Coins, speaks him to have been a *Roman*, and of a noble family. *Eutropius* is of this Opinion.” * * *

Thus it appears, that whatever may be the peculiar bias of each, historians, almost without exception, acknowledge that he came from that portion of the country which we know as the **United Provinces**, or the **Netherlands**, which, always the most free, never submitted to the Roman, and was the first to throw off the Spanish yoke, to which it had become momentarily subject by a long series and concurrence of circumstances.

English writers and tuft-hunters would claim him as a countryman, and “as a prince of the blood royal of Britain.” What great invention, what notable exploit, what enviable possession, what exalted individual, have not Englishmen claimed or coveted, and endeavored to prove a waif, or the property of England.

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Sound the trumpet, Englishmen! Shout for your great Sovereigns. Sing, TENNYSON, sing:

“That sober freedom, out of which there springs
Our loyal passion for our *temperate kings* ;”

But, have your greatest and best kings been Englishmen, *born and nurtured*, any more than your greatest painter, WEST, who was Pennsylvania born and Phila-

delphia bred? Your only true sailor-king, CARAUSIUS, —the first to divine the source and course of England's future,—was a Menapian, a *Hollander*; ~~Cnut~~ *Cnut*, one of a line of sailor-kings, was a Dane, a Scandinavian, a *Saxon*, the same in blood and instincts as a *Hollander*; ALFRED, the son of ETHELWOLF and the grandson of EGBERT, the Saxon conqueror of the greater part of the English island, and HAROLD, good, brave, sagacious HAROLD, were *Saxons*, morally and physically; WILLIAM I., the Norman (Northman) Conqueror, was a thorough-bred Scandinavian, quasi, full-blooded *Saxon*, and his wife was *Saxon*, the daughter and sister of the BALDWINS, Counts of Flanders; and your greatest king, WILLIAM III., the Liberator, was in *everything a Hollander*. Shall we swell the list?

Now, let us consider, for a moment, who the Saxons really were. KNOX, the great ethnologist, says: "Of the origin of the Saxon race, we know just as much as we do of the origin of man; that is, nothing," [except what we find in the Bible,]. "History, such as it is, shows us that in the remote times, *a race of men, differing from all others, physically and mentally, dwelt in Scandinavia,—say in Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Holstein,—on the shores of the Baltic, in fact, by the mouths of the Rhine, and on its northern and eastern banks.* * * * The Romans never had any real power beyond the Rhine. *At no period did they conquer the SAXON or true German, that is, Scandinavian, race.*"

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"The *Scandinavian* or *Saxon* (I avoid the words German and *Teuton*, as liable to equivocate,) *was early in Greece, say 3500 hundred years ago. This race still exists in Switzerland, forming its Protestant portion; whilst in Greece, it contributed mainly, no doubt, to the*

formation of the noblest of all men—the statesmen, poets, sculptors, mathematicians, metaphysicians, historians of ancient Greece. But from that land, nearly all traces of it have disappeared; so also from Italy. It is gradually becoming extinct in France and Spain, returning and confined once more to those countries in which it was originally found—namely, Holland, West Prussia, Holstein, the northern states of the ancient Rhenish Confederation, Saxony Proper, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark,” and their colonies.”

He investigated the question with minute attention to its every bearing, and proves his positions as he assumes them. Again, to proceed with the research: Whither did the faint-hearted aboriginal people of England send ambassadors to beseech assistance to save their throats from the skenes of the Picts and the Scots? Let RAPIN answer the question:—“It is certain when the *Britons* sent to desire their assistance, the *Saxons* were in possession of *Westphalia, Saxony, East and West Frizeland, Holland and Zealand.*”

HUME, undoubted Englishman, styled the original Britons a Celtic race, “*abject*”—could he have used a more contemptible word?—and adds, that “they regarded the boon of liberty as fatal to them.” He admits that the *Saxons* had possession of all the sea-coast from the mouth of the Rhine to Jutland. This brings their southern boundaries almost to the southern limits of what we know as Holland.

LINGARD admits that the Saxon race, to the south and west, had no other boundary “than the ocean.”

CRAIK and MCFARLANE corroborate KNOX to the letter, and PALGRAVE conjectures that the conquerors of Britain must have come principally from *Friesland.* GRATTON says that before the MENAPIANS the “Roman

legions retreated for the first time," and that their progress was arrested by that Saxon tribe.

But this discussion may grow wearisome. Let us add that it is to the Saxon element alone that the English owe their liberty, their manufactures, their commerce, and everything which renders England rich, great and glorious. Persevering industry and indomitable enterprise characterize the Saxon, *the man of peace*, until the violation of his rights makes him the best *man of war* upon the face of the earth. And, beyond contradiction, the Head and Front of the Saxon Family is the type **Holland**.

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There can be no question as to the birth-place of CARAUSIUS. He was a Menapian, whose tribe occupied the country between the Rhine and the Meuse and the Schelde, their confines fluctuating somewhat, at times, according to the less or greater pressure of the environing Roman power. This district comprises the province of **Zeeiland**, the greater part of **Zoud-Holland**, a part of **Utrecht**, and a goodly portion of **Noord-Brabant**; a district which has given birth to more great Admirals and enterprising mariners than any other territory of equal dimensions in the world. It would be almost sufficient to say that *Brill* was the birth-place of **Tromp** and **Witte Wittesen**, *Dordrecht* or *Dort* of the **de Witts**, and *Flushing* of **de Ruyter**, to claim for it the highest honors. But when we add, it was **Opdam's** Fatherland, that **Henn** came from *Delft-Haven*, **Van Gend** from *Utrecht*, on the Old Rhine, (the Pope **Adrian VI.** [**Floriszoon**] was born here,) **Van Cortenaer** and **Van Brakel** from *Rotterdam*, (which last city was the birth-place of **Gerrit Gerrit**; [**ERASMUS**], as *Delft* of **de Groot** [**GROTIUS**], and **HEINSIUS**,)—what need we say more to exalt the country of CARAUSIUS? And

yet more can be said. It proved the home and citadel of the "Silent One," WILLIAM THE TACITURN, Prince of Orange, the "Father of his Country"; it was the first land to assert the cause of freedom and maintain it against all odds, fighting against the masters of fourteen sister provinces, backed by the forces of the Spanish monarchy and the subsidies and influence of the whole Roman Catholic world. It is also the DUTCH WASHINGTON's last resting place. "He sleeps his last sleep" in the New Church of *Delph*.

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His stately tomb, with its marble statue and brass effigies, is equal to the majority of the boasted Italian monuments, and—"to be Esteem'd for its Outside, and more Estimable for what it contains within." Therein, illustrious by their lineage, lives and deeds, sleep the Bodies of Four Princes, and three Princesses, *viz* : William of Nassau, and his Princess; his Son and his Princess; Prince Maurice, Prince Frederick and his Daughter. Noble Dust, and Renown'd enough; but all too little to keep it from the Common Receptacle, the Grave."

The Latin Epitaph, rendered as follows into English, reads thus :

TO GOD, THE OMNIPOTENT AND PERFECT,
and
In Eternal Remembrance
of

William of Nassau,

SOVEREIGN PRINCE OF ORANGE,
THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY.

—Who—

Esteemed his own Fortunes and his Family's of far less consequence than those of Holland;

Twice Levied and twice Marshalled in the Field very
 strong armies, in a great degree with his own
 Private Means;
 Expelled the Spanish Tyrant with the Approval of the
 States;
 Revived and Re-established the Service of the True
 Religion and the Ancient Laws of the Fatherland;
 Finally Bequeathed to his Son
 PRINCE MAURICE,
 Heir of his Father's Virtues,
 The Duty of Establishing on a Sure Basis
 That Liberty which was not yet sufficiently Vindicated;
 Truly the Son of a pious Hero, Prudent and
 Unconquerable,
 Whom PHILIP II., King of Spain, himself that well
 known Dread of Europe, feared,
 Yet neither overcame nor terrified him;
 but Removed him
 By the hand of a hired Assassin and by an Execrable
 Crime:

THE UNITED PROVINCES OF HOLLAND
 Have Erected this Monument as an Everlasting Me-
 morial.

Under the Arch, at the head of the Tomb, there is a
 second and a better Statue, of Brass, of the Prince, in
 a sitting posture, and "Fame sounding him in his
 armor, with this motto :"

Thou being her Defender, Liberty is secure,
 "With another Emblem of going on steady in a storm,
 with this inscribed :"

Tranquil amid the furious billows.

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According to DE BLAINVILLE'S manuscript all the
 Princes of Orange who have governed the *Dutch* Re-
 public, except William III. King of England, are buried
 in this place. He adds, "what is most remarkable, at

Delft is the tomb of the famous Prince of *Orange*," "which is the most curious one in the whole *United Provinces*," noted as they are for sepulchral monuments. The following is his description of it:

"The Brass Statue of the Prince is placed under a sort of Dome at the Entry of the Sepulchre: The whole of it is clad in Armor, except the Head: It holds the Battoon of extreme Command in one Hand: And the Helmet is laid upon one of the Steps, which are all of Touch-Stone. Behind this Statue there is another of white Marble, in a long Gown, and laid out at full Length, to represent the Habit in which he was assassinated. Some have fancied that the Brass Statue is done for Prince *Maurice*, his Son, and that it was not placed there till after his Death: But the Epitaph only mentions the Father: As beautiful as these two Statues, and all the others, with which this magnificent Tomb is adorned, must be confessed to be, yet the Figure representing Fame is incontrovertibly far superior to all the rest, which is also of Brass. She holds a Trumpet in her Mouth to sound aloud the glorious Achievements of the interred Hero. Let me just add, that this Statue supports itself wholly upon the Toes of the left Foot. At the four Corners of this Monument there are four other Statues of Brass, all as big as the Life, representing some of this Prince's Virtues, i. e. his Prudence, Justice, Piety, and above all his Love of his Country. On the Top of each of the four Corners there is a Pyramid: The Arms of the Princes of Orange are on every Part of it; but in the Middle there is an Inscription in Golden Letters" which has just been translated.

* * * *

Fifteen centuries ago, CARAUSIUS, whose original condition, after unprejudiced examination, would seem to have been that of a simple Dutch sailor, threw off

the Roman yoke, made himself master of England. assumed the imperial purple, declared himself Augustus, defied his would-be executioner, maintained himself for seven years against the forces of the Empire, and fell in the zenith of his power, and about the fiftieth year of his age, by the hand of treason, and the dagger of a bosom friend and confidential minister.

He could say :

“My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd and rulers of the earth ;
But higher far, my proud pretensions rise—”

for, despite his origin and defective education, he rendered himself illustrious at once as a naval and military commander, as an adroit negotiator, as a peaceful sovereign, and as a patron of the arts—as a Royal Sailor and a Loyal Ruler. He not only fostered domestic, but invited the most skilful foreign, talent to embellish his reign, and displayed in a series of coins not only his taste and his riches, but also his wisdom and foresight. His ability and prescience shine forth in the interesting variety of his coins, still preserved in gold and silver, whose types, struck in his conquered capital of London, are worthy to compare with the finest specimens issued by the Imperial Mint at the period of Rome's greatest refinement. One example, from a very fine collection, has on one face the bust of the Emperor, draped in the peculiar military cloak (*paludamentum*), worn by a Roman general commanding an army, and the inscription (abbreviated), “IMPERATOR CARAUSIUS PIUS FELIX AUGUSTUS”—and on the other the Royal sailor clasping “hands with a Female who holds a trident; below are the letters R. S. R., the meaning of which is uncertain, but the signification of the figures is more clear—the female is undoubtedly the Genius of Britain, amicably receiving the new Emperor, who flatters her (for the first time, probably.)

as 'Queen of the Sea,' by placing a trident in her hand," the emblem of that dominion. CARAUSIUS was the first to perceive the importance of the position of the British Islands, situated in a temperate climate, remote from the heart of the Roman strength and intrigue, opposite the centre of Europe and the maritime highways, by which the northern pirates were beginning to sweep southwards along the coast, to the plunder of more genial and productive climes—and yet separated and fortified by the most effectual barrier, a wide and stormy sea. To express this isolation and security, this Emperor's coins have sometimes a ship in mid-ocean on the reverse. Another under the figure of Jupiter, bears the letters M. L. supposed to imply "MONETA LONDINENSIS," (*Money struck in London.*)

To sum up his character is a delightful task for an historian, for to embody the language of many writers in various languages CARAUSIUS to a lively, vivid imagination and firm temperament, united the genius of a profound diplomatist and politician, and the courage of a hero. His soul was noble, and his whole life glorious, which rendered his fate the more lamentable, inasmuch as his traitorous murderer and successor was "not Master of one of Carausius' Good Qualities to countenance his Presumption."

Generosity, liberality, beneficence, prudence, are attributes again and again assigned to him by historians, who style him one of the most considerable persons of his time, who gained the hearts of all who approached him, who possessed the affections of his people, and was their protector against the Roman tyrants—in a word, to sum up the matter, he was an exalted type of that race whose superior has never trod upon this mundane stage.

Such is a brief summary of the life of this remarkable

man, unknown to all but a few students of history. The details of his career are still more interesting and surprising.

Let us proceed to their examination :

In the distractions and convulsions of the Roman Empire, BRITAIN, like all the other provinces, became the temporary seat of power or appanage of various pretenders and usurpers who aimed at the sceptre of the whole empire, and afterwards more than once possessed themselves of it ; CLAUDIUS ALBINUS had set an example in A. D. 193.

Among these there is one whom all authors unite in declaring worthy of commemoration and praise—since, although without any title but his abilities and his sword, CARAUSIUS proved a good sovereign to the people of England and the adjacent coasts.

He was sufficiently in advance of his time to comprehend the naval resources and general advantages of the province he swayed, so replete with commodious havens, and abundant in cereal and arboreous productions and metallic treasures, and to estimate the strength of the inaccessible harbors and estuaries of his native country, the mother of the most enterprising race of mariners. The *Menapii*, or Hollanders, were *sailors-born*. The sea was their glebe, their field of exercise, and their highway.

* * * *

While other people plough'd the ground,
 Bold Holland's glebe the rolling main,
 From pole to pole, the earth around,
 Each furrow yielded countless gain :
 At home her hive was one vast store,
 Glean'd from each clime and ev'ry shore.

While their merchant-marine was unsurpassed in enterprise, their military-marine knew no superior in cool indomitable intrepidity. An English naval officer

and historian remarks in speaking of the maritime contests of the XVII century, that "the English Courage could not be conquer'd: and the Dutch Obstinacy *would not*;" that their recuperative energies were "the Astonishment of Europe," and that their "Hydra-Heads grew numerous from their Wounds;" and PEPYS writes, on the 31st of December, 1664, "after all our (English) presumption, we are now afraid as much of them (the Dutch) as we lately contemned them." Oh! how pleasant it is to examine thy chronicles, thou indomitable sea-born Holland.

* * * * * *

They had likewise began to colonize. One body of their people was settled in *Belgium*, another had possessions certainly on the western and most likely on the eastern side of the *Rhine*, a third had established itself in what is now the province of *Leinster*, in *Ireland*, and a fourth at *Mineria*, now *St. Davids*, in *South Wales*. Doubtless vestiges of these daring colonists might still be discovered at or in the vicinity of the spots where they located, just as we find the surest tokens of the Hollandish race in the name it gave to a province of Sweden, known even as yet as *Halland* or *Holland*, and in the impress of their industry, their thrift and their intelligence upon the island of *Amack*, the garden of *Copenhagen*, where they were settled, and remain an element of the population entirely distinct in every respect from their Danish neighbors.

What is more, that part of England itself, which was the last to submit to WILLIAM the Conqueror, and cost him more blood, treasure and anxiety than any other portion of the kingdom, was that section of *Lincolnshire*, around the *Wash*, upon *Boston Deep*s—[*Dieps* is a regular Dutch word for deep water or channels]—and *Lynn Deep*s, one mass of dykes and drains, almost

canals, was called **Holland**, that is, marsh-land or hollow-land, such as is gained from the sea, whose name is derived, as some aver, from the Cimbric dialect, and was settled by a Cimbric, or Scandinavian, or Hollandish colony. We are likewise expressly told that south-eastern Scotland and eastern England, about the mouths of the Humber, were Saxon "long prior to the historic period, when the German ocean was scarcely (as yet) a sea."

And now, before dismissing this subject entirely, one word about the derivation of the word **Holland**, which some *pretend* to derive from two German words, **Holt**(;) and **Land**=Country of Woods, because originally, according to tradition, it was covered with forests. This is a far-fetched derivation. It *is derived* from two words, **Hol** and **Land**,—**Hol**, Saxon, (**Hohl**, German,) meaning Hollow or Hole, "**das ist ein leer und holes Land**," (that is, a bottomless land,) (DICELIUS, 1697). Exactly the words of SAURIN and PEYRAT. We translate: "Holland, created in the midst of marshes, has no solid foundation, except the wisdom of her founders and the untiring industry of her people," "*a thin skim of earth floating upon the ocean!*"

* * * * *

It is scarcely possible that CARAUSIUS was the real name of our *Menapian* (Hollandish) hero, any more than CARACTACUS was the actual patronymic of **Caradoc** or **Cradoc**—signifying the "Warrior"—(who, having lost his kingdom by the victory of OSTORIUS SCAPULA, won it again by his undaunted demeanor and spirit in his interview with the Emperor CLAUDIUS,)—or ARMINIUS that of **Hermann**, the German or Saxon hero, the conqueror of VARUS, and victor of the fifth "Decisive Battle of the World."

After examining the matter with earnest attention,

we must arrive at the conclusion that it is at least very reasonable to believe that his name was **Karel**, (Hollandish,) (CHARLES, English—**Carl**, German,) which means, A (VALIANT) MAN. To CAROLUS, the Latin for **Karel**, the Romans added an epithet appropriate to his deeds and temper, AUSUS,—[whence OUSADO, Portuguese; OSADO, Spanish; both of which, particularly the former, are said—in some cases—to resemble the Latin more closely than even the Italian]—the “Bold,” “he that dareth, or is not afraid,” the “*Fearless One*”—together, CAROLUS-AUSUS, abbreviated, corrupted, and euphonized into CARAUSIUS.

At first an adventurous sailor, then a skillful pilot, and afterwards a bold commander by sea, and by land, he distinguished himself by several brilliant exploits in the war which Maximian carried on against the Germans and Gallic rebels, or, rather, martyrs to liberty, styled in history *Bagaudæ*! He early “acquired a singular Reputation for his Courage and Bravery in several military Expeditions, but especially at Sea.” The employment of CARAUSIUS as an Admiral commenced by service against the Saxon-(—variously styled “*Cimbri* and other maritime People of Germany, or *Saxon* and *Lower German*—) or Scandinavian pirates, whom GIBBON elects to call *Franks*, erroneously, it would seem probable, since the Franks *proper* were never much addicted to the sea—who in squadrons of light brigantines, resembling those of the *Veneti*, so formidable in the time of CÆSAR, or the fast-sailing “*pictæ*” of the Britons, incessantly infested and ravaged the Belgic, Armorican and British coasts, by which terms are designated the maritimal districts of Hanover (?) the Netherlands, and those provinces of France formerly known as Artois, Picardy, Normandy, Brittany, Poitou, Guyenne, and Gascony.

The "pictæ," very long boats, like a modern pinnace, were smeared with wax, to facilitate their passage through the water, and carried about twenty oarsmen. As they were intended for secret service, whether to gain intelligence or "to dart suddenly upon an enemy, it was desirable that they should remain unseen as long as possible; for which reason their sails and rigging were dyed a light-blue color, to resemble the sea, and their crews wore clothing of the same hue."

The adventurers who manned them, obeyed a single chief, their leader, by land as well as by sea, who was always the bravest of the brave, who never slept beneath a rafted roof, nor ever banqueted before a sheltered hearth,—a startling picture of their wild and predatory habits. "To these qualities a celebrated sea-chieftain, called **Olaf**, added extraordinary eloquence, and great personal strength and agility. He was second to none as a swimmer, could walk upon the oars of his vessel while they were in motion, could throw three darts into the air at the same time and catch two of them alternately; and could, moreover, hurl a lance with each hand; but he was impetuous, cruel, and revengeful, and 'prompt to dare and do'!"

When the composition of their crews is considered, in connection with their speed, the subsequent conduct of **CARAUSIUS** appears the more admirable, who, to such free and hardy mariners and swift sailing craft, opposed the lumbering galleys and hireling crews of the Imperial navy. This would likewise account for their being able at times to elude his pursuit and baffle his subordinates, since the Romans had never neglected their navy to such a degree as they had at this period, when they had most need of it. The science of marine architecture was at a low ebb, but not lower than their capabilities for managing, commanding and fighting

their ships. The Northmen, Saxons and Franks, were not only aware of this neglect and insufficiency, but prompt to take advantage of it. They covered the sea with piratical craft, which, although singly so small and imperfect, were mighty and dreadful in their number and comparative ubiquity, and their commanders made their descents and robberies tenfold more terrible by their barbarous severity. Finding the Romans unable to oppose them at sea they were soon no longer content with wasting the coasts of the conquered provinces, but, emboldened by impunity, attacked the Roman establishments as well. To chastise or restrain such insolence and rapacity, the Emperor Maximian found that it was necessary to create a navy and look out for an individual capable at once of superintending its organization and then directing its operations. It has often been remarked with wonder how the man for the occasion always presents himself to assume the position for which Providence intends him. Not in the ranks of Rome, or of her tributaries or allies, but from a nation which had never bowed to her supremacy—barbarians of barbarians, to the supercilious refinement of Italian arrogance—he selected his ECKFORD and his PERRY, and to that Hollander whom his orators and panegyrists styled “by birth most vile,” confided the construction and equipment of an armament which, for upwards of ten years, decided the fate of the surrounding countries and the mastery of those seas.

Gibbon, and other writers of less celebrity, have attributed the creation of a fleet to the prudent conception and vigorous execution of Maximian, whereas naval historians assure us that CARAUSIUS, of whose previous employments, except as a remarkably skilful pilot, we have scarcely any accounts, deserves all the credit of overcoming the manifold difficulties which

opposed and interfered with the execution of his orders. He had everything to make, and yet, great as was the necessity to exertion, the means were defective in an even greater degree. Nor was this the only obstacle to success. He had to work and watch, to use the tool with one hand and brandish the weapon with the other, for the pirates, although in possession of no vessels of strength, were still so formidable by their numbers that, considering the utter ruin into which a total neglect and inefficiency had plunged the Imperial marine, they could have fought and overcome what still remained with half their number.

Dignified with the lofty title of "Præfect or Count of the Saxon shore," and "Admiral [*Thalassiarchus*] of the Belgick and Armorick Seas," CARAUSIUS "found himself, when commissioned to command the whole, master in a Manner of nothing," and under the necessity of building a navy, which he was sent to lead against the enemy. But difficulties and dangers which appal common minds only serve as healthy stimulants to genius. The new Præfect and Thalassiarch assembled and employed the ablest constructors and shipwrights in the ports of Gaul, and, as we may well suppose, in Hollandia and Flanders. His head-quarters were at Boulogne, which the Emperor had designated as the principal station of the fleet. The Romans had always considered this port, or this immediate locality, the most eligible centre for naval operations in the Channel, but more particularly expeditions against the British islands. CÆSAR, B. C. 55, [See note *Itius Portus*,] CALIGULA, A. D. 40, PHILIP II., 1588, and NAPOLEON, 1804, all selected it as the point whence they intended to operate, since, although the harbor is very inferior, the roadstead affords an excellent anchorage for a number of large vessels.

In the year A. D. 285 he found himself able to put to sea, and sailed with a few large but badly constructed vessels in quest of the pirates. Ill-built but well manned—for the attractive influence of CARAUSIUS seems to have been always remarkable, and made him a centre of talent and enterprise—his imperfect armaments no sooner put to sea under the name of the Roman navy, and displaying its ensigns, than they became terrible to the marauders.

Upon every occasion the new Admiral displayed the greatest ability, and a sagacity more than a match for the daring sea-rovers, experienced as they were in the stratagems of naval warfare.

He executed his charge with equal courage and strategy ; more, however, according to the allegations of the Roman historians, with regard to his own interests than those of his master. Whether the charge of measures dishonorable to his character should be entertained by impartial students of history is susceptible of great doubt, and should require far better testimony than the records of men who were the mere creatures of the Emperors against whom he fought with such distinguished results. The character which they assigned to the Hollander should not prejudice him in the opinion of those of his race or kindred blood. His subsequent career is the best proof we could desire of *their* falsehood and of *his* surpassing diligence and trustworthiness. What great man has ever been able to avert the malign influence of a corrupt court, always jealous of superior ability, and the consequences of unjust suspicions, awakened by exertions to promote the interests of his subordinates and the rights of tributaries, his countrymen, while discharging his duty to the dominant power? What hero but has been the target for the shafts of calumny, and had his memory handed down to posterity

beclouded with the opprobrium of those whose sinister plans he frustrated and of the oppressors he resisted?

The impetuous Marshal VILLARS has bequeathed us a remark applicable to the cases of most great and fortunate generals. About to take command of the army of Flanders, or the North, at his audience of leave, he reminded the King, Louis XIV, that while he was departing to combat the foes of his sovereign and country, he left that sovereign in the midst of his own personal detractors and enemies.

Born of a free race, and at the head of free men, CAUSAUSIUS, even while compelled to serve against them, must have seen with mingled detestation and pity the slaughter of the miserable *Bagaudæ*, or the insurrectionary peasantry of Gaul, victims of a cognate blood, and felt his soul stirred within him to put a period to a tyranny whose repressive measures knew no restraints of either mercy or justice.

Whether it is true that instead of chastising the pirates to the extent of his commission, he too frequently admitted them to composition, is a matter which at this time it is utterly impossible to decide. Even if true, such a course may have been dictated by the wisest policy, for nothing is more difficult than the defence of of an extensive coast against a numerous body of such active freebooters as have been described. It is well known that CHARLEMAGNE, in spite of his reputation and his power, was unable, in his latter years, to protect the shores of his dominion against the descents of the Vi-Kings and assaults of the Norman adventurers, and, an eye-witness of these ravages, he was seen to shed bitter tears at the prospect of the miseries he foresaw they would bring upon France. And well might he shed bitter tears, for it was his own bigotry which set in motion the Normans, and incited them to ravage

his possessions, to gratify not only their lusts but their revenge (HUME I.ii., A.D. 827). And it remained almost for the present generation to suppress the piratical incursions of the Barbary corsairs, who for centuries were a terror to the most powerful monarchies, and inflicted all the horrors of fire, sword, and slavery, upon the shores of the Mediterranean, and at times extended their terrible visits along the coasts of Lusitania and the bay of Biscay, even to the distant homes of Ireland and England.

CARAUSIUS succeeded, and his very success was the occasion of accusations against his loyalty. Finding his policy the subject of misrepresentation and his fidelity of suspicion, the Menapian leader changed his tactics. He connived, it is reported, at the passage of the pirates, which he may have been utterly unable in many cases to prevent, but diligently intercepted their return,—of which he was sure to learn from the wails of those whom they had plundered. Falling upon them when burthened with spoil, satiated with carnage, and often unfitted to resist by the labors and hardships they had undergone in attaining their objects, he inflicted a just and terrible punishment with his sword, and took possession of their ill-gotten wealth, as the just reward of his own and his followers exertions, dangers and exposures. Without doubt a large share was appropriated to his own use. The treasure thus acquired by valor and vigilance was neither more nor less than what would be deemed fair prize-money at the present day, admitted by English admirals, representatives in Parliament, to constitute the strongest stimulant of the seaman's exertions and the most reliable incentive to rapid enlistment. And of this a large proportion is always accorded in strict justice to the officer in command. The riches thus accumulated, excited

anew the suspicions of the Emperor MAXIMIAN. Under a semi-barbarous despotism the wealth of the subject has seldom failed to suggest the basis of an accusation, whose real foundation was the rapacity of the tyrant. MAXIMIAN imagined that he had proofs, or his flatterers insinuated the idea, that CARAUSIUS intended to make himself independent ; and the discovery of the measures agitated for his destruction awakened CARAUSIUS to the necessity of providing for his own safety, and perhaps originated the very thought of that rebellion which would never have entered his mind but for the jealousy and mistrust of his master. We are even told that the sentence had gone forth, and that a ruffian had been delegated to assassinate him if he could not be arrested and publicly executed, and that the murderous blow was delayed by nothing but the difficulty of its accomplishment. Was he to bow his neck to the same axe with which, under similar circumstances, but twelve centuries later, the Spanish tyrant rewarded the fidelity of his countrymen, Egmont and Hoorn, the latter, like CARAUSIUS, an Admiral of Holland blood ? Was he to bare his bosom to the dagger already commissioned to assassinate him, and betray his countrymen by submitting to a fate which slaughtered the WASHINGTON of Holland ? The doctrine of non-resistance was too hard for the divines of England in a more enlightened age. Such a submission was incomprehensible to the mind of a hardy sailor, a barbarian according to the language of Rome. To the injustice of the Emperor the astute Hollander opposed the vigorous independence and prompt action of his race. He resolved to aspire to the sovereignty of Britain, the Belgic and Armorican coasts, and the dominion of the seas.

BERKLEY, however, exonerates him from any dishonorable motive or action, in ascending step by step that

lofty flight which led to sovereignty. In his opinion, CARAUSIUS, in his dealings with his opponents, was too wise to have been contented and "have taken a part for the whole, when (the latter was) in his Power," had he not been well aware that, at first, policy must bring about what his defective force could not accomplish.

Thus, in the beginning, he accepted the heavy tribute which the pirates offered for a partial immunity, listening to their acknowledgments, affecting to treat their excuses as valid, dissembling with consummate tact, until his preparations, urged with assiduous attention, should place him in a position to act in accordance with his pre-determined plans.

While thus bridling his impetuosity and guiding his will with politic prudence in regard to those too strong as yet for coercion, the Præfect of the Saxon coast fell like a thunderbolt upon all whom he could attack on equal terms, or under circumstances in which capacity and courage would compensate for physical inferiority. The marauders who belonged to this latter category were seized, and their booty confiscated, wherever he could find them, and the terror of the examples which he made kept greater criminals strictly to their compact, until his increasing power enabled him to smite like the sword of Fate one after another of those who, originally, united or singly, had been able to defy or resist him with prospects of success.

• Suspected of ambition, his only escape from degradation and death lay in the throwing himself into the rising tide, and floating on the turbulent flood to fortune's haven. Was it a crime that he had learned to swim, when so many examples must have taught him he might at any moment be compelled to take the plunge and struggle for his very existence? He must have known the vicissitudes of his career. He could

not, if he would, have closed his eyes to the fickle tenure of Imperial favor. No doubt the power which his own attributes had conferred upon him was far too pleasant to be thrown away while he could make it good. A *Zee(Sea)lander* as well as a *Hollander*—for the latter name was common to both, and the *Vaderland* of his race embraced both these provinces—he could have assumed that apposite device a thousand years before Zealand selected it for its arms—a lion swimming amid the boisterous waves and roaring forth triumphantly—

“LUCTOR ET EMERGO :”

(*I combat and come forth victorious.*)

For, had not CARAUSIUS cast his lot upon the deep and swum to shore a monarch?

We are told that he foresaw the storm, and with a sailor's instinct he made all snug to meet it, weather the reefs whose breakers broke so ominously upon his ear, and steer into a harbor protected against future tempests as well as apt for fitting out for sea again.

“All must depend upon the Fidelity and Affection of his Sailors. Two Things he knew commanded that, Success and Liberality. Of his Success there could be no Doubt, for he was indefatigable, [and] when he had laid by a Sufficiency, enough still remain'd for all the Purposes of an abundant Generosity. This he distributed freely; and by that Beneficence, and by his prudent Conduct, he kept the Hearts of his Sailors, while he preserved the most strict Discipline.”

Nothing of this is assumed, for, according to the testimony of the “*Biographia Nautica*,” London, 1776 : “The Steps which led to the Execution of his Project were the more easy and rapid, *as the Policy of his Conduct, and the engaging Gentleness of his Manners, had made him at once the Favorite of the Soldiers, and*

of the Sailors!" He displayed the standard of emancipation, appealed to the affections of his mariners, won, as we have seen, by his temper and liberality, and confirmed in their allegiance by his conspicuous valor and capacity—for, considering the times,—

"A braver soldier never couched a lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court,"—

—enlisted the sympathy of his barbarian opponents, now become brothers in their enmity to Rome, immediately fortified Boulogne, sailed thence to England with his numerous fleet, combined with that of the corsairs who had hoisted his ensigns, was received with open arms by the Roman army in Britain, its auxiliaries, and the whole population enthusiastically awaiting his arrival to embrace his party, assumed the Imperial purple, and title of AUGUSTUS, declared himself Emperor, defied his former tyrant, and maintained his dignities against all the powers which his rivals could exert against him.

Tristan corroborates fully this statement, assuring us that he was warmly desired by the Britons, so much so that upon a medal of the time the doubter can read to his confusion—

"EXPECTATE VENI."
(*Come, oh, thou expected one.*)

What makes this impression the more remarkable is, that it is the only one throughout the long succession of Roman Emperors which bears such a legend. BURCHETT confirms this in these words, "he resolved to set up for the Dominion, not only of the Province of Britain, but of the World itself, and try his Chance for the Empire. This he did with such a full Consent of his Army, which was very considerable, that never was the Imperial Purple assumed with greater Applause of the Soldiery."

The gauntlet thrown down, MAXIMIAN found himself unable to take it up. By the secession of his fleet he was deprived of the means of pursuit and revenge. Established in Britain, CARAUSIUS discovered that he was equal to a contest with the empire. His crews and his troops were swelled by the enlistment of the bravest youth of his new dominion, "the Merchants and Factors of Gallia," and the embodiment of every sea-faring tribe or nation—stigmatised by the Romans as barbarous—whom certain pay and hope of booty could allure into his service. The possession of *Boulogne* and the ports of Holland afforded him the amplest opportunities of augmenting and sheltering his marine. His barbarian allies, reduced to discipline, were raised in the scale of civilization, and rewarded by the dangerous knowledge of the naval and military arts henceforth available for their own protection against the rapacity of the absorbing empire. The fertile districts of England afforded a sufficiency of provisions, and his distant expeditions provided him with the means of paying those who had enlisted in his cause.

That task, to which the Roman emperors had proved unequal, was accomplished at once, and almost without difficulty, by the master hand of the self-made emperor. The *North Britons*—Caledonians, Picts or Scots—ulcerating thorns in the flanks of England while a province of Rome, were driven back into their native wilds, confined to their own bleak domain, and ultimately, as will be shown hereafter, were converted into a powerful support.

Speaking of the Picts, HEMET, quoting Galfred (or GEOFFROI) of Monmouth, mentions a very curious fact in regard to them, and writes that CARAUSIUS who "had made himself strong both within the Land and with-

out, made the *Picts* his confederates, to whom, lately come out of *Scythia*, he gave *Albany* to dwell in."

This would go to prove that the Hollander Emperor carried his arms farther towards the northern extremity of the British island than any of his predecessors except SEVERUS, whose expedition—a mere military promenade—cost him the lives of fifty thousand of his soldiers, the very flower of the Roman armies, and accomplished absolutely nothing; for upon the very rear of his returning columns closed in the intractable tribes he supposed he had subdued, who were in open insurrection against his authority before the massive stones of his famous wall had time to bed themselves in their cement.

On the other hand CARAUSIUS achieved a double conquest, for in the field he conquered with his sword, and in the council subjugated with his persuasive eloquence and justice. A little farther on a second Caledonian campaign is adverted to because the language of the historians of this era is so undecided as to dates, that we are led to infer that it was subsequently necessary. But whether such is the fact or not, the resumption of hostilities may have been rendered necessary, not by an outbreak of the clans who had already submitted, but by irruptions of the outer barbarians invited southward from the extreme north, and even neighboring islands, by the reports of the affluence which began to reign in districts which their forefathers and brethren had formerly plundered with impunity.

Be this as it may, HEMET then observes "that before his time the *Picts* are not known to have been any where mentioned, and then first by EUMENIUS [of Autun] a rhetorician" of this, the third century.

Like our Indians, these *Picts* or *painted men*—analogous to our Aborigines from the very custom of daub-

ing themselves with various colors as well as from their predatory habits and modes of warfare—proved as hostile to the frontier settlements of the Romans as the American tribes were to our infant colonies; and then, when, in addition, we recollect the slogan of the Highlanders, (that terrible war cry which has only so lately lost its terror to the lowland Scotch,) was the signal for an onslaught which left nothing but ashes and corpses in its wake, the parallel becomes the more remarkable, and suggests at once the war-whoop which curdled the blood of those who first ventured into the wilderness of this state.

Whoever reads the lines of CLAUDIAN, in his poem descriptive of the war with the Visigoths (*de Bello Getico sive Pollentiaco*), presenting a picture of the triumphant legionary,

“Surveying with attentive eyes below
The pictures drawn on his expiring foe,”

can at once imagine that he beholds one of the *Old* Netherlanders belonging to the *Menapian* cohort of CARAUSIUS, withdrawing his falchion from a prostrate *Pict* while absorbed in curious contemplation of his foeman's body, strangely fantastic with devices laid on with barbarous taste in colored earth; or a *New* Netherlander, in this very state, leaning upon his still smoking caliver, and, lost to the contest raging in the woods around, studying with disgust and mingled curiosity, the wild imaginings with which a Minsi or Sankhican warrior had variegated his athletic form, disgusting in its natural copper hue and doubly repulsive in its artificial tints, but still so attractive in its physical developments as to rival the Belvidere Apollo, whose artistic perfection suggested, at first sight, to WEST the grace and symmetry of a Mohawk warrior's manly beauty.

If CARAUSIUS did settle the *Picts* in *Albany*, we know

at once how far into the Scottish land his sway extended, since *Albania* or *Albyn*, the country of the *Albani*—that district from which, usually, the second son of the King of England derives the title of Duke of Albany,—(first conferred on the unhappy Darnley, husband of MARY, Queen of Scots)—is now known as *Breadalbane*, and comprises the western part of the county of *Perth*—the romantic region lying on either side the *Grampian* range, beyond the wall of ANTONINUS—so that CARAUSIUS must have been the sovereign of nearly two thirds of ancient Caledonia.

His northern frontier assured, agriculture, prostrate and neglected, rose to its feet, renewed its labor and repaid its benefactor with teeming crops. The arts of peace, astonished to find a protector, sprung from a race branded by the Romans as untutored savages, began to flourish and adorn his court amid the turbulent activity of war. The martial Franks, won by a flattering imitation of their dress and manners, responded to the offers of a brave and politic monarch, and assured him the friendship of a formidable people. England, under the wise administration of the Dutch sailor, proudly raised her head and assumed the position of a powerful state, whose loss to the empire was bewailed not only by the court but throughout that wide domain which had scarcely deemed her worth preserving before she was dismembered. The Roman orator, EUMENIUS, could find no language too strong to bewail the loss of its fields, its pastures, its mines, its woods, its temperate climate, its convenient harbors, and, most perceptible deficiency, its agreeable revenues, while compelled to confess that such a country well deserved to become the seat of an independent sovereignty.

Nor was this all—the Hollandish Emperor while insuring home property was not forgetful of the advan-

tages which his position presented. Like William III, this Dutch hero of the third century came over bringing peace and fortune in his train; like William he made himself respected and feared beyond the sea; the dread of those who had formerly esteemed themselves too strong to feel the effects of his resentment.

To his people CARAUSIUS represented in harangues of force and earnestness, that his own cause and the interest of the *Britons*, *Menapii*, *Batavi*, and other Saxons, were one, and that to "preserve their Liberties thus far regained, they must be able to keep off their Enemies: that this could only be done by fitting out a powerful Force at Sea; and that so long as they maintained such a Power, they must be independent."

Thus incited they set to work, and "were soon Masters of a fleet Rome could never face" while CARAUSIUS lived, and while his murderous successor was true to the policy his benefactor had so successfully inaugurated.

"Thus was a Navy fitted out, the most expeditiously, and the most advantageously that we read in History; and the Service became a Nursery for growing Numbers."

CARAUSIUS knew that to meet him at all on equal terms Maximian must exhaust his maritime resources in building another fleet, and when possessed of it would be reduced to the extremity of employing none but raw men both at the oar and sail. Under such circumstances his failure was assured. If new recruits can never face old soldiers upon land, how much less could landsmen hope to encounter experimented seamen on the deep.

"Rome, which had viewed CARAUSIUS long with jealous Eyes, now looked on him with Fear. Britain was become the School of Naval Knowledge, and while that grew to an eminent Height under this Commander here,

'twas in a Manner lost among the Romans. They feared to face the Power of Britain, now disjoined from them, and the Navy of our Country gave a Presage of what it has since arrived at, conquering all at Sea."

But the astute Menapian did not intend that his opponent should even proceed with his projected preparation without such hindrances as should make the process both costly and laborious.

"CARAUSIUS, who himself commanded, was continually out; not content with defensive Strength, he acted on the offensive, plundering all along the Coasts of Gaul. This British Navy acted on British Principles; sparing no Roman Settlements where it could destroy." Like a skilful matador, CARAUSIUS waited the attack of the maddened "toro," whose every movement taught him to beware.

Bursting with fury, impotent but hopeful, the savage Maximian bent all his energies to recreating that creation his confidence in the Menapian Count or Præfect, succeeded by impolitic distrust and consequent injustice, had lost to Rome, and left its emperor powerless for revenge. The fruit of his own prudence, opulence and vigor, had only served for his humiliation. Master of half the earth, his rule was limited by the receding or advancing tide. He might gather shells as trophies like Caligula, but the wave bursting upon the beach was just as much his vassal as was CARAUSIUS.

Still, what his imperial will had once evoked that will could summon forth again. East, west and south, wherever Roman eagles spread abroad their wings above a naval depot safe from the onslaught of CARAUSIUS, the shipwright's hammer, axe and saw, sounded the note of preparation. Whole forests felled, grew fast to massive ships, whole fields of flax to hempen wings and sinews, and straining thousands gave to the sea

another fleet, to test the rebel's rights to that he had acquired. By day and night, new legions marshalled to the coast, mounted the lofty triremes, while sweating slaves below by thousands tugged at the ponderous oars. By day and night new fleets—brought down the rivers from far inland admiralities—converging, swelled to an Armada, whose display inspired the orator of Treves—CLAUDIUS MAMERTINUS. His panegyrics presaged certain triumph. But the vast expenditure of time and labor brought forth no styptic to astringe the wound CARAUSIUS had inflicted. The Trevirian's graceful adulations were silenced by events.

Once launched upon the tempestuous element, and the relation of the contest between the Hollander's and Maximian's fleets is but anticipating what the "Armada" underwent when the Saxon Netherlands and Saxon England stooped on her like a swift brood of falcons on a flock of cranes. New to the sea, the imperial armaments and crews were baffled, battered, grappled, slain, or taken by the veteran sailors of the Menapian admiral-king. Henceforth the flowing periods of the Roman orator allude no more to that magnificence he had hailed as launched and rigged to consummate his master's glory.

By his revolt, CARAUSIUS had acquired more than the greatest victory could bestow ; this second triumph made his throne secure. CARAUSIUS seemed in the position to utter England's taunt to Napoleon after Trafalgar :

"Build me a second fleet that I may win it again."

*	*	*	*	*
"High yet flutters my flag,	*	*	*	*
Ocean is frothy with blood : meet me, thou haughty one, there."				
*	*	*	*	*

The contest for the time was decided. Rome began to tremble at the astonishing progress of her former vassal, and, unable to coerce him, the politic Diocletian

and the ferocious Maximian were compelled to conciliate the enterprising spirit of CARAUSIUS. They resigned to him the sovereignty of Britain, and admitted their former subordinate to a participation of the imperial honors and power.

A number of his silver coins and medals, still preserved, but with very rare exceptions nowhere except in England,—some representing on one side the head of the Menapian monarch, with the inscription, IMP. CARAUSIUS P. F. AUG., and on the reverse the portraiture of two Emperors joining hands, in allusion to his agreement with Maximian; others displaying the heads of two Emperors, and having on the reverse two hands joined together, with these words, CONCORDIA AUGG.—[Concord of the two Augusti, Carausius and Maximian]—or PROVIDENTIA AUGGG.—[Provision of the three Augusti]—or PAX AUGGG.—[The Peace of the three Augusti]—or LÆTITIA AUGGG.—[The Joy of the three Augusti]—exist as excellent evidence to show that there were three Emperors at this time. To render these inscriptions clear to every class of readers, it is well to remark that “Augustus,” [=growing, increasing,] before it was used as a proper name, was a title of the sovereigns of the Roman state; as it is said that “Wilhelm” [=Gilt or Golden Helmet—a Safe Protection] was of some of the German Potentates.

But the most important of all, is the medal on which we find the heads of the three Emperors, (Carausius, Diocletian, and Maximian,) side by side, with the legend or motto:

CARAVSIUS ET FRATRES SVI.

Carausius and his (Imperial) Brothers.

Perhaps, however, the specimen with S. C., signifying “Senatus Consulto,” [by authority of a decree of the Senate,] as well as “Pax Augusti,” [Peace of Au-

gustus,] will be most satisfactory, and induce those difficult of belief to credit that this peace or confraternity had at all events the sanction of the Roman Senate.

These memorials of his reign have been (engraved?) explained with perspicuity and learning by Gasparo Luigi Oderico, numismatologist and antiquarian (1725–1803) in a communication published in the “Journal of the Litterati of Pisa,” and N. Genebrier, likewise a distinguished numismatologist and antiquarian, gave to the world a “History of CARAUSIUS, *Emperor of Great Britain*, authenticated by his Medals,” Paris, 4to, 1740 ; much less complete, however, than the history or biography of our hero by Dr. William Stukeley, published at London, in 4to, 1757. This last, an antiquarian, a physician, and ultimately a clergyman (1687–1756), having constructed a fanciful fabric with regard to CARAUSIUS, the creation of his prejudices, we have neither examined, nor sought to examine, an hypothetic history, based on an individual’s prepossessions, which is acknowledged as deformed by many errors.

“Mr. Akerman enumerates of the coins of CARAUSIUS, five varieties in gold, fifty in silver, and upward of two hundred and fifty in small brass. Mr. Hardy has added many more.”

The celebrated Doctor Mead became possessed of another unique and curious medal, which is now in the Museum of the King of France, a present from its original possessor. On its reverse is a female head, with the inscription, ORIUNA AUG.[usta], which is unquestionably the head of an Empress of the name of Oriuna, wife of CARAUSIUS. Berkley also furnishes the fac-similes of three very interesting medals of this sovereign. But further than they elucidate his

career, we will not devote our attention to them in this work, but leave their explanation to those who devote their labors more particularly to such subjects.

Whatever may have been the terms of the treaty entered into by the Triumvirate, it is certain that CARAUSIUS expected nothing from a compact, however solemn, which he knew was but an act of necessity on the part of two of the contracting parties. He felt satisfied that he would be assailed as soon as they found themselves in a position to renew hostilities with better chances of success, and he prepared for it by offensive-defensive measures, fortifying himself on land and anchoring his throne in the hearts of his subjects, and, although he had employed already innumerable hands to build his navy, he continued to increase and strengthen it with unremitting diligence.

Whosoever he was—to translate a French compilation of the highest authority—he maintained himself with glory in Great Britain, governed it with wisdom, and defended it as well against the barbarians as against the Romans. And—highest encomium—he reigned at home in tranquillity, sustaining his elevation with indisputable merit, and displaying in his administration extraordinary equity and justice. What more can be said, than that he “governed with an upright and unstained reputation, and with exceeding peaceableness,” notwithstanding all the disadvantages under which he labored. Well might he select as his emblem a ship in mid-ocean, and thus exposed—as the ships of that day were from their very construction—to hourly dangers.

With regard to this nautical effigy, some have pretended to account for it on the supposititious plea that CARAUSIUS sought throughout his life to be esteemed a Roman, and adopted the ship merely because it

was the favorite emblem of the Roman State, forgetting that, although such was the common type of the Imperial polity, it was likewise the symbolic representation of the goddess Isis, worshiped among the northern Germans, or rather the goddess of Navigation—a popular object of veneration among the Baltic or Scandinavian nations. The *Memoirs de l'Academie des Belles Lettres* assure us “that the human form was never assigned to the German deities, and that they worshiped the tutelar saint of the sea-faring life under the symbol of a ship.” Another and an admirable proof of our hero’s nationality, especially as the learned Jacob Eyndius informs us, in his “*Chronicles of Zee-lant*,” (*Chronici Zelandiæ*), that the people of that Province were converted to Christianity from the worship of Mercury (the god of commerce) and Isis (the goddess of navigation), whose effigy, according to Tacitus, was a fast-sailing (clipper) ship (a “*liberna*”).

At this juncture we hope it will not appear inappropriate to speculate as to the ensign under which CARACSIUS marshalled his armadas. Although there is no doubt but that the Romans had flags, still their military ensigns can scarcely be denominated colors or standards, since, as a general thing, they were images and similar objects of religious worship. The cavalry, it is true, had a guidon (*vexillum*), and an independent command entitled a general of rank to a purple standard, to which the term (*vexillum*) is applied by Lipsius, whose use resembled that of the sacred banner of Mahomet, in that it was only produced upon the eve of an engagement.

It does not appear, however, that their fleets or ships displayed a national ensign, any more than their armies or smaller bodies of troops. The exhibition of a red flag, both on shore and at sea, was the signal to pre-

pare for battle—but it was a *sign*, not a *standard*. A ribbon or pennant was often set upon the ornamental *aplustre*, which, bowing inwards, rose up loftily and gracefully from the stern-post or behind it on a flag-staff; sometimes likewise at the bows from the crest of the ‘swan’s head,’ (*cheniscus*,) which curved upwards from the stem and was often surmounted by an eagle or a similar effigy. This ‘swan’s head’ was often replaced by a dragon’s, among the Scandinavians and North-men.

Vlag—pronounced flag—is a Dutch word, and was most likely derived from the original Saxon word “**Floce**,” a ship, or “**Floga**,” something that flies. **Hengist** and **Horsa**, who, according to the best authorities, came from Holland, fought under a flag emblazoned with a white horse rampant. At Leyden, the ruins of a round tower upon the only eminence within a circuit of twenty miles, is attributed to the former, whence he may have flung to the winds his gonfalon, destined to such celebrity. That the Anglo-Saxons esteemed the horse as the noblest of animals, we have good proof, in that the name of **Henges** (Hengist) and **Hors** (Horsa) are the Anglo-Saxon words for a stallion and a horse in general; kings or great chiefs would never have borne the names of an inglorious brute. Again: the Batavi and the Caninefates—if the very first records we have of them are reliable—were horsemen-born; the best cavalry in the whole imperial service, and naturally such admirable riders that Julius Cæsar dismounted his veteran *turmæ*, to mount his new Batavian auxiliaries. As a further evidence of the high estimation in which the ancient Hollanders or Saxons held the horse, we find that **Horsc**, a word almost identical in orthography with **Hors**, means sagacious, prudent,

and even valiant. Moreover, how often was the term, "steeds or horses of the sea," applied to their ships by the Scandinavo-Saxons.

Subsequently the white horse, previously borne on the shields of the "Old Saxons," in Germany, appeared in the standard of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Kent; and to this day the white horse shines in that of the kingdom of Hanover. The writer has seen it at sea, streaming out amid the tempest and showing a prancing white charger on a red field. Kent was one of the eminently Saxon districts of Saxon England; that portion the most immediately connected for centuries with the continent, particularly Holland and Flanders, and Armorica.

Taking all these facts together, we have good right to believe that CARAUSIUS fought and conquered under the same noble ensign which fluttered above the armies of his Saxon successors. Grant, however, that this is mere hypothesis, the only other emblem which is ever found in connection with his name is a ship, which still appears in the standard of Trinity House. Study and reflexion decide for the White Horse of the Anglo-Saxon-Batavo-Menapian race.

Some of the most reliable historians rank CARAUSIUS among the legitimate (were there any?) emperors; others regard him as a tyrant; the flatterers of Maximian, from whom we derive most of the facts with regard to his time, call him the "Pirate"; but every writer who has investigated the matter exalts his memory as that of a noble man, an eminent leader, a beneficent prince, and a wise and provident sovereign. He was just as surely a legitimate emperor as nine tenths of those who wore the imperial purple, and if virtues give a shadow of title, none had a better right to the dignity.

"Convinced that the Means of acquiring Independen-

cy, and Power, would result from the Augmentation of his Navy," he "was unremittingly attentive to all the Points which were the most likely to promote it. His subjects, to whom he had endeared himself by the Mildness with which he governed, beheld with Pleasure a System of Operations so evidently calculated to render the Kingdom equally respectable and secure. They seemed to feel a Presage of their future Consequence, whilst their Sovereign gave Orders for the fortifying of their Coasts," and England, destined in a future age to acquire the dominion of the sea, figured fifteen centuries ago under the Hollandish monarch of its choice as a great naval power, a worthy opponent of that vast state which in its youth had extinguished the maritime strength of Carthage, legitimate heir to the trident of Phœnicia. Nor was his foreign policy unworthy of his home rule, or unequal to the occasion. A kindred vigor and sagacity characterised both.

His ships of war, manned in part with his own countrymen, in part with native Britons, and in part with the Scandinavian and Saxon pirates whom he had won or overcome—in fine with all whose acquaintance with the sea service rendered enlistment advantageous—rode triumphant in the Channel, commanded the mouths of the Rhine and the Seine, levied tribute upon the South-western coasts of Gaul, which were not subject to his sceptre, and of Hispania, and penetrating into the Mediterranean made his name terrible upon those waters which had come to be looked upon as a Roman lake.

When the Picts and the Scots offered to renew their incursions and began to vex his subjects—for it would appear from the language of some historians that his first campaign, although victorious, was not enduringly decisive—the Menapian warrior put his armies in motion, defeated them in numerous engagements, recover-

ed all that the Romans had ever pretended to hold, and erected, it is said, upon the banks of the *Carron*, as a trophy and memorial of his conquest, "a round house of polished stone," that celebrated monument of antiquity by some styled "*Arthur's Oven*," by others considered a temple of the god *TERMINUS*, the divinity who was supposed to preside over boundaries and limits and to punish all invasions and unlawful usurpations of land. The corner of a small enclosure between *Stenhouse* and the famous modern *Carron-iron-works*, is designated as the site of this remarkable construction, some time since entirely demolished.

He likewise erected in connection therewith a triumphal arch in commemoration of his victory—which Buchanan thinks was the temple above alluded to, and not Arthur's Oven, as was supposed by others—and also repaired and fortified the wall of Antoninus, which he strengthened with seven forts or castles. More than one chronicle reads, the wall of Severus, which stretched across the British Island from the Frith of *Solway* to the mouth of the *Tyne*. How this wall of Severus, which ran parallel to the more ancient rampart of Hadrian, 68 miles in length, could have been confounded with the line of Agricola, subsequently re-established by Lollius Urbicus, the able general of Antoninus Pius, is very extraordinary, since the latter lay upwards of one hundred miles farther to the north, and connected the Frith or river of *Forth* above *Edinburgh*, and the river of *Clyde* near *Glasgow*, by means of a rampart, ditch and military road 38 miles long. Severus, however, may have rebuilt the breaches in the outer barrier, for Lowenberg calls the "*Vallum Antonini*" the "*Wall of Severus*." This would be a sufficient explanation. Moreover, Speed's *Chronicle* tells us that he "re-edified the wall between the *Cluda* [*Clyde*]

and *Carunus*" [Carron], locating the work so clearly that if he knew what he was writing about, there can be no mistake which line of defence he intended; the more particularly as he gives his authority, Ninus (or Nonnius)—the disciple of Elciodugus—an ancient chronicler—who flourished in the IXth century, and wrote a history of the Britons—who informs us that the *Carron* was of his [CARAUSIUS'] name so called.

"This stream [the *Carron*] is small, and scarcely deserves the notice of a traveler; yet there is no river in Scotland, and few in the whole island of Britain, whose banks have been the scene of so many memorable transactions. When the Roman empire was in all its glory, and had its eastern frontiers upon the Euphrates, the banks of the Carron were its boundaries upon the northwest; for the wall of Antoninus, which was raised to mark the limits of that mighty empire, stood in the neighborhood of this river, and ran parallel to it for several miles."

Near the middle of its course, two beautiful mounds, about fifty feet in height, called the *Hills of Dunipace*, now planted with firs and rising either side a Parish Church, give a very romantic appearance to a charming valley. It is almost universally conceded that these mounds were thrown up as monuments of a peace concluded on their site between the Romans and the Caledonians, and their name partaking of the language of both races, commemorates the fact as well. *Dun* (duin) signifies a "hill" or "heap" in *Gaelic*, and *Pax*—"peace," in Latin; the compound word, the "Hill of Peace." Three treaties of peace were made between the Romans and the inhabitants of ancient Scotland, the first by Severus, about A. D. 210; the second, soon afterwards, by his unworthy son, Caracalla; and a third, by CARAU-

bout A. D. 290; but of which of these the twin
e memorials, has never been determined.

he opinion of some antiquarians, that one or both
se elevations are natural, it is sufficient to point
r structure, and reply that the Gaelic word *Dùn*,
) signifies a *heap* as well as a *hill*, and a similar
of reasoning would connect their formation with
sirs, since *Dùn* is likewise *Saxon* and *Frison*,
unn or *Duin* is Hollandish, and *Dunen*, the Frison
means "to elevate one's self." So, knowing that
memorials in their immediate vicinity have al-
been attributed to CARAUSIUS—that the name of
can flowing at their base is said to be derived
ie corruption of his name—that he concluded
outs a peace which was the only one of the three
l into with the ancient Caledonians, which was
ed,—we have every reason to believe that nei-
the honor of the Emperor they detested, nor
embrance of his son whom they despised, but in-
tion of a sovereign whom they respected, loved,
ported, the hills of Dunipace rose as imperish-
emorials.

II: CARAUSIUS was a *Menapian*, the language of
fathers, and of whose early years, was *Saxon*,
his service with the Romans made him equally
r with the *Latin*. Is it not very consistent to
e that he would desire to transmit to future ages
l nationality, by conferring upon the scene of
n-achievements and glorious consummations—
jugation of those whom Rome had found in-
ble, and the conversion into friends of those
previous emperors had pronounced faithless and
ible savages—a title compounded of the dialects
youth and marine nurture and of his maturity
wer—the latter founded upon the influence de-

rived from the adventurous training instinctive to his race? At all events, we Netherlanders, by birth or descent, must feel our hearts throb a responsive yea, verily!—we would have felt and done so.

The connection of CARAUSIUS with the river which, by the corruption of his appellation, was subsequently, and *not before*, known as the *Carron*—perhaps in its present orthography retaining his actual patronymic, Latinized into CARAUSIUS—has linked the name of the first Hollander-Admiral we read of, with the naval-artillery of the present century. And in the *Carronade*, a short but very heavy ship-gun—[defined by Hoyt in 1810, as a “short kind of ordnance, which carries a ball from twelve to sixty-eight pounds, * * and has (sometimes) a chamber for the powder, like a mortar”]—which was known to the armies and navies of the XV., XVI. and XVIIth centuries, as a *Canze*, (100 or 48 pounders) and *Halbe* (50 or 24 pounders), *Kartaune* or *Cartthaune*—[(French, *Cartanne*, *Couleuvrine-entiere* and *demi-culverin*, also *demi-cannon*), weighing 4,100 pounds, as a 16-pounder; 7,000 pounds, as a 20-pounder; 7,168 pounds, as a 48-pounder; 14,000 pounds, in the XVIth century, as a 36–40-pounder, with a charge of 32 pounds of powder; and in 1538, 13,000 pounds when carrying a stone shot from 100 to 150 pounds],

“*Horch ! im Donner der Kartaunen,
Tonen schmetternde Posannen.*”—*Meissner*.

Hark? amid the thunder of the cannon,
Hear the shrill trumpets bray [or sound the charge].

—in the *Carronade*, we have a remarkable memorial of that consummate Sea-Generalissimus, the hero of this biography.

To those unacquainted with the science of gunnery, it may be as well to state that the *Carronade* has been, in a great measure, and will soon be altogether, superseded by the *Paixhan*, or, to give our countryman due

honor, the *Bomford-gun* or *Columbiad*, in turn improved in a wonderful degree by another accomplished fellow-citizen, Commander J. A. DAHLGREN (U. S. Navy), whose heavy and peculiar shell-cannon or *Dahlgrenades* are the admiration of foreign sea and land artillerists.

And now, to supply a link apparently wanting in the chain: In 1760-'61, a chartered company established extensive foundries, known as the *Carron-Iron-Works*, on the north bank of this stream, two miles northeast of *Falkirk*, around which a village gradually sprung up and grew into a place of considerable size. These works, which gave employment to from 2,500 to 3,000 workmen, used—twenty-five years ago—weekly, 800 tons of coal, 400 tons of iron ore, and 100 tons of limestone, and now rival the largest of Germany and Russia. Every description of iron-ware is made here, from the most trifling article of commerce to the largest species of artillery. Ordnance and projectiles of all kinds have long since been cast at this enormous foundry in the highest perfection; and, during the progress of the English naval operations upon our coast, during the Revolutionary war, it turned out a new pattern cannon, which took its name (*Carronade*) “from *Carron*, where it was first cast, or the principle applied to a new construction.” And, had the original name of the exalted individual from whom it derived its appellation been orthographically preserved, this gun might have handed down to posterity the name of the emperor as a *Carrausian* or *Caraus(ius)ade*.

In *Carronshore*, a village two miles below the Carron works, we have likewise a near approach to *Carausius*.

That this view of the subject—leaving on one side the assurances of Ninius—is well founded, consider for a moment the changes which all Saxon names underwent one, two and three centuries since, in accommo-

dating them to a Latin orthography. Pufendorf exemplifies this on every page ; and, thus, in the same manner that *de Groot* became GROTIUS, and other names gained more than two syllables, by the transmutation CARAUSIUS may have been gradually abbreviated into *Caraun*, or *Carunus*, and then into *Carron*.

Some of the conceits of writers with regard to the etymology of old names would be ridiculous, were it not painful to contemplate the effect they have upon a reader by exciting his prejudices with regard to individuals and races. Thus the somewhat celebrated Adrian Junius (1512–1575), in his work upon *Batavia*, indulges in the following far-fetched idea with regard to the name of CARAUSIUS.

Thus, says he, (in Latin,) CARAUSIUS, exalted by Diocletian, on account of his experience in military affairs, from the meanest condition and humblest rank to the supreme command at sea, as Eutropius relates, seems to have received this surname from his addiction to emptying the wine-cup ; which name—assumed by other writers to have been his real patronymic—is derived from *Car auss*—(which should read perhaps either *Car*, [A. Sax.] ‘care,’ [job or business,] *auss*, ‘out or finished’ ; or *Karaf*, [Ger.] ‘flagon,’ *auss*, ‘out or emptied’)—an expression used by those who delighted in draining their goblets to the very bottom.

Farthermore, as several of the noblest achievements of our United States sailors—particularly the victories of Lakes *Erie* and *Champlain*, won upon the waters of the *Knickerbakker* or New Netherland state—were due in a great measure to the employment of *Carronades*—which composed the principal part of the armament of our ships ; and, by compelling our vessels to engage at short-range, led to the overwhelming results due to the tremendous weight of projectiles vomited forth by

them upon the enemy—our infant navy and our Hollander-element are indissolubly connected with a Hollander (Menapian) admiral-emperor of England, who flourished fifteen hundred years before the Declaration of Independence severed the American Colonies from Great Britain ; even as he, by his rebellion, delivered England and a part of Holland from the oppression of Rome.

VIVAT CARAUSIUS ! the Hills of Dunipace are covered with legionaries, and the surrounding heights, wreathed in mists, are thronged with fantastic shapes, which, now half lost and now unveiled by the gray vapors, seem like throngs of spirits, not living men, uniting in applause, and shouting forth the name of him whose genius led the first, whose amenity and justice won the last's affections. And the Carron bears onward to the sea, the sea throughout the world, that name so greatly worthy. So, drifting down the stream of time, tradition brings to us an appellation dear to England, glorious to Menapia—Holland now. VIVAT CARAUSIUS !

Upon a placid lake two armaments are battling for a victory on which depends the fate of two brave armies. Enveloped in dense vapors, grey like the mists of Caledonia, but reeking of the sulphureous mouths which belched them forth, the iron monsters' howl, and war, and vomit forth destruction. Can you distinguish aught amid the hellish uproar ? Hark to their tones of thunder, echoing the peals which shook the Carron-shore. VIVAT CARAUSIUS !

After this episode,—by no means devoid of interest,—we will resume the regular consideration of the story.

Having inflicted this well-merited chastisement, and signalized his courage and leading, by the defeat of

ancient Britain's most inveterate enemies, CARAUSIUS concluded a peace with the Caledonians (or Picts and Scots), on terms both equitable and politic, so that insuring their respect and future amity and confidence by his wisdom, while he awed them by his power, he felt satisfied that he could calculate upon their co-operation against the Roman Emperors, in case that these last should decide upon aggressive measures or attempt an invasion, from which he knew that they were only restrained by the impossibility of executing those designs which their resentment, hatred and jealousy inspired.

While thus engaged in fortifying his rule in his own island of Britain, and acquiring for himself a support which preceding governments had never dreamed of rendering available, his far-seeing intellect traversed the ocean to make friends, whose co-operation, although far-distant, would nevertheless bring to his assistance forces which could menace Italy—the heart (as yet the MEDULLA, the pith or marrow, of the Commonwealth,) of his opponent's dominion—on its most unguarded side, and place the Empire between two fires—one, whose devouring flames, ignited amid the fearful Cimmerian gloom, would roll onward from the east, while he kindled a conflagration in the farthest west. In furtherance of this design, his ambassadors negotiated a treaty with the Franks and other nations who had established themselves, or had been planted near, or along, the Thracian Bosphorus, and had rendered themselves famous by their prowess and power upon the seas. By one clause of this treaty it was stipulated that when he invoked their simultaneous action or the first favorable opportunity of combined measures presented itself, they should issue from the Euxine and the Propontis, and sweeping through the Grecian Archi-

not to assail the Roman fleets in the Mediterranean.

the communications between Italy and its granary in Egypt and along the African coast, pass through the straits of Gibraltar, effect a junction with his navy in the British seas, and menace the whole extent of the British imperial domain, wherever it lay open to a naval assault. A wonderful conception! unsurpassed in concentrative and prescience by any which the brain of a subsequent sea-chief or diplomatist ever imagined: won't you call it a coalition! unequalled by any which are recorded in the annals of the mightiest maritime powers which have existed in the world since that day. The union of England and France for the coercion of Russia, is not to be held in comparison. Imagine the comprehensiveness of the mind which in those days of sluggish navigation could overleap a chasm of four thousand miles and unite the east and the west for a subversion of the empire, and that centre Rome! Steam and electricity have almost annihilated space and time, but, remember, when CARAUSIUS flourished, ships of war were for the most part open boats impelled by oars and sails—sails the most rude and primitive, unmanageable even if of silk and purple. The stars were then the only guide over pacific seas, leaving him none in the fog and the tempest. And yet CARAUSIUS, without the compass, committing his vast preparation to the guidance of his LODESMEN, dreamed of launching the ocean and *rowing* to the sack of Rome.

It has been said that the possessors of genius and power are gradually rendered oblivious of time and space by the expansion of their own powers of comprehension and concentration. Thus, Napoleon led France, Spain, and Italy, to the conquest of Russia; and Napoleon, indignant at man's presumptive violation of her rights, overthrew him.

CARAUSIUS sought to bring the Black Sea by a circuit of Europe into the Northern Ocean. The plan was bewilderingly magnificent, but he lived a thousand years too soon.

Such genius agitated the Roman world. From his island throne the Menapian Emperor seemed about to stretch forth his hand to grasp *indeed* the Neptunian trident. His former masters felt that henceforward it was no longer a question whose solution could be deferred with safety to themselves. Their own authority was at stake. Such a campaign as the Zeelander had planned, made it a war to the knife between the AUGURI of the land and the AUGUSTUS of the ocean.

The plebeian Hollander, the Menapian pilot, the Roman admiral, the Hollander-British emperor, was at the zenith of his power.

He has been compared herein with regard to his origin, his crossing over into England, and his gaining the crown of that kingdom, to OUR very great William III. In disposition they were somewhat similar; their temper, their system, their policy alike. Both made themselves beloved, yet respected. Their territories were about equal. Both had Holland and England; Scotland was subject to the former, and although, at first, opposed to the accession of the latter, became his ally. William made himself master of Ireland; instead of this doubtful acquisition, CARAUSIUS was the sovereign of Armorica, a Celtic term, by which the Romans knew the whole coast of Gaul, whereas subsequent geographers restrict it to Brittany and the Gallic coasts of the Channel. Of the country between the Elbe and the Loire, the eastern half was shared equally between the Frisii, the Batavi, and the Menapii, while the western, from the Zwin to the Loire, including the territory of

the Morini, was known as Armorica, or Aremorica—(*Tractus Aremoricus*).

Both sovereigns fortified their positions by foreign alliances, vast and apparently incongruous. William, daily, hourly, threatened with assassination, waxed stronger and more influential until he died in the midst of friends whose love exceeded the “love of woman,” and a people whose liberty and religion he had preserved. CARAUSIUS, unsubdued, fell by the hand of his bosom companion, to whom he had entrusted the management of his affairs of state, while he devoted himself to the development of his military and maritime strength, his vast plans, and the fosterment of his foreign connections. And why? The moral is plain. William lived to promote the interests of his faith, of his peoples, of Holland, his native, and of England, his adopted, country. His MAGNET was PRINCIPLE. CARAUSIUS wrought for himself. Principle finds allies in the camp of an enemy, and a sure ally above. Self stands alone. And so Self eventually must perish, even as many of those now living saw the first Napoleon die a prisoner, Louis Philippe an exile, and await—without desiring—the downfall of the present French monarch.

Hark! the Swedish poet supplies the Saxon Emperor with a burst of exultant confidence:

“Waters are round my home, as Pluto by Styx was protected;
Never did living soul come from the Stygian sea.”

Ominous and air-borne the answer drifts back from the Continent, laboring to bring forth a champion,

“Hercules came again.”

And he came in the person, not of Hercules [Maximianus Herculus] himself, but of his associate, the Cæsar, CONSTANTIUS CHLORUS.

As we remarked hereinbefore, a peace brought about by mere necessity, against the will or interests of a

contracting party, seldom endures for a longer period than while the necessity which led to it exists. As CARAUSIUS anticipated, this compulsory armistice—scarcely susceptible of the title of peace—was not productive of any real amity, and was succeeded by a nominal suspension, rather than an actual cessation, of hostilities. The emperor of Britain and Holland employed the interval in consolidating his authority, extending his alliances, and indulging in projects of aggression, which, however prudent under existing circumstances, proved fallacious in consequence of changes which it was impossible for him to foresee. As it turned out, his time, talents and treasure would have been far better invested in measures for the protection of his transmarine dominions from the old Rhine to the Seine.

On the other hand, Maximian thought of nothing but the rupture of a convention which, to his arrogance and elevation, appeared not only dishonorable but insupportable—planning and preparing to act as though it had never existed, yet still delaying any overt act until the condition of the empire made it safe for him to unmask.

Finding the sea an impassable barrier, Maximian, like a ferocious lion---which had been baffled by the courage and activity of a gallant bull or stallion, now feeding in a luxuriant meadow just beyond a rapid torrent---lay down to plan his antagonist's destruction, regarding him with blinking, bloodshot eyes, glancing from between his paws and tangled mane ; or, rather, like a blood-thirsty tiger, who, stalking backwards and forwards along a sea-washed strand, lashes his brindled sides in lickerish ferocity at the sight of prey which he is prevented from attempting to tear down, lacerate and slaughter, by the rolling tide between.

The opportunity so earnestly desired soon after occurred, and the less daring astuteness of Diocletian—which had more than once before remedied the blundering fury of Maximian—conceived a cure—temporary, it is true—for his own and the empire's embarrassments.

The result was, the imperial government underwent a sudden and unexpected change, and, contrary to the usual course of events, developed new resources and acquired more power by a subdivision of the supreme authority. The imperial eagle, which, for nearly three centuries—(with the exception of three episodes of less than fifteen years together,) like the natural king of birds—displayed a single head and wore a single crown, had, as we have seen in the beginning of this story, monster-like, developed two—one to plan and hold the sceptre with a gracious air, the other to execute and tear with its iron beak. Each of these now, again, produced another head, a prodigy most strange, and still more strange in that all four were equal or nearly equal in authority.

On the 1st of March, A. D. 292, at Nicomedia (Ismeed) in Bithynia, Asia Minor, this monstrous transformation took effect; doubtless no sudden resolution of the politic Diocletian, but one in embryo, long maturing in his brain, prolific of intrigues. Finding the empire threatened on all sides, and indefensible throughout its vast circumference by one, or even two, however great, supremes, of mortal energy, he—the director, (Maximian but his instrument)—determined to call to the assistance of himself and colleague, the AUGUSTI of the land, two CÆSARS, whose superior qualities and military genius could stem the torrents of external danger with a dam of intellect and steel on either hand.

The troubles in Egypt, and the African and Parthian

wars along the whole southern, southeastern and eastern limits of the Roman power, and the menacing attitude of CARAUSIUS and his allies towards the northeast, north and northwest, compelled Diocletian, however loth, to invoke the talents of two—co-equals in reality but nominally subordinate—authorities, to sustain himself, and, to the omnipresent danger, oppose the bucklers of those destined eventually to succeed him in his throne and honors.

The circle of the empire seemed begirt with fire. In many quarters the flames were climbing up and leaping over the lofty bulwarks which centuries of war and craft and custom had interposed; elsewhere the horizon glowed with the reflection of the embers which required but the breath of opportunity to kindle into wide activity.

To provide against so many perils and such omnipresent menace, Diocletian conferred the dignity of CÆSAR upon the savage herdsman-bred (*Armentarius*) GALERIUS, and upon CONSTANTIUS, noble by birth and nobler still in soul, the Pale [complexioned (*Chlorus*)]—who were compelled, upon their elevation, “for the better securing of a perfect harmony” between themselves and the reigning emperors, to put away their former wives, and in consistence with a customary policy, contract new marriages; thus strengthening by domestic ties the bonds, in themselves, political and heartless. To Constantius,—husband of the famous Saint HELENA, the mother of the still more famous CONSTANTINE the Great—was assigned the adopted daughter of Maximian, child of his Empress by a former marriage; while to Galerius, Diocletian gave VALERIA, his own child.

This story, however, has nothing to do with any of the arrangements pertaining to the partition of the

empire, except those which fall within the limits of its action. To Constantius, the most able, was assigned the post of danger. Of the four shares of the imperial dominion he received the west and *worst*,—had he shown himself in reality less great than his previous career had augured, or had fortune proved more true to merit than to his half-legitimacy? He received all the countries on this side the Alps—*Gaul, Spain*, with *Mauritania* and *Tingetana*—now western Algiers, Fez, and Morocco—always considered appendages, if not integral parts of the Hispanic province; also *Britain* and *Hollandia* when reconquered

The same despatch which brought to Boulogne the news of the appointment of Constantius announced that he was on the march against that place, which CARAUSIUS had made his naval-arsenal and citadel upon the continent. He had constituted it the central bulwark of his continental maritime domains, and lavished his labors and revenue not only upon its dockyards and port, but also upon its exterior works of defence, especially towards the sea. Carte informs us that the tidings of the CÆSAR'S march scarcely preceded his advance, and that he appeared with an army before the place upon the very heels of the messenger who spurred ahead to warn CARAUSIUS. Such decision, energy and speed, prove that the CÆSAR'S reputation was not the offspring of servile flattery and accident, but the result

“Of deeds well done and honors boldly won.”

We shall see throughout this story that great as was CARAUSIUS, he had at length an adversary worthy of himself. Like Napoleon, in this respect, he found at last his Wellington.

That such celerity of movement, however, is not impossible, nor even improbable, we have the best proof

in the expedition of the *Swedish Field-Marshal* Leonard *Corstenson*, who, in his march across central Europe from *Moravia* to *Holstein*, in November–December, 1643, advanced so rapidly that the inhabitants of the towns and villages along his route did not even dream of his approach when already his cavalry were in their midst. It is reported that the Swedes, under the most discouraging circumstances of season, climate and weather, accomplished on that occasion from four hundred and fifty to five hundred miles in fifteen days.

Nevertheless, this speed produced no immediate result, inasmuch as the Roman commander found *CARAUSIUS* fully prepared. *Boulogne* was immediately invested by land, and *Constantius*, unequal to contesting the dominion of the sea, conceived the gigantic project of constructing a dyke across the entrance of the harbor, which should at the same time shut out all reinforcements from *Britain* and *Hollandia*, and prevent the escape of *CARAUSIUS*, who had hastened to throw himself into *Boulogne* as soon as the siege was threatened. This hazardous project of the *CÆSAR*, although suggested upon more than one occasion, has had but three successful rivals in ancient and modern times.

The first, B. C. 332, the Mole of Alexander, by means of which he joined the island which constituted the site of that world's wonder, *Tyre*—the Phœnician New York—to the continent, and, after a siege of seven months, made himself master of the city on the 20th of August of that year.

The second, that marvelous Dam (*estacada* or *estacados*) and bridge (*punte de baxeles*), across the *Schelde*, with the dependent canal and fortifications, conceived and executed by Alexander Farnese, prince-duke of Parma, in 1584, in order to insure the capture of *Antwerp*, an achievement which has done more to exalt his char-

acter than any other of the military exploits which render his career so remarkable.

The third, A. D. 1627, the Dyke of Richelieu, who compelled the Protestants of *Rochelle* to capitulate, by means of a stupendous bulwark or breakwater, which effectually prevented the arrival of any succors from abroad, while he pressed the siege with unremitting energy at the head of an army of twenty-three thousand veterans.

The undertaking of the Grecian hero is not comparable with either of the subsequent achievements of the Roman CÆSAR, of the Spanish Viceroy, or of the French Cardinal, ; for Alexander had to contend with neither the furious tides and the boisterous waves of an ocean, nor the impetuous current of a mighty river, since all his operations were carried on in a tideless, and, during the summer months, quiet, land-locked sea. Nor can the billows of the Eastern Mediterranean [the Levant, or more definitely speaking the Syrian Sea] be considered as anything like such antagonists as the mountain waves of the ocean in one of its most boisterous recesses, the Bay of Biscay, renowned for its tempests and surges; or as those of one of its most turbulent arms, the English Channel.

Six months of exertions, unsurpassed in their severity, were required to complete the Cardinal's dyke, which was constructed with piles, enormous stones, and sunken vessels loaded with ballast, planted, cemented, bound and wedged together into such solidity as to be able to resist the utmost efforts of man and nature, at a point where the Atlantic rolls in with unusual violence after a sweep of four thousand miles. This Herculean labor was nearly eight furlongs in length, across a deep channel 4,760 feet wide, elevated above the reach of the highest tides and sloped inwards like a glacis, from a

base or width at the bottom of about eighty feet, to the top, which afforded a level passage twenty-six feet to thirty feet in breadth.

What is more, the embankment of Alexander was a military causeway, simply connecting the island of *Tyre* with the main land, rather than a dyke or mole, since when reduced to extremities a large portion of the inhabitants dispatched by sea, without impediment, their wives and families to *Carthage*.

The mole of Constantius, however, was a complete antecedent of that of Richelieu. Its execution required the utmost efforts of the engineering art, since, like the *Closure of Rochelle*, it had to be thrown across a harbor, bay, or estuary, in defiance of one of the most boisterous seas, and exposed, like the conception of the priest-general and cardinal-engineer, to the wildest assaults of the Atlantic, driven in by a westerly or southwesterly gale. The same materials entered into its construction; "a prodigious Number of large Trees," converted into piles, constituted the vertebræ of a fabric whose ribs were enormous masses of granite, filled in between with lesser stones and ballast, clamped, cemented, and bound together with all the perfection of Roman military-architecture.

What the harbor of *Boulogne* (*Gessoriacum*, *Portus Morinorum Britannicus*, the *Bononia Oceanensis* of Constantians,) was at the close of the third century, we have but little means of ascertaining. At this day it is a tide harbor on the estuary of a small stream, the *Liane*. The changes which this part of the coast have undergone are so immense, that it is impossible to judge—from present appearances—of the amount or location of the besiegers' labors. The dyke must have been an important work, or it never would have had such terms applied to it as are indulged in by Roman writers, ac-

customed to works of magnitude and magnificence. We know that the Port *Ouessant*, or Witsand, about four miles to the northward, just beyond *Cap de Gris Nez*—the supposed *Itius Portus* of the Romans—(whence Julius Cæsar is said by some to have embarked for the conquest of Britain—(although others will have Boulogne was the actual spot)—and where passengers from England were accustomed to land for centuries)—has long since been blocked up with sand. Similar deposits must have sadly diminished the dimensions of the harbor of *Boulogne*, (immediately off whose entrance there is still a great depth of water,) since the discovery of a ring to which the cables of vessels were fastened furnishes good reasons to believe that the sea flowed up as far as the feudal ramparts of the Old or Upper Town. If this were so, Gessoriacum must have been situated at the bottom of a bay. It is well known with what earnestness Philip II.,—although assured of the ports of *Havre* and those of *Brittany*—coveted, from the first, the possession of the harbor and roadstead (*rade*) of *Boulogne* as a sure refuge, in case of necessity, for a division of his 'Armada,' fitting out for the subjugation of England and the United Provinces of Holland.

Although this sea-port (*Gessoriacum*) was of so much importance in the days of Julius Cæsar and his successors, writers upon the subject of ancient and mediæval geography are by no means decided with regard to its claims to distinction, and even to its original and present position.

Gessoriacum, or *Bononia*, known to the ANGLO-SAXONS as *Bunne*—shortened by the same process of syncope which abbreviated CARAUSIUS into *Carron*—is located upon the "Table of Conrad Peutinger," (1465–1547,) exactly where we now find the Boulogne-Sur-Mer, so much frequented by the English. This map,

whose author is unknown, affords a military representation of the greater part of the Western Empire in the time of Theodosius the Great. Not satisfied, however, with this and general tradition, there are many who confound Boulogne in the Boulonnais with another Boulogne, in the County of Guignes, much nearer to Calais! The anonymous French translator of Pliny's Natural History, and author of the copious and labored ethnological notes appended thereto, rejects the opinions of all those in favor of Boulogne-sur-Mer, Boulogne, Calais, Bruges (*Brugge*), Soac, &c. &c., and asserts that Gessoriacum was *Brique*, or *Brix*, near *St. Josse*, or Joos, in the environs of Montreuil. This little sea-coast town was distinguished from the numberless other places of the same name, as *Brix-en-Josse*. But all *his* speculations—however correct those of others may be—are scattered to the winds by a fact of which he appears to have been ignorant, namely, that *Josse*—which *he* derives from *Gess*, the first syllable of *Gessoriacum*—is the name of a Romish Saint, son of Juthael, King of Brittany, who abandoned his father's court to enter the priesthood, founded several monasteries, was canonized after his death, and has his feast-day on the 13th December.

At all events, the work undertaken by Constantius was at the mouth of the ancient bay, now reduced to an estuary, for we learn that it occupied a very exposed situation, and its establishment was rendered still more hazardous by the tide which, at this point, rises from eighteen to twenty-seven feet.

Of the army of Constantius, few or no reliable details are at hand. Sufficient, however, is handed down to convince us that it was extremely numerous and well-appointed. Strong as it was, however, the CÆSAR was soon convinced that success was impossible as long as

CARAUSIUS remained the master of the sea, and was enabled at his pleasure to reinforce or change his garrison—as was done at *Ostend*, 1601–1604, and at *Stralsund*, 1628–'29. In fact, it was nothing but his own conviction of the necessity of a dyke which drove him to such an extreme recourse, for he soon perceived that the Menapian monarch found the defence of his lines a very light service, notwithstanding the assailants' most strenuous endeavors.

Meanwhile, Maximian was exerting his utmost powers to create a third armada, and was fitting out a fleet of one thousand sail in the naval arsenals on the *Rhine*, up the river, beyond the territories of CARAUSIUS, and too remote to be injured or broken up by the expeditions which he directed, from time to time, against the Roman naval establishments and maritime settlements. This, however, was a work of time, three years and upwards, and during their preparation events were occurring in other quarters which now require investigation, to afford a commensurate idea of the projects of CARAUSIUS, which were only just beginning to develop themselves when the imperial power received a new and more powerful impulse by the promotion of Constantius Chlorus.

Twelve to fifteen years (A.D. 277-'80) before the period of this action, the Emperor Probus had adopted the policy of protecting the eastern and northeastern frontiers of the empire, by transplanting thither colonies of those northwestern races the most remarkable for manliness and military adaptabilities. Among these were a body of *Franks*, whom he established upon the southern shores of the *Black Sea*, to defend the frontier against the irruptions of the *Alan* tribes, occupying in a great measure that country which awakens so much of our interest and sympathies under the name of *Cir-*

cassia, (once Georgia also,) or the *Caucasus*. Dissatisfied with their location, or moved to the most desperate measures by nostalgia, they determined rather to trust themselves to the mercies of an unknown sea than waste their prowess in defence of a territory in whose cultivation they had no interest, and for whose security they had neither sympathy nor anxiety. In one of the ports of the Euxine, west of the Phasis (Turkish, *Fasch*,) or Rione [the country of the Golden Fleece]—most likely that very *Sinope*, so noted as the scene of a Russian fleet's unjustifiable attack upon, and destruction of, a Turkish squadron, expiated by the tenfold greater loss of the Muscovites at Sebastopol—these Franks made themselves master of a Roman fleet, and led by Fate or Ate, sailed forth to explore a way by sea to the countries bordering on the German Ocean. Impelled by favoring winds and the energies of their rowers, they swept through the canal of Constantinople, the sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, into the Grecian Archipelago, plundering, ravaging and slaughtering along the unsuspecting shores of Greece and Asia Minor; thence they launched upon the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, indulging their appetite for booty and revenge by depredations not only upon the shores of Europe but of Africa.

Next, *Syracuse*—which had put a period to the ambitious progress of Athens, and had witnessed, B. C. 413, the destruction of its fleet in her harbor, and the defeat of its army on her shores, (in the “Second *Decisive Battle of the World*,”) and, subsequently, the overthrow of more than one Carthaginian naval expedition—proved an easy prey to an enemy who fell upon her like the stroke of the death-angel: truly a mortal stroke—for the conquerors massacred almost the entire population.

Bidding adieu to Sicily, onwards sped the Frank armada ;

—“breath’d a short curse of blood”

upon the Mauritanian and Hispanian coasts ; without a pause, without a tremor, passed those “*ultimæ Thules*” which guard the Herculean Straits, trusted themselves to the rough Atlantic, not ruder than themselves, and plying oar and crowding sail, held on towards the north until the glistening dunes of Holland welcomed them to a land of kindred speech or cognate race.

Such were the daring men whom the Menapian diplomatist and hero had won to his alliance.

Once more, from that dark sea along which Probus settled them, in hopes that they would prove an antidote to the poison of the aboriginal tribes, they issued forth into the summer Mediterranean. In pursuance of their league with the Hollandish Emperor, while Constantius was preparing to attack him in Armorica, they had “equipped another Fleet as numerous as the former, and came down again to the Streights of *Gades*, with intent to proceed round and join his Fleet in the *British* Ocean. Never was a greater Terrour spread throughout the Roman Empire, for there was no safety in any Place where these Pirates could have Access with their Ships : So that Trade and Merchandise lay dead ; for if, in Summer, the Season for Navigation, they adventured to Sea, they could go nowhere without falling into the Hands of the Barbarians, and if in Winter, they became a Sacrifice to the Winds and Storms, tho’ of the two the latter were the gentler Enemies : nor is it to be doubted that if a Junction of the two Fleets had happen’d, pursuant to the Project between *Carausius* and the *Franks*, it would have given a terrible Shock to the Roman Power.”

Thus—while the Franks made the islands and shores

of the Mediterranean one universal earthly Valhalla, and revelled in the horror they inspired within sight of the imperial city,—Constantius was completing that stupendous mole which was soon to intercept all hopes of relief, and end the career of CARAUSIUS by his capture in the beleagured city, or compel him to take refuge in his island sovereignty and upon the deck of his admiral's galley (*navis prætoria*). At the same time the CÆSAR was urging on Maximian to complete his naval armaments, without which, however victorious on the land, each hour brought new and greater perils to the empire from the sea.

Still, continuing his defence with all his native obstinacy, the Hollander-Augustus saw the arms of the enormous dyke advancing from either point at the mouth of the harbor, drawing nearer and nearer to that final gripe, which, once achieved, would hug him to death in the embrace of steel, oak and granite. Defiant of the waves which burst upon it with such vehemence, its horns advanced,

“And inch by inch, and foot by foot,
The dykes rose up and firm took root.”

In vain, at the head of chosen troops, he made the most desperate efforts to interrupt the work and force the Romans to break up the siege, striving by furious but unsuccessful sallies to effect his purpose. At length so close together had the ends of the mole drawn near, that scarcely space remained for the passage of a single vessel. No time was to be lost. The surrender of Boulogne would make his case no worse than when he first determined to defy the empire, but to be taken prisoner himself ended the whole.

Just at this moment, one of those sudden and terrific storms which sweep at intervals along the shores of the Channel, as if the wing of the destroying angel beat

upon the very surface of its deeps, burst upon the Armorican coast. To the sea-born Hollander, the fury of the tempest had been his nursing-mother; the breath of the gale had only sped him on to fame and power, and the foam-crested waves, phosphorescent in their ire, had been the coursers he had ridden in his race for the Augustan prize. Drenched by the surges which broke upon the new construction of Constantius, and made its massive structure reel like a Cyclopean wall, when underneath an earthquake stirs the soil, the Roman guards took refuge on the solid earth, and trusted to the storm to do their duty,—to bar all succor from without and pen up those within.

"The Spirits of the mighty Sea

To-night are 'wakened from their dreams,
And upwards to the tempest flee,

Baring their foreheads where the gleams
Of lightning run, and thunders cry,
Rushing and raining through the sky !

* * * *

Behold ! like millions massed in battle,

The trembling billows headlong go,
Lashing the barren deeps, which rattle

In mighty transport till they grow
All fruitful in their rocky home,
And burst from frenzy into foam."

That night, when the howling of the jubilant winds responded to the roaring of the tormented waters, CARAUSIUS, amid the pitchy darkness, committed his fortunes to the waves. Followed by only a few but gallant friends, he broke through the Roman camp, threw himself into a small but seaworthy vessel, passed as it were through the jaws of destruction, gained the open sea by the unfinished interval in the mole, and soon found himself on board of one of his "Frigates"—of which a number had been continually hovering about, in hopes of affording him assistance—and passed over into England.

Regretted flight: that night the storm, more faithful than his hopes, broke through the Roman mole, swept off the work of months, and left the port of *Boulogne* once more completely open. Too late to act upon it, this news was brought to England, and thus his fault—if fault it can be called—gave to Constantius that success denied his labors and his arms. Deserted by its Emperor, Boulogne surrendered, and with the fortress a large proportion of the Menapians' naval strength fell into the Cæsar's hands.

With bitter anguish, the Hollander-Augustus found it impossible to put to sea at once. Whether the storm which favored his escape and fought his battle on the coast of Gaul, shattered his naval preparations in the English ports, or forced his armaments to seek for refuge in such distant harbors that they required a longer period than the crisis admitted to repair, refit, revictual, and rejoin him, we are not told. In war, an hour is often more important than an army. Trifles in appearance, moments misapplied, decide the fate of empires. For a brief space, his energies were paralyzed,—CARAUSIUS lost the hour, and that hour's loss involved the ruin of his allies. Whether his genius could have compensated for the accident, was never tested—Fate forbade the trial, and her scales inclined towards the Cæsar. We, Christians, must believe the destinies of man were thenceforth trusted to the happier hand of Constantine the Great's great father.

The next propitious wind brought to Boulogne Maximian's mighty fleet, one thousand strong. To it Constantius added that which he had captured, as well as several minor squadrons, built or maintained elsewhere, and assembled, with the greatest expedition, all that the Romans had preserved. *Boulogne*—its defenses re-established—received a trusty garrison. Then, dis-

posing several squadrons, under his ablest officers, along the coasts of Gaul and Spain, as far to the south as *Cadiz*—in order, if possible, to prevent CARAUSIUS from re-uniting the fleets he had at sea, or at all events impede their combination until his present plans had been accomplished—Constantius sailed against the FRANKS, who had already passed the Straits of *Gibraltar*.

In the course of a few days, the hostile armaments drew near each other. First, by slight skirmishes, the Roman leader tried his enemy's strength, and made himself acquainted with their tactics, and then attacked them with his combined fleet.

In the terrible engagement which ensued, Constantius gave the Franks so absolute and entire a defeat that in the battle and the fierce pursuit, such was the carnage and the vast destruction, that not a Frank escaped. So runs the tale, which we interpret, that of the Cæsar's opponents only a few shattered vessels survived to bear abroad and home the news of one of the completest naval victories the sea has ever witnessed.

A naval battle in the third century, and throughout all ages before the introduction of artillery and fire-arms, was a far different affair from what it is at present. There were more bloodshed and destruction, less noise and manœuvering, no smoke and no mercy. Every thing was visible from the first marshalling of the navies until the waves swallowed up the wrecks, and the victors sailed from the scene of their triumph. The vessels, too, presented a perfect contrast to those of our day. There were, comparatively, none of the masts, spars and rigging which add such grace and majesty to modern vessels, particularly when draped with sails. Picture to yourself, reader, a North River barge drifting down the river with two immense square sails set on

two of its masts, designed for other purposes, and you have a faint idea of what a trireme looked like when under sail. The barge, however, seems more ship-shape than the trireme, for it is destitute of the latter's towers, beaks, *aplustre*, ornaments, and junk-like stern. Speaking of junks, a symmetrical Chinese naval-vessel would not be an inapt comparison to many of the Roman war-ships, which were often from two hundred and fifty to five hundred and even a thousand tons burthen. Although unwieldy and awkward, they could, nevertheless, work to windward better than we generally imagine, and before the wind they were often very clippers. From one hundred to one hundred and fifty and even two hundred miles, was by no means an unusual run, with a fair wind, for an ordinary sailer; fast sailers making as many as two hundred and fifty; but this last was extraordinary, and presupposed a strong leading wind. In storms, however, and on a lee shore, an ancient ship was a helpless craft.

The manœuvring in action was simplicity itself. When the two opposing forces had approached so near each other that an action was inevitable, both of them assumed one or another of two or three customary orders of battle, generally a concave line or half-moon, with the largest ships in the centre and the lighter vessels on the wings, while others formed a reserve. This was the very formation—a crescent seven miles from point to point—which the “Invincible Armada” presented when it appeared in the Channel. At *Lepanto*, the Christians formed what answered to a convex, the Turks the reverse, what appeared a concave, line of battle. This latter great engagement was the last fought according to the rules of ancient tactics.

Sometimes the assailants were drawn up in the form of a wedge, and those resolved upon defensive mea-

sures assumed the shape of a circle. Then the sails were furled, the rigging adjusted, the decks cleared, and everything made snug for action. No engagement was thought of in any but calm weather. Generally the last thing before the fighting commenced, the Thassiararch or Admiral (COPIARUM NAVALIUM PRÆFECTUS SEU LEGATUS,—CAPITANEUS ET CUSTOS MARIS :—or DUX PRÆFECTUSQUE CLASSIS), sailed through the fleet in a lively vessel (*navis actuaria, vectoria seu Liburna*), or was rowed through in his barge or galley—(*Liburna, lembus seu phaselus ?*) in order to address the crews of the different divisions, or even individual ships, with speeches or remarks appropriate to each. When the commander-in-chief had returned on board his flagship (*Navis prætoria*), the signal for action was given by displaying a red flag, whereupon the trumpets throughout the fleet sounded responsive to those on board the admiral, and the crews shouted with all their might. Then the huge row-boats—from fifty to even a thousand tons measurement—were propelled against other by the force of oars—manned in a quinquireme by four hundred rowers—for the purpose of sinking or disabling each other by the shock, or—by sweeping off the oars—of rendering each other unmanageable. The great art was to succeed in striking an adversary with the bows (*prora*), or rather beak (*rostrum*), sheathed in brass and pointed with iron, and strengthened for such aggression, in his weakest part, amid-ships. Meanwhile the soldiers, often regularly-enlisted marines, plied each other with stones and missile weapons of all kinds. Sometimes the vessels grappled at once, and then, as soon as they were chained or lashed together, it became a hand to hand fight upon so many separate little stages; at others, they employed fire-ships, or threw combustibles, often so successfully that the great-

er part of the worsted fleet was burned. Victory once assured, the wrecks were abandoned, and, amid shouts, songs of victory, and triumphant music, the victors sought the nearest ports to refit, and celebrate their success.

This catastrophe of his allies compelled CARAUSIUS to restrain his efforts at sea, until he could augment his naval strength sufficiently to cope with that of the triumphant Cæsar, without a chance of disaster ; for, while the Romans could afford to jeopardize their fleet, the Menapian monarch felt that after the armaments of the Franks were destroyed, his safety and dominion depended upon the preserving his own and sustaining his maritime resources. That he speedily succeeded in accomplishing a labor so enormous as making good what the sea had swallowed up, is expressly stated by several historians. There is every, and the best, reason to believe that they have not erred, because, according to the most reliable authorities, three to four years elapsed before the Roman emperors dreamed of attempting the invasion of the British island, and in the campaign which ensued, CARAUSIUS transported troops into *Hollandia*, to defend his native land, *Menapia*, and continental territory upon the Schelde, Maas, and Rhine. With regard to all these facts, there seems but little doubt ; but as to dates, there is a vast discrepancy. Some place the invasion of Hollandia, which follows in the story, prior to the Cæsar's naval victory over the *Franks*, near *Cadiz*, a port most famous in Great Britain's naval history—as well as the equally illustrious maritime chronicles of *Holland*—far more than one glorious sea-fight, the last, the greatest, Trafalgar.

From his victory off *Cadiz*, CONSTANTIUS sailed back to Boulogne, whence he issued orders for the building of more ships, and thence set out to attack the people

of *Hollandia*, whence CARAUSIUS had derived his greatest naval reinforcements of *personnel* as well as *materiel*.

While Constantius was at sea, Maximian guarded the Roman naval arsenals and possessions upon the old (or original) Rhine—of which, however, there was but one immediately upon the coast of the Netherlands, that in the Batavian island, near *Leyden*. Thence to Boulogne, the Menapian flag acknowledged no rival ensign. The Augustus now gave place to the Cæsar, who assumed the supreme direction of the war, and marched against the *Menapii*, the *Salian-Franks*, the *Cauci*, the *Frisians*, and the other inhabitants of the neighboring countries along the *Schelde*, and the diverging outlets (*delta*) of the Rhine, who had always been prompt to assist CARAUSIUS to the best of their abilities.

How far, however, the Roman leader actually penetrated into what is properly the territory of Holland, we can learn nothing to a certainty, but we can readily discover, not only that he did not conquer the *Menapii*, the countrymen and subjects of CARAUSIUS, but that our hero, in this **Batavian Campaign**, won the highest reward and honor which the Romans accorded—the civic crown (*corona civica*) bestowed upon that happy individual who had saved the life of a fellow citizen, as well as the crown (*graminea corona obsidionalis*) given to the general who had delivered a blockaded army. We shall soon see that the Menapian monarch not only saved his nation and their allies from the sword, but won laurels on his native soil, which more than compensated for the loss of *Boulogne*.

We have now arrived at a momentous epoch in the history of **Holland**. As a general thing, the **Netherlander** glories in tracing back his national lineage to the **Batavi**. Schiller—likewise many another writer less famous, but equally reliable, if not more so, than he—connects the

greatness of the people of the **United Provinces** with the glory of the **Batavians**, and draws a parallel between the revolt of **CIVILIS** and the revolution whose tiller felt the instant grasp of the stern but generous **William the TACITURN**. For three centuries and a half the **Batavi** occupied an eminent position and were the cynosure of the military world. **Cæsar** found them a nation of warriors, and the whole empire acknowledged their manly merit. At the date of this historical sketch, they had fallen in a measure from their high estate and were a doomed race. Their opposition to **CARAUSIUS** and adherence to his opponent, led to their immediate punishment at his hands—a punishment which amounted to national annihilation. *The REAL STEM or STOCK*—(**Stam**, Dutch; **Stamm**, Anglo-Saxon,)—*of the Hollander race, was the Menapian tribe.* This is a startling assertion to the majority of readers, but time and investigation have evolved stranger truths, and to make this one apparent to all nothing is necessary but the sifting of historical facts, and the simple presentation of a clear and unbroken chain of evidence.

This investigation—of the original location, peculiar characteristics, and serial history of the **MENAPII**—has only been deferred until now, by a dread of wearying a reader who did not belong to, or spring from, the Hollandish race, by a long dissertation upon the early settlement of the **United Provinces**.

Thus, the remarks, in this connection, have not followed in regular order, but are interspersed among the other matter, on the principle that many who would not undertake to ford a wide and deep stream, would not hesitate to wade through one or more little brooks divided from each other by a pleasant stroll through an agreeable intervale. The sixteen pages immediately following this signet are devoted to the **MENAPIAN** at home,

and his neighbors, and present facts which are not to be found compiled and collaborated in any one other author.

Although the Roman empire nominally embraced the whole of Europe west of the *Weser* and south of the *Danube*, there was one portion over which they never exercised an actual recognized jurisdiction, and into which they never penetrated; that extraordinary Free Saxon archipelago at the mouths of the *Maas* and the *Schelde*.

LONG, in one of his contributions to Smith's Greek and Roman Geography, remarks, that modern discoveries show how little we know of the Roman history of the Netherlands. It is almost impossible, amid the conflicting statements and deductions with regard to the exact localities of the tribes of the Low Countries, to arrive at any conclusion sufficiently satisfactory to resist the doubts which crowd in upon farther investigation. Our principal attention will be devoted to the immediate subject of this history, for were not our remarks restricted as much as possible thereto, they would exceed not only the limits of the intended work but exhaust the patience of the most indulgent readers.

With this explanation, let us proceed with the examination of what seem the most authentic relations.

From Boulogne (*Portus Gessoriacum*, afterwards *Bononia*,) to Tongres [(*Atuatuca*) the capital of the Tungri,] there are still traces of one of those military roads which constituted, in a greater degree than any other one element, the basis of the Roman power. Take as a base this *VIA*, extending one hundred and eighty to two hundred English miles—through Cassel (*Castellum Morinorum*), Tournay (*Turnacum*), and Bavai (*Bagacum*—the great centre of the eight diverging Belgo-Gallic causeways)—to the latter ter-

minus, Tongres, or an air-line laid out in a direction a little north of east, and thence north-north-east, to the mouth of the Ems (*Amisia*), in a straight line, is about one hundred and ninety miles. These two lines with the North Sea enclose a triangle which embraces the greater part of the kingdoms of Belgium and the Netherlands, or ~~Holland~~. Within the whole of the latter, and the maritime districts of the former, the *actual* power and almost the entire administrative influence of the Romans were confined to the immediate banks of the *Rhine*, or the narrow limits of those lines which, nightly constructed about their camps, have denoted to subsequent ages the locations, however transitory, of their armies.

Few countries have undergone greater physical changes, by the action of the waters, than the Netherlands; and from the mouth of the *Maas* to the mouth of the *Ems*, there is scarcely any resemblance between its ancient and present topographical aspects. What was then the firmest land is now the deepest sea; where the *Issala* or *Flevus* afforded a natural fluvial outlet to the canal of *DRUSUS* (*nabalia*), now roll the furious waves of the *Vlietstroom*, and where the *Caninefates* bred and exercised a famous race of horses, and disciplined their youth into a magnificent cavalry, fleets have contested the empire of the ocean, and fishermen for upwards of fourteen centuries have exercised a perilous calling.

Roman historians constantly speak of their harbors (*porti*), naval-depots (*cothones*, &c.), and arsenals (*navalia*), upon the Rhine and other Gallic and German streams, and we have seen Maximian twice building and fitting out enormous fleets upon the former river. This must not mislead us, and induce us to suppose that these establishments were immediately adjacent to the

ocean. Far from it; the Romans might easily be masters of the course of a large river, without possessing a foot of land on either bank. What injury could a body of the bravest men, armed with bows and arrows, darts and slings, inflict upon the crew of a steamboat upon the Connecticut, Kennebec, or North River above Hudson, or effect to prevent her passage. The warships of the ancients held on their course without regard to the wind. They were steamboats in one sense, for a mass of human beings supplied a complicated machinery, whose united power was applied directly to the propellers or to the oars, which represented the side wheels.

Thus Tiberius, who succeeded to Drusus, sailed triumphantly, up the *Elbe*, with a fleet transporting a numerous army, but hazarded no attack upon the collected warriors who lined the northern bank, and contemplated his passage with indignant wonder.

Again, the *Lower Rhine*, as we recognize it upon the map, was not the Rhine of the time of CARAUSIUS. After its junction with the *Waal*, it supplied the latter with a majority of its waters, but found its way on into the German Ocean by a direct and rapid current—flowing beneath the ramparts of Leyden (*Lugdunum Batavorum*)—which, gradually, in the course of centuries, grew more and more inconsiderable, until in time it was lost in the *Lech*, or was absorbed in a waste of sand. In A. D. 840, a violent tempest heaped up such an impenetrable dam of sand as closed that mouth of the river, and, setting back the water, converted the whole district into a hot-bed of contagion. In 1809, the Dutch government confided the remedy of this evil to an engineer named CONRAD, who relieved the difficulty by a canal and gigantic sluice-gates, through which the “*Old*” Rhine, once freighted with navies,

now makes its humble exit into the sea at *Katwyk*,—(*Cattorum Vicus*, i. e. Village of the *Catti* or *Chatti*, the presumed ancestors of the *Batavi*)—eight miles west of *Leyden*.

Besides this, its direct, central outlet, which alone retained the name of *Rhine*, and its southern [*Helium* or *Ostium Mosæ*], through the *Waal* and the *Maas*, the great river of Germany possessed a third—the *Crooked* [*Kromme*, Ger.; *Crumb*, Ang. Sax.] *Rhine*, which—although this title is inappropriately applied to the whole of the first—branching off from that, the (Old) *Rhine* proper, at *Trajectum* (*Utrecht*), assumed the name of the *Vidrus* (*Vecht*), and fell into the *Flevo* Lake at its southern extremity.

An hypothesis exists with regard to the *Vecht*, that it issued forth from the lake again and entered the *North Sea* by an ancient mouth at *Hondsbossche*, a little to the north of *Alkmaar*, previous to the formation of the *Zuyder Zee*.

A fourth, now fifth, branch, was, in fact, a magnificent military or naval canal [*navalia*], constructed B. C., about [9 ?] 20, by *Drusus*, the father of *Germanicus*, which diverted a portion of the *Rhine* waters into the *Issala*, now *Yssel*. Beyond the point of junction, this stream, resembling the Danish *Eyder*, opened into the *Flevo* lake, whose bottom is now the bed of part of the *Zuyder Zee*, and subsequently contracting again into a narrow channel, re-assumed the title of *Flevus* or *Issala*, and emptied in the ocean about the point where we now find the *Vlie* or western strait of the *Wadden*, or *Wadt*, sometimes styled the *Amalande* passage. This *Flevum Ostium* was defended by a castle, called *Flevum Castellum*, erected by *Drusus*, who, by the canal, lake and river, just above mentioned, issued forth into the *North Sea*, and thence again, entering

the mouths of the *Ems* and the *Weser*, found an easy passage into the interior of Germany. This distinguished Roman is said to have attained that cradle of storms, the *Skaw*, the fearful northern extremity of Jutland, even yet the terror of mariners; and his son, Germanicus, many years after, attempted the same expedition with a thousand sail, but encountered a terrific storm, which sent a large number of his vessels to the bottom, and ended the attempt in gloom and disaster. The extent of this voyage, however, is very apocryphal.

Speaking of the *Skaw* or *Scagen*, von Buch assures us that running down the coast—in the first years of the current century—for seventy-three miles, it—the northern extremity of the Danish peninsula—looked as if hedged in with an alley or range of palisades, composed of thousands of masts and skeletons of vessels; while, in the distance, he saw interminable rows of stranded craft. About this time three English ships of the line were wrecked off this point, and upwards of two thousand men, composing nearly the whole of their crews, perished.

In *Doersburg*, at the confluence of the Old and New *Yssel*, we find another memento of Drusus, the great canal digger, since that town is said to have derived its name from *Arx Drusiana*, another fortress built by his orders, to protect his new and important water communication, which entered the *Yssel* [*Issala*] at *Isselsort* or *Arnheim*.

Upon the second or southern branch of the Rhine—now the *Waal*—the Romans, properly, had no settlement below *Nimuegen* [*Noviomagus*], about ninety miles from the sea. Batavian as much as Roman, however, this city ranked as the capital of the Batavian native race. Midway between this point and the ocean, near the *Gorcum*, on the north bank, opposite

the junction of the *Maas* and the *Waal*, the **Batavi** had a small settlement called *Grinnes*.

From the north mouth of the *Maas* southwards to the *Zwin*, within the district occupied by the present Province of **Zerland**, almost the whole of **Noord Brabant**, certainly all to the west of the *Dommel*, and the **Zuid** [South] **Holland** archipelago, the Romans never entered as *conquerors*, and rarely under any circumstances, except as envoys or prisoners. This was the *home proper*, the **Vaderland**, of the **Menapii**, a powerful, commercial and independent *Saxon* nation.

Upon the second or central branch, the Romans had a grand naval depot at Leyden [*Lugdunum Batavorum*]; their only one upon the North Sea, with the exception of Boulogne. It is very doubtful, however, if they possessed any other permanent establishments between the *Maas* and the Old Rhine, in the country of the **Batavi**, except at Utrecht [*Trajectum Rheni*] and at Voorburg [*Forum Hadriani*], now, or near, the Hague [or Harlæm?].

A few other towns or settlements are noted, but they may have been military posts of the organized Batavian contingents, although cited by Anthon as cities of the **Batavi** and **Caninefates**.

Besides those places mentioned elsewhere, we find Roemburg [*Prætorum Agrippinæ*], on the Old Rhine; Delft [*Tablæ* or *Delphi*]; Gouda [*Vada*]; Utrecht [*Trajectum—Vetus*]; Arnheim [*Arenatium* or *Arenacum*]; Wyck bie Duurstede [*Batavodurum*]; and Battenburg [*Batavorum Oppidum*].

Mons. DEWEZ, author of an elaborate work, the "*Histoire Generale de la Belgique depuis la Conquete de Cæsar*," enumerates only seventeen towns—which could pass for "*villes*"—as existing in the Netherlands prior to the Vth Century.

In **Zeeland** **Domburg** is the only one mentioned; in **Holland**, **Leyden** (*Lugdunum Batavorum*) and **Vlaardingen** (*Flenium*); in **Utrecht**, **Wijck bie Duurstede** (*Dorestatum* or *Batavodurum*); in **Gueldres**, **Nimwegen** (*Noviomagus*), of the IVth Century. **Kessel** (*Castellum Menapiorum*) of the IIId Century; **Malburg** (*Castra Herculis*), *Burginiacum* or *Quadriburgium*, of the IVth Century, and **Batenburg** (*Batavorum Oppidum*); in **Luxemburg**, **Nassogne** (*Nassoniacum*) of the IVth Century; in **Liege**, **Tongres** [*Atuatuca*] of the Ist Century; **Hui** [*Huyum*] of the IIId Century; in **Brabant**, **Maestricht** [*Trajectum—Mosæ*]; in **Flanders**, **Cassel** [*Castellum Marionorum*], **Tournai** [*Turnacum*]; in **Hainault**, **Bavai** [*Bagacum*] of the I.–IIId Century; and in **Artois**, **Arras** [*NEMETACUM*] of the Ist Century.

In like manner that the eastern territory of the **Batavi** was rendered memorable by the **Fossa Drusi**, the western—which, according to some, was inhabited by the **MARSACI**—was intersected by the canal of **Corbulo**—a channel—twenty-three miles long—which that distinguished general of **Claudius** compelled his legions to excavate parallel with the seashore, between the **Maas** [*Helium*] and the **Old Rhine**, to serve as a vast drain, rather than a water-communication. It ran from **Leyden**, past **Delft** to **Maasland-Sluis**, near **Vlaardingen** [*Flenium*] on the **Maas**, below **Rotterdam**.

Our wonderful scholar, **Professor Anthon**, reads differently with regard to this work, in his **System of Ancient and Mediæval Geography**. He makes it about fifty miles in length, commencing at **Wijck bie Duurstede**, and ending in the **Maas**, about eight miles above **Rotterdam**. “The **Lech**, or middle branch of the **Rhine**, was originally also a canal (**Fossa Corbulonis**)—made by the Roman general **Corbulo**; and it existed

as such to A. D. 829, when the bed was greatly enlarged by an inundation ; and thus it became the principal river, while the true Rhine was reduced to insignificance."

Beyond the farthest eastern limits of the Batavi and *Menapii*, forty miles above Nimwegen, the Romans established a very strong military post, where Julius Cæsar is said to have first built a fort, called *Vetera Castra*, (*Castra Ulpia*, now the town of Drich ?), near Santen, or Xanten—in the Duchy of Cleves—still very near—for the ancient bed is distinctly traceable—but then upon the Rhine. The capture of this station—intended to overawe the neighboring people—by Civilis was one of the most glorious achievements of that illustrious Hollander-admiral as well as general of the first century.

About 25 miles farther up the river, the Romans had another station, whose original name, *Asciburgium*—derived from two German words, "*Ask*"—[Anglo-Saxon "*Æsc*," a light craft, impelled by oars and sails—sometimes rendered "a pirate"]—a vessel—a ship ; and "*BURG*," a town—is still retained in Asburg, i. e. Ship-town [*Schiffburg*]. Tradition—supported in a measure by actual proof—attributes the founding of this town to the Greeks under Ulysses. Although the name of the leader is no doubt fabulous, Hollandish writers—as will be shown soon hereafter—maintain that their islands were visited, if not colonized, by Greek navigators. Some 25 miles on, the Romans had another station, at *Nova Castra*, or *Novesium*, now *Nuys* or *Neuss*, then upon, now distant a mile and a half from, the Rhine. Its location was, doubtless, to protect the bridge which Drusus threw across that river.

Forty-five miles farther ascent of the stream brings us to our present journey's end, or point of destination,

Colonia Agrippina, a prominent military colony, now the famous city of Cologne [Köln]. In the Middle Ages, it was often called the "Rome of the North." From about 1150 to about 1500, it was the most flourishing city of Northern Europe, and one of the principal emporiums of the Hanseatic commercial League. In the XIIIth Century, all foreign vessels were compelled to unload here, and reship their cargoes in those belonging to this city. Without going into the details, which are to be found in numerous agreeable works, it is sufficient to say that there is very little doubt but that this was the point where Maximian constructed and fitted out a greater part of the fleets which operated under, or against, CARAUSIUS. Its distance from the sea is not so much greater than that of Albany, Calcutta, or New Orleans ; and there are men yet living who say that they remember when [1790] the city of *Hudson* owned a greater amount of tonnage than New York. Within a very few years it, as well as *Poughkeepsie*, possessed a number of successful whalers. In the XIth Century, a fleet sailed from the quais of Cologne to England, and in 1247, three hundred ships were equipped alongside of them for the crusades. EGINHARD (IXth Century) styles it *Ripuariorum Metropolis*.

The decline of Cologne's wonderful commercial prosperity was chiefly owing to the closing of the navigation of the Rhine, in the XVIth Century, by the Dutch or Hollanders—descendants of the Menapii, countrymen and subjects of CARAUSIUS—and its returning prosperity dates from the removal of the obstruction in 1837. Cologne now once more trades directly with countries beyond the seas, and again sea-going vessels are built in her long deserted shipyards.

This subject has been considered thus at length, in

order to explain how it was that CARAUSIUS could have exercised dominion over the countries lying about the southern mouths of the Rhine and Schelde, and commanded the mouths of those rivers, and yet Maximian derive his greatest maritime strength from naval arsenals upon the former. Before the introduction of artillery it was next to impossible to defend, from the shore, the mouths of large navigable streams, and for this very reason Constantius was compelled to execute a stupendous work, to close the entrance to the harbors or mouth of the estuary or bay of Boulogne, which could have been done as effectually at the present time, by the establishment of one or two heavy water batteries *à fleur d'eau*, as he accomplished it by his mole.

The next pertinent consideration is, who and what were the continental subjects and immediate antagonists of CARAUSIUS.

In order to give a perfect understanding of the location of the different nations or tribes lying along and upon or near the North Sea, and mentioned in this connection, the greatest pains have been taken to examine every available authority of reputation. Readers, however, must remember that the Romans are the only historians, in the original, who can be consulted with regard to this period ; and every reflecting man is well aware that an impartial history has yet to be written. Even when a writer belongs to neither of the nations whose wars he is investigating, his readers must be dull who cannot readily discern to which party he inclines, and which side has the benefit of his partialities and his prejudices. How much more unlikely is it to expect that any Roman has done justice to the only people who proved invincible to them, the hitherto universal conquerors, and were equally blind to their

terrors and their blandishments; who defeated them upon more than one occasion, and were so intractable and indomitable that the imperial generals were apparently always willing to purchase a peace by oblivion of the past, provided the so styled rebels would only lay down their arms, retire within their own, to the Romans, miserable territory, and leave the imperial frontiers in repose.

Thus Pliny—in the main a sensible man—considered the introduction of Roman luxury was a sufficient compensation for the galling pressure of a foreign yoke, and stigmatizes the CHAUCI as a wretched people, because they were contented with their primitive condition, and would not submit to the loss of their liberty.

The honest Lucan breathes a far different spirit, and recorded his testimony that FREEDOM found a refuge and sanctuary beyond that Rhine whose floods, encircling the natural citadels of the MENAPII, rolled between the home penetralia of the true Hollanders' progenitors and their would-be tyrants.

*"Far from the guilt of civil war, and never to return,
Liberty sought for refuge 'yond the Tigris and the Rhine.
Thenceforth deni'd to us (Romans), though sought at risk of life.
LIBERTY! that German (Saxon) and Scythian (Scandinavian)
blessing."*

To which the noble Michelet responds:

"Holland was the bulwark, the universal refuge and salvation, (humanly speaking,) of the human race."

With regard to the Belgi, it may be remarked with propriety here, that they can scarcely be ranked among the ancestors of the commercial Hollanders; although they were the forefathers of the manliest people of Belgium. Neither were they Celts or Gauls. There is not the slightest doubt that the inhabitants of the Netherlands, including the conterminous parts of Belgium, are an exceedingly mixed race, but that mixture does

not consist of Gauls, but of Cymri (Kumri—Greek,) or Cimbri, Cymbri, (Scandinavians,) and Germans.

First, commencing at the south, upon the Armoric coast—a title derived from the Celtic AR, “on” or “near,” and MOR, the “sea,”—below Boulogne, we find ourselves in the country of the MORINI, which extended thence immediately along the Channel to the Zwin, or present southern boundary of Zeeland. Their name came likewise from the Celtic MOR, signifying the “sea,” and denoted a people dwelling along the sea-coast. Virgil calls them “*extremi hominum*,” because they were the farthest people who acknowledged the Roman sway. Whoever was master of the sea-coast was master of them. Their territory answers to what we recognize as the Department of the Pas de Calais, in France, and West Flanders in Belgium.

These Morini, who lay along the coast of Flanders or Belgium, were akin to the *Menapii*, but totally distinct—(at the time treated of, and in the Vth Century)—from the Celtic or Gallic Belgi, whose northern line Spruner, a most reliable authority, keeps, to a certainty, to the south of Zeeland and Holland, and in a great measure to the south of the Belgic provinces of East Flanders, Antwerp, and Brabant.

In the rear of these, the MORINI, lay the SALIAN FRANKS, who established themselves about the middle of the third century, near Antwerp, Breda, and Bois le duc. This German tribe, after passing the Rhine and the Maas, found themselves opposed by all the different nations who had been subjected from time to time by the Romans. On the other hand, the MENAPIANS received them as confederates, united their arms with theirs, and enabled them to meet the shock of the imperial armies and their auxiliaries. The usurper, tyrant, or emperor, for he is mentioned under all these titles,

Posthumus the Elder, who was a brave and able general, whatever may have been his personal faults or criminal policy, drove back the majority of the Franks, who had crossed the Rhine, into their native hills and forests, but was unable to drive out those who had become in a degree incorporated with the *MENAPII*.

That the confederation of the *FRANKS* comprised the *CHAUCI*, is the best evidence of their generous spirit and valor, for into these latter's fastnesses the Romans never penetrated, but on the contrary were contented if they could restrain their irruptions.

Just along, but south of the small streams which empty into the *Zwin*, some commentators locate the *GRUDII*, near Tournay or Bruges, and south of them and west of the *Lys*, the *LEVACI*; but both doubtfully.

These are merely mentioned here, to show that the writer is aware that they are sometimes located thereabouts.

Second, the *MENAPII*. *JULIUS CÆSAR*, whose Commentaries contain the first reliable mention of them, presents so few facts concerning their actual condition, that, making our own deductions from his involuntary admissions, we must believe he never penetrated beyond the frontiers of their territory. In many respects they were a powerful people, possessing flocks and herds, but more devoted to commerce than agriculture.

They inhabited a small portion—the northern—of East Flanders, Antwerp, Limbourg—being that part of Belgium north of the Durme, Rupel, Demers, and a line drawn from Hasselt to Ruremonde, or the junction of the Maas and the Roer—and, in Holland, the provinces of Zeeland, South Holland, south of the Maas

proper—*Helium* or *Ostium* (?) *Mosæ*—North Brabant, and that part of Utrecht between the Waal and the Maas or [?] between the Lech and the Maas.

At *Kessel*, just above the union of the Maas and Roer, they had a town or fortified post, called *Castellum Menapiorum*, but they appeared to have lived, according to the customs of the Germans, not in villages or fenced towns, but in the woods and low grounds, surrounded by noble water-courses, and also in their ships.

The more a student and philosopher contemplates the character of this people, the more he will be satisfied that they are the direct progenitors of those *Hollanders* who covered the sea with their fleets. The same instinctive seamanship, the same half-agricultural, half-nautical, tendencies, the same probity, simplicity, energy, adventure and patriotism, mark every era of the true Dutchman's historic life.

The ancestors of the *Hollanders* and *Zeelanders*—this fact cannot be too often repeated—of the commercial element of the population of the United Provinces, of that vital principle of the Netherland race, whose activity, industry, sagacity and enterprise, produced such miraculous results in after-times—were not, as is generally supposed, in a great measure, the *Batavi*, and, in a very slight degree, the *Belgæ*, but the tribe or nation—lying between the other two—to whom the parents and family of CARAUSIUS belonged—the *Thalassigonoi*—(Sea-born)—*Thalassobiotoi* (Inhabitants on the Sea), *Thalassomothoi* (Fighters with the Sea), *Thalassomontes* (Lords of the Sea), *Thalassoporoï* (Traversers of the Sea), ΜΕΝΑΠΙΟΙ.

Of all the earth's various children, these *Hollanders* and *Zeelanders* were Nature's navigators,

NATURAL MARINERS; not so the boasting English. Born as it were upon the sea,—for the sea penetrated their land throughout with its saline streams, and, permeating the soil, might be said to have borne it up in its briny arms,—the *Μεγαριοι* were the offspring of that element which seems the only fitting emblem of freedom.

The *Batavians* were as eminently a war-enjoying, as the *Menapians* were a peace-loving, people. The gods of the former were those common to all the states of antiquity. The images of their deities present themselves to our imagination invested with the military emblems and surrounded with a sanguinary halo, whereas those of the *Menapii*, like St. THEODORE, the original tutelar saint of Venice, should be represented grasping the implements of peace and industry in their *right* hands, and the instruments of aggression in their *left*.

Saint THEODORE, the patron Saint of Venice before the adoption of the more notable Saint MARK, surmounts one of the two magnificent granite columns in its famous *Piazzetta*, holding his *shield* (defensive) in his *right* hand, and his *lance* (aggressive) in his *left*. Whereupon the French writer, AMELOT DE LA HOUS-SAYE, remarks, with a sneer, that the blunder of the statuary is a clear proof of the Republic's unfamiliarity with the use of arms, and symbolizes that its authorities never made war of their own accord, nor with any other object than the obtainment of an advantageous peace. This intended satire undesignedly conveys the highest praise, which is augmented by his subsequent assurance that the Venetians afterwards, and from like pacific motives, substituted the evangelist MARK for the soldier THEODORE. Such was ever the policy of the Heads of the Dutch Republic. They took up arms only to compel a sure pacification, even as they burnt

the English ships and naval preparations in the hearing, and almost in the sight of, London, to insure the speedy conclusion of the peace of **Brda**; and when they swept out their Romish superstitions, they retained an attachment and reverence only for St. NICHOLAS, (**Santa Klaas**) to whom none but the gentlest attributes have been assigned.

Strange as the fact is, of all the nations which have ever existed, but one has estimated the military art and its professors at their true value, and placed them fifth (4th) in the scale of usefulness and honor. The Chinese, whom we look upon as barbarians, are justified in viewing us—claiming to be Christians—as real barbarians; for we invariably accord the highest honors and the richest rewards in the gift of our governments, not to learning and usefulness but to successful soldiership. This incapacity for correct judgment has operated in a great measure to blind our eyes to the source from whence, primarily, the *true* **Hollanders**, and, secondarily, (through them,) the world, derived its *true* greatness. Humanity, were it to understand, and, knowing, to concede the truth, would attribute its progress, humanly speaking, to the **Saxon**—that race, who, however *slow* may be their advance, *never retrograde* in what is useful. Sailors by nature, or necessity if you will, they apply to their acquisitions, mental and physical, one of their nautical rules, and keep every inch that they gain, hauling in upon the cable of profit and improvement. They never neglect to take a turn and belay. To man's false estimate of worth we owe our ignorance of that ancestral—**Saxon**—root, of which *we* ought to be so proud. Dazzled and enchanted by the magnificence of the word-painting which—speaking to the imagination—transcends the powers of the pencil, and yields only, in too susceptible minds, to the harmonies of music—

we have been carried away by the attributes and exploits of the *Batavi* and *Belgæ*, and shut our eyes to the less resplendent but more valuable achievements of the *Menapii*. While the *Batavi*—fighting in a cause the most opposed to the interests of their own race, were conquering for despotism at Pharsalia—were overcoming the most warlike peoples by their gallant demeanor, even more than by their arms; were bearing to the extremities of the Roman Empire ensigns before which the Roman eagle had been forced to fall back; were swimming, on horseback and in their armor, the mightiest rivers, in the ardent pursuit of glory; and were guarding Rome's imperial habitation,—the *Menapii* were working out the problem to which the Saxon mind has devoted itself since the formation of society,—the acquisition of comfort and wealth, the development of industry, commerce and agriculture. War was often and equally a business with the Saxon, it is true, but a far different war from that which allured the Gaul and his collaterals. When necessity compelled, or violated rights demanded, the recourse to arms, (*flagt*) he indulged in the bloody game of his brother nations—the chase of men—but this was always a secondary or unnatural excitement. His war was with nature, his antagonists were the elements. He crossed rivers and even seas no less courageously, not however to rush into the battle-field, but to acquire riches. He labored at the trench or on the rampart no less laboriously, but not to fence in the strongholds of despotism—no! his defences—marvellous in conception and execution—were planned and built to keep out invaders worse than men—the life-destroying waves and the devastating inundation.

That low, humid, unsubstantial corner of Europe, without natural boundaries, whose [*sovereign*] limits

have advanced or receded in obedience to diplomacy and the sword, or the action of the ocean; whose soil—at once fertilized and menaced by the sea—seems rather to float like a scum upon the waters than to constitute another and more solid element, and its remotest dependencies its dyke-environed archipelago—that hollow country, that bottomless land, that amphibious territory—of which PLINY admitted the uncertainty whether it could be cited as a fief of the land or the sea—gave birth or afforded a sanctuary to a people who, since the earliest ages, have slowly but *surely* advanced step by step in civilization, and never since their first effort have made a retrograde movement in their wonderful career of individual and national greatness.

First taught to walk upon a soil which, according to EUMENIUS, did not afford a spot of ground that did not yield beneath the step of man, no mortals ever trode this earth with such a firm and adventurous foot as the Hollander and Zeelander. Strange as it would seem, while endued with almost the powers and instincts of the amphibii which once frequented their coast—and whose pursuit afterwards constituted some of the chief bases of their riches and renown, they united to them other and the most opposite qualities. To talents for navigation and commerce, they added the most enlightened conceptions of the dignified and beneficial influences of agriculture; and while with one hand they swept into their garners the harvests of the rolling main, with the other they collected the no less valued and more necessary harvests of the land. Unlike their restless and excitable neighbors, the Walloons (*Belgæ*) who, prone to war, have been the mercenaries and myrmidons of Spain, of Austria, and of the Papal powers, for centuries, the Hollander and Zeelander, with greater (true) courage, coolness, strength and endurance, have

never shown an instinct, or manifested any acquired taste, for the bloody and ambitious game of war. Yet with all his aversion to arms as a profession, Freedom has ever found in the *true Hollander* her best, her readiest, and her most unfaltering, champion. And the world owes its acquaintance with the smiling lineaments of fully-developed liberty and happiness, to the rough but honest nursing of those men who never learned to yield, and never yielded.

Many books have been written with regard to the *Hollander* and *Zeelander*, yet none have laid before the world succinctly, have eliminated or elucidated, those truths which constitute the elements and characteristics of their real greatness.

Back, back, in that vast solitude and desolation, where now the richest fields and the noblest marts, the stateliest wonders of the architect and the most startling efforts of the engineer, excite the admiration of the stranger—beyond a date when antiquity had raised its rudest monuments, and history could scarcely find a vestige of corroborated evidence whereon to base her narrative—all, however little, that has been discovered, tends to prove that the Hollanders' ancestry were freemen, and *would be so*, and what is more than this, that they were industrious, agricultural, and commercial.

Planted upon the sand hills (*Duinen*), or perched upon lofty stakes, nestling in little cabins, raised above the reach of the highest tides, amid the flood they seemed like mariners afloat: after the ebb, like navigators stranded. Yet CÆSAR found this barbarous (?)—and, to the Romans, poor and wretched, but fearless—tribe invincible; and when the greatest conqueror which Rome ever produced swept like a flood over the warlike clans which interposed between the Roman power and the low shores of the North Sea, they discovered

upon that—to them—dismal coast, a people, who, ignorant of war as a profession or a science, nevertheless taught him a lesson which, acted on by us (Americans), gave us our freedom—the people's war (*guerra en piquena* [petite-guerre] *guerrilia*)—(*Leve prelium*) the war of partisans.

Between what we know as the *Maas* and the *Schelde*, a race fixed their habitation, who first inaugurated that system of resistance whose application on a greater and more bloody scale, within the century, swallowed up vast armies of the finest troops of Europe, and rendered Spain's guerrilla war the grave of NAPOLEON'S finest war-personnel. Powerful in their mighty courage, although weak in numbers—far less numerous than those nations whom the Roman power, “dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly,” having “iron teeth,” had “devoured and broken in pieces, and stamped the residue with its feet”—the *Menapii* disdained the tactics of the invader, and first learned the professional soldier to respect the might which slumbers in the peasant's arm, and, by that warfare of the people which wearies out an army by its sleepless and intactable activity, arrested the progress of the great JULIUS, and forced him to respect a soil which centuries after scarcely seemed to be a solid ground.

When the *Batavi* and *Belgæ* were the admired allies of the Romans, when to their selected youth,

“*The world's queen in her palmiest hour
Confided the imperial home,
And,—'mid the northern tempests lower,—
To Saxon ward, the gods of Rome,*”

when nations at the farthest limits of the Empire trembled before Holland's subsidiary sword, the *Menapii*, true Saxon race, unlike the so called *Batavi* and *Belgæ*—of mixed origin and instincts, varied as their parentage—showed no desire to mingle with the foreigner,

but rarely figured in the ranks of the Roman armaments, and revolted from the wiles which sought to ensnare, and repulsed the efforts which strove to enslave them. What fear of mortal enmity could invade the hearts of a people steeled against such an emotion by the suffering and danger inseparable from a truceless contest with an implacable natural antagonist. Though demi-gods assailed them on the land—and Pagan Rome could apotheosize as well as Papal Rome canonize—had not the Hollanders been victorious over gods—the highest gods of the heathen world? Neptune himself had yielded to their stubborn resolution, and the foul war-god's spurious offspring found in that Hollow-land marshes to drown and graves to swallow up their brass-clad legions, but not one spot on which to dedicate a trophy or offer a libation to their hitherto invincible "abomination of desolation."

In the salt-meadows, dank rich pastures, and sea-begirt woodland glades of the Maasan archipelago and Scheldic bottom, (**Botm**, Anglo-Saxon; **Bodem**, Dutch,) "danger's twin-brother" found and left them free. And thus early, within the encompassing arms of the Maas, Schelde, and Zwin, the free **Menapii** were already driving the piles, whose undecaying fibres were to bear up the vast and glorious fabric of the Dutch Republic. Aye! before the sun of Rome began to pale, the orb of **Holland** was already irradiating the European horizon with the light of a day destined to such a brilliant noon and mellow sunset.

To present a detailed history of the **Menapii** and of their habitat, which will bear the test of the theory of every ethnological writer, or even reconcile throughout the opinions of several of the principal authorities who have devoted their attention to Hollandish history, is utterly impracticable. At the outset we have three of

the most opposite opinions with regard to the original inhabitants of the Maas-Scheldic Archipelago. CLUVERIUS (German Geographer, 1580–1623) says they were *Toxandri*; JUNIUS (Hollandish Savant, 1512–1575), Mattiaci and EYNDIUS (Zeelandic Historiographer, 1575–1614), *Greek* colonists, conducted thither by a maritime leader known as one of the HERCULES. Whether these were preceded or succeeded by the *Cimbri* and *Teutones* from the north, members of that confederation defeated by Marius, or rather Catulus—(proof, the marked javelins—B. C. 101)—upon the plains of Lombardy (*Campi Raudii*), near *Verona*, on the *Adige*, is another hotly-contested fact.

Consequently, to erect any memorial capable of resisting the shocks of prejudice, or the disintegration of critical investigation, we must adopt the views of some one writer, and work in or emplace those statements of other chroniclers which appear the most worthy of support and the most strongly supported by concurrent or conterminous narratives. Upon the *base* or *plinth* furnished by the *Chronici Zelandiæ* of Jacob van den Eynden, let us set up as the *shaft* or *stem*, the *Histoire Generale de la Belgique depuis la Conquete de Cæsar*, by Monsieur DEWEZ, who cites from one hundred and thirty-eight to one hundred and fifty authorities, in, and furnishes an alphabetical list of them, prefixed to his first volume, which volume (Vol. I) embraces a period of some eight centuries, from 100 B. C. to 672 A. C., the very one which this portion of our work adventures to elucidate. Many of the original authorities have been consulted, and every work which had a bearing upon the subject, however near or remote, and could be obtained, has been purchased and studied.

Nevertheless it must be borne in mind that prior to the campaigns of Cæsar every statement partakes more

or less of the fabulous or problematical, so that *these* deductions of *to-day* are fully as valid as *those* which have been *heretofore* presented, for all deductions must rest upon the same bases. From the time of Cæsar to the reign of Vespasian, we have some little to which the name of history may be applied. After Vespasian an immense chasm occurs. From Titus to Constantius the accounts are few and disconnected, or, were not the term confined to medicine, we might say more definitely, *sporadic*. These relations constitute the first epoch of Dewez. The second epoch is ushered in by the commencement of authentic narratives. From this era (about A. D. 700)—where our labors terminate—we have reliable facts, woven into more than one agreeable history in Dutch, French, and English.

Long—an extensive and learned contributor to Smith's reliable "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography"—in his notes or sketches, appended to Hughes' "Classical Atlas," remarks in regard to the "Basin of the Mosa," that "as we descend the river we come to no place of note in ancient times."

This bears out the assertion of Dewez, that, previous to the Vth Century, the Netherlands were almost destitute of what we would style "towns," and proves that even if the Romans did penetrate into the country they never established themselves there, for—to a certainty—wherever their power extended, we find indisputable vestiges of their fortresses and municipia.

Again, Latham, in the map attached to his noted "Germania of Tacitus, with Ethnological Dissertations and Notes," while coloring *Germania Inferior* (Belgium) pink, as appertaining to the *Gauls*—which is a very great error, for the Netherlands were pre-eminently Scandinavians or Saxons—covers the territory of the *Menapii* with flashes of blue, indicating a mixed

and uncertain population; and every writer upon the subject seems to labor under the same dubiousness. They never advance, like men walking in the light, but grope along.

This is an unexceptionable argument, that the empire never embraced in reality the country of CARAUSIUS; since, wherever its legions made good possession, *sword* in hand, their historians and philosophers, *stylus* and *graphium* in hand, to chronicle their exploits and explore the secrets of the land.

Reference has already been made to Spruner's invaluable "Historisch-Geographischer Hand-Atlas," which shows the ethnological changes which Europe has undergone. Whatever errors the author of CARAUSIUS may have fallen into, he is borne out by every other map, chart, or plan, in representing the country of the *Menapii* as exempt from the presence of Roman garrisons, and unpolluted by the location of their permanent establishments, if we except the Haven of the Britannic fleet (*Portus classis Britannicæ*)—in the island of Goree, where we find the ruins of Witlam—and the (7th) causeway (VIA) diverging from *Bavay*, which connected that road-centre with *Utrecht* (Trajectum), running through Enghien, Assche and Ghent. It does not follow, however, because their possession was once secured, that it was uninterruptedly assured. Romer's Walle and Roompot are also enumerated among others, but it would be difficult to prove their existence, inasmuch as the sea now rolls over their imaginary sites, and the latter name is now applied to a sand-bank off the northwest extremity of North Beveland. Doubts invest the clearest traditions with regard to all these places, and what an angry sea has enveloped, it is scarcely probable that even the acutest antiquarian research can unveil. The numerous maps

which embellish Van Loon's [1683-1760] History of Ancient Holland (*Aloude Hollandsche Histori*) agree with him in this particular, except that, led astray by Cluverius, he assigns the islands of Zeeland to the Toxandri [Taxandri] in the time of Civilis. With this exception, and extending the MORINI under the name of *Vla-mingen* [Flemings] to the southern shore of the estuary of the Schelde, he located the *Menapii*—under the title [found no where else] of *Meerpenaars* (people ruled by their Mayors—[Baillies or Drossarts]—?) where we find them on all other maps.

This extension of the Morini is a great error, for Strabo, and every other reliable geographer or historian of antiquity, brings the Menapii down to the North Sea; and a close examination of their language indicates that they were in possession of the Gallic bank of the Schelde as well as of the Rhine, the whole constituting one vast and generally-confounded embouchure. But every absolute designation of boundaries is open to question, while the country between the Schelde and the Elbe was in a state of fermentation and ebullition, and nothing can be declared certain until after the Norman invasion had settled, and the scum of fable had been skimmed off by the light of mediæval investigation.

But cross the *Maas* and *Rhine* into the Batavian island, and the close alliance of the Romans, and the omnipresent effects of their science and comparative civilization, appear in every quarter. The dykes of DRUSUS and POMPEIUS PAULINUS guarded it like ramparts on either side from the waters as high as the junction of the Maas, Wahal and Rhine; the canals of DRUSUS and CORBULO drained it; the light-house (*Duurboed*) of Caligula invited the mariner to the (then) sheltering mouth of the Old Rhine and the protecting

bulwarks of the *Prætorium Agrippinæ*, while several fortified posts of more or less strength and importance—linked together by Roman causeways—connected its inhabitants by a bond of discipline if not subjugation to the imperial centre. That nerve of discipline, however, while it left them nationally and individually free, was, nevertheless the fruitful cause of all Batavia's suffering—for that nerve pulsed, quivered, agonized, responsive to the aggravated and increasing diseases of the imperial power. And so rapidly did the Batavi deteriorate under its effects that after the days of Civilis (A. D. 70) within a space of twenty years thereafter, they were looked upon as less brave than the Cauci, FRISI, and Frisiibones, separated from them only by the old Rhine, and another century and a half had scarcely elapsed before their northern invaders branded them as a "*prey*," not deeming them worthy the epithet of a "*nation*."

The *Menapii* had arable farms, buildings, and small towns, or rather open villages, but no cities or walled towns, on both sides of the Lower Rhine and of the Schelde, along the German Ocean or North Sea and in the Maasan—Scheldic—Rhenish—lands.

The celebrated SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, in his "*Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*," expresses his opinion that the ancient *Frison*—a title which he applies to the inhabitants not only of the Provinces of *Groningen*, *Friezland* and *Overysse*, but of Westphalia and *all those countries between the Weser, the Yssel and the Rhine* (which includes South Holland and even Zealand—anciently known, says Eyndius, by the name of FRISIA,)—were, under the name of Saxons, "*the fierce conquerors of our British island*."

These Saxons (*Seaxa*, *Seatsa*) derived their name,

according to all authorities, from the peculiar weapon which they wore—a sword or dagger like a scythe, not unlike a small scimeter, called by them *Saxas*, whose first signification is a knife, and secondary a sword or dagger (Bosworth), which, to this day, is a favorite weapon with the mariners of Holland, but particularly the people of Friesland and the northern districts of the Netherlands, under the name of *Snicksnee*, [*Snick-an-snee*, Dutch ; *SNIDISEN*, a cutting iron or knife, Anglo-Saxon?]*—*a peculiar, long [often two feet] knife—with which they did terrible execution upon the insurgent Belgians in 1831. Now the Frisians and the Menapii, or the Saxons, were one and the same race, having nothing in common with the Germans *proper*, as Luther affirms—than whom no more capable judge.

“England,” [conquered by the Dutch Saxons,] he exclaims, “is but a piece of Germany—the Danish and English languages are Saxon, that is, real German—[by which he means Gothic]*—*while the language of *Upper Germany* is *not* the *true* German tongue.”

Turner, in his History of the Anglo-Saxons, enumerating the races which were embraced by the title *Saxon*—whose synonyms he gives as Scythian, German, or Gothic—includes the Dutch.

“The Bishop of *Munster*, whose Territories lye in this Tract of Land, [about 1668] gave” him—Temple says—“the first certain evidences of those [the districts just before referred to] being the seats of our [English] ancient *Saxons*.” * * * “The Friezons’ old Language having still so great affinity with our old *English* as to appear easily to have been the same ; most of their words still retaining the same signification and sound.” * * * “This is the most remarkable in a little Town called *Malcuera*, upon the *Zudder* Sea in

Friezland, which is still built after the fashion of the old [Saxo-Menapian] *German* Villages, described by *Tacitus*; without any use or observation of Lines or Angles; but as if every Man had built in a common Field, just where he had a mind, so as a stranger, when he goes in, must have a Guide to find the way out again."

That too much importance is not herein assigned to the Menapian element, Temple bears out in these emphatic words: "Holland, Zealand, Friezland and Groningen, are seated upon the sea, and make the strength and greatness of this State [United Provinces]: the other three [Utrecht, Guelderland, and Over-Yssel], with the conquered towns in *Brabant*, *Flanders*, and *Cleves*, [the Batavian or Belgic element] make only the Outworks or Frontiers, serving chiefly for Safety and Defense of these."

Reflect upon the foregoing; consider the absence of towns, the peculiar structure of the villages, and the position assigned to them, and we have an accurate delineation of the Fatherland of that tribe from which issued CARAUSIUS.

What is more, the title of *Meyeryenaars*, applied to his nation, identifies them not only with the *pure* Saxon normal race, but also stamps them as one and the same people as the Frisons, who are the purest existing specimens of that stock. Whoever will turn to Temple's account of the system of administration in Friezland and Groningen, in the latter part of the XVIIth century, and compare his language with that of Turner upon the government and laws of the more ancient Saxons, will be astonished at the entire resemblance. That Zealand no longer [1668] possessed a like system, was owing to the awful changes resulting from its war of independence, in which all its families of note, as well

as its nobility, had been extinguished. Compelled to throw itself into the arms of William of Orange, the *Silent One*, the house of Orange-Nassau became possessed of it almost in sovereignty. The onslaughts of the sea had not effected a more startling change in its territory than the onslaughts of the Spanish armies had upon its government. The first swept away the physical land-marks, the second the administrative; and necessity, not choice, led the Zeelanders to confide their destinies in a great measure to a single hand.

The earliest Saxon societies were governed by the aged, and *age* and *authority* were expressed by the same words. The ancient Saxons had no king, but many chiefs set over their people. In time of war, a leader was designated by lot, whose supremacy ceased with the occasion for his election. Then all the chieftains became repossessed of equal power. This was as much a republic or confederation as our own. Without doubt the enjoyment of such a system is expressed by the title *Meyeryenaars*; and we find that immediately afterwards the same territory was designated as the *Vry-Staat der Arborichen* [Free State of the Forest People], which embraced, according to Van Loon, only the continental, according to EYNDIUS likewise the insular, possessions of the Menapii. The system of representation by *Baillies* existed in the country between the *Zuyder Zee* and the *Dollart*, in the prosperous days of the United Provinces. There Temple tells us that every Baillage comprehending a certain extent of country and number of villages, was governed by a Bailly, [in Frison, "*Greetman*,"] who administered the affairs with the assistance of a certain number of persons, called his Assessors. When the States were convoked, every Bailly called together all the individuals in his district who possessed a certain quantity of land, the

majority of whose voices elected the two Deputies which each Baillage sent to the assembly of the States. Herein we discover an elective representation untainted by the evils of universal suffrage—an elective franchise founded on a just and equitable property representation, the perfection of government.

* * * *

A favorite hypothesis with many writers is, that the Maas-Scheldic islands were originally portions—vertebral joints—of an isthmus which connected the British islands—then a peninsula—with the (Netherlands) continent. Another party take a diametrically opposite position, and while the first argue that the isthmus was broken up *into* islands by the assaults of the sea, the second assure us that these insular groups were gradually formed *by* deposits of that element and alluvial matter brought down by rivers, still emptying at this point, bound together as it were by the previous arrestation of enormous trees, which constituted the bones whose flesh was the mud and silt which gradually accumulated about them. Eyndius devotes his first eight chapters of difficult and barbarous, or mediæval, Latin to the consideration of the subject, and we will follow him—as our base or plinth—until the period when Dewez commences. The latter believes that the Maas-Scheldic archipelago was settled by those who, under the pressure of the Roman invasion, sought therein a refuge for their barbarian—free—institutions:—free institutions, which, notwithstanding the coercion of despotisms—moral or spiritual and physical—in and around them, continue to exist even to this present moment—either successively, under

(a) A savage Saxon-pagan, unwritten, but no less potential constitutional royalty—(if such be susceptible of existence without a written charter of rights);

(b) A half-Woden, half-Christian representative-confederation—[the Saxon (Frank) League; *Meyeryenaars*; *Vry Staat der Arborichen*; *Mayory of Bois-le-duc*—CLOVIS;—IVth to VIIth Century;

(c) An ever irritant, unsubmissive, individual-right-asserting and maintaining, though nominal mingling of theological or imperial feudalism,—under their Counts —[*Dirk*, 1st Count of Holland]—(A. D. 868–873); Foresters of Flanders (A. D. 621), Baldwin the Buck or Stag, first Count of Flanders (A. D. 862); Bishops with fluctuating jurisdictions—(*Compare HALLAM's "State of Europe during the Middle Ages," "Armorican Republic or Confederation [between the Seine and the Loire, in the Vth Century] of independent cities under their respective Bishops, 1, 3, 1, 1,)*—Marquises and Dukes;

(d) A jealous, but on the surface (to the eye) obedient appanage while ruled through the affections and interests—nettle-like, however, though susceptible of skillful administrative manipulation—but revolutionary under rough handling—(as, for instance, under the House of Burgundy—1436–1579—CHARLES V. and PHILIP II.) ;

(e) Republican, independent, potential and magnificent, under its Stadtholders, States-General, and Pensionaries—(1579–1813–'15); and, finally,

(f) As at the first, returned to its normal condition, after having been smoothed, burnished and civilized by the attrition of time, the progress of human improvement, and the effects of religious influences into a modern, constitutional, hereditary monarchy—(1815–1859).

According to Eyndius, the expansion of Greek civilization—whose leaven, says Knox, was the infusion of Scandinavian male-intellectuality—like the circle on

the water, gradually increasing its circumference by the centrifugal impulse of commerce, planted colonies upon the Zeelandic shores, which were peopled, if then inhabited at all, by a savage, aboriginal, off-shoot of the original Asiatic exodus, impelled by that far remote, unexplained emigration, hypothetical as to details, but certain as to the main fact, which ethnologists have deluged with imaginary theories, without making anything more apparent than that such a physical movement did take place.

Who, what, whence, the original inhabitants of Zeeland, if inhabited long anterior to our era, nobody knows to a certainty, and nobody will learn upon this earth. The Romans were only aware that the Maas-Scheldic archipelago had a people brave, fierce, unconquerable, intelligent, acquisitive, enterprising, making themselves *felt*, but withal so very indefinitely known that their history is a myth. Still, sufficient has been discovered to prove that there, in that '*seaky*' (boggy—wet) district, there existed the *germ* of what afterwards grasped the world with its adventurous, nature-overcoming, fear-ignoring, "*spatula-shaped*," fingers—the germ of that nation which

——“Laid his hand upon ‘the Ocean’s mane,’
And played familiar with his hoary locks’——

—something like one of those vast Saurian reptiles, mud-embedded, dreadful to contemplate in its remains, of which we know so little, except that they lived and moved in obedience to the same laws which now regulate their pigmy representatives or descendants. This comparative anatomy teaches us, and no more. And thus, from the same modified features in the Netherlander of modern times, we arrive at an estimate of the masculine vastness of the primitive Menapian-Zeeland, individually huge in his free instincts, imbibed from

his very habitat and its environings, which saturated him as it were with the liberty of that which knows no earthly master,—the sea.

“Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man’s ravage,—

“Ocean, thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death’s capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round.”

Man derives comparatively less dilatation from that which he feeds upon, mind and body, than from that which he breathes and that which he has intercourse with. This the degeneration of our material being exemplifies every day. Position and association with natural grandeur and imminent danger aggrandize character even more than they develop physique.

Ideal, hypothetical, a reader may silently but sneeringly exclaim - Admit it, but the same remark applies to *every* theory on this subject. Should, however, this present one, the offspring of years of study, be less worthy of respect and consideration than those of others? That it has a solid foundation, however lofty and airy the superstructure, is just as undeniable as the glory of the Fatherland. A few remarks with regard to derivations, set the present combination of materials so stoutly erect that nothing can overthrow it.

Ammianus Marcellinus (Roman Historian, IVth Century), quoting those who wrote before his day, tells us that we have their assurance that the DORIANS, followers of Hercules, were the colonists of the Zeelandic coasts. Monumental inscriptions existent when he wrote, confirmed the fact: likewise Tacitus, if read understandingly.

The PILLARS OF HERCULES, memorials of remotest

commercial enterprise, were set up in the island of *Walcheren*; and the temple or citadel of the Marcusan Hercules welcomed the merchant to the farthest shore of the Schelde. In 1514, a stone dedicated to that demi-god served as a font in the church of West Cappel, consecrated it is supposed by St. Willibrod, the apostle of the Frisons, (658–738). This Marcusan divinity took his title from the words, *Marc*, (*limes*) boundary, [whence MARCH (a frontier) and MARQUIS, (the nobleman to whom its defence was confided,)] and *hups*, (Dutch,) a building or dwelling. John Becanus (or *Van Gorp*), [Geropius,] Flemish savant, (XVIth Century,) affirms that on the farthest or most western point of the island of Zeeland, the Romans had a frontier citadel, called by the inhabitants *Marc-hups*, and consecrated to the tutelage of Hercules, thence called Marcusanus. This may have been the PORTUS CLASSIS BRITANNICÆ; but why not *Heyst*, at the extreme western point of Belgium, near or within the southern boundary of Zeeland. Besides the tradition which brought *Ulysses* to Asciburgium, in *Olissingen* (Flushing) we recognize the very name of the far-adventuring Greek king, combined with *ingen*—together; *Olissis-ingen*—"the port or entering in of Ulysses."

Timagenes, the historian (Vth Century B. C.)—of whom we have distinct mention in the Lexicon of Suidas—whether the author of the "Periplus of the whole Sea," and the "History of the Gauls," is the one and the same individual or not, is unimportant, since it is probable all the works attributed to four distinct writers were in reality by the same person—and other Greek authors may be cited in corroboration, as may be read in the earliest Latin histories of Holland and Zeeland. Witness Strabo!

From MANNUS, (*Man*, Ang. Sax.,) the son of Hercules, deified by superstition, and to the northern nations doubtless known as *Œnisco*, or *Œruten*, sprang that race—[the Scandinavian or Norse (not the Upper German)]—the *Allemanni*—[(hence ALLEMAGNE, Fr.) —among whom Latham includes as the fourth *main* division, the *Dutch* of Holland and the *Flemings* of Flanders (comprising the *Menapii* and the northern portion of the MORINI)]—All-men, Ang. Saxon., (*Confederation of all who were men*)—sometimes styled in certain districts FRANKS—*Freemen* ; or ALDR-MAN, (Ang. Sax.) the Parents of Men. These Allemanni were doubtless the INGÆVONES, (*Inge-Wonnens*,) whom Pliny locates upon the shores of the ocean and Tacitus points out, as with his very finger, in the islands of Zeeland. Could this title of “*All-men*” imply that *toleration* for which the Dutch were afterwards so renowned?

Of the so called Germans, the *Ingævones* [Saxons?] constituted the first of the three great groups into which the ancients divided the inhabitants of Germany. They were “Dwellers upon the Sea,” and comprised the Cimbri, Teutones, and Chauci, all of whom we know at one time or another inhabited the country of the Menapii.

The second group were the ISTÆVONES, on the Upper Rhine and in the east and south of Germany; and the third group, the HERMIONES, (the descendants of Herman, a namesake and progenitor of “the Deliverer of Germany”?) who inhabited the interior—*Hert-mid-moners*, i. e. very midland inhabitants, says Junius.

With regard to *Œnisco*—(whence the word *Deutsch*, German)—his worship was antecedent to that of Woden. In fact, the normal signification of his name is *divinity*, even as that of MANNUS relates to *humanity*. It requires no stretch of the imagination to transmute

Hercules, grasping his club and clothed in the spoils of the Nemean Lion, as we find him represented, into *Ulysses*, brandishing his sceptre and draped in the skin of a wild beast, strong, upright, and defiant.

* * * *

After a long and careful comparison of all the accessible treatises upon the subject, it is scarcely possible to believe otherwise than that the *Ingævones* and the *Cimbri* were one and the same people. However rude their habitations may have been—their *burrowing*, as some would insinuate, would have been impracticable in marsh-lands—their military equipments were far in advance of the age in which they flourished. They had helmets moulded to represent the gaping jaws of wild beasts, or similar terrible images, surmounted by lofty floating crests, displayed for the same reason that Louis XIV wore a full wig and high heeled shoes to enhance the majesty of his stature. “They used white shining shields and iron mail, and either the battle axe or long and heavy swords.” Be it remembered that in the time of *Harold*—England’s last and *truest* Saxon king—the national weapon was the tremendous battle axe, which if not derived from the Hollandish Saxons under Hengist and Horsa, was certainly inherited from the Danish Saxons of Canute. Like Siward—the son of the Bear, and famous earl of Northumberland—they considered that to die of a disease, “supine like a cow,” was unworthy a man, whereas a soldier’s death was an object of exultant contemplation—a glorious and happy termination of mortality.

The term “*Autokthonas*,” (*Greek*) applied to the people inhabiting the shores and islands of the Netherlands, a branch of these Ingævones, would lead us to suppose that they looked upon suicide as a virtue when sickness, accident or calamity rendered life a burthen.

The etymology of Ingœvones applied by Tacitus to that people whom Strabo calls *Parokeanitas*, "on or belonging to the sea coast" has never been thoroughly digested. Ing, pl. Inges, is a termination used by the ancient Saxons in the formation of patronymic nouns, and then signifies descendants, or sons, or inhabitants, or people, or race, of, &c. A Danish professor thinks that it may have been an obsolete mode of writing Innohner (*Einwohner*) indefinitely *an* inhabitant, definitely *the* original inhabitants. In the same way that Shering finds ~~Old~~-Saxen (Old Saxony) in *Holtzatia* and OLD (or the originally inhabited) LAND in *Oland*, the first a duchy, the second an island of Denmark, the author of the "Delights of Holland" insinuates that *Holland* had its name from that *Oland*, a dependent portion of Denmark (Cimbric Chersonese) whence its original settlers, the CIMBRI and TEUTONES, emigrated. This would make ~~Holland~~ to mean ~~Old~~ (Old) land, and substantiate the claim of the CIMBRI to the title of INGŒVONES—the (original) *inhabitants*—the INDIGINES. All this, however, is speculative. The most erudite when they arrive at this point throw down their pens in despair.

Claudius Ptolemæus, the Alexandrian, who lived A. D. 125–175, is the first writer to whom we are indebted for a mention of the Saxons by that, their proper, name. One hundred years elapsed before they were again mentioned in works which have survived. Eutropius, who lived in the IVth Century, is the second writer extant who noticed them. He was almost a contemporary of CARAUSIUS. Therefore, where all is hypothesis, the opinion of every devoted student is entitled to the highest consideration.

Of Pytheas, the Greek navigator, a contemporary of Aristotle—384a382 B. C.—we know so much that is reliable, that we must believe in the truth of the Greek

colonization of Zeeland, and the sea-coast of the Menapii. His observations of the determination of latitude were calculated with a precision which modern astronomers have found exact; his description of the stars in the north has likewise been approved, and his deductions with regard to the cause of the tides, which he attributed to the agency of the moon, has stood the test of all subsequent philosophy. Throughout his voyages from Marseilles, around Spain, and through the British Channel and North Sea, into the Baltic, he was a close observer of everything worthy of note; and through him we have our first information with regard to the northern seas, and to him and his adventurous compeers is attributed that infusion of Greek intelligence, which, permeating the susceptible Saxon mind, the most capable of feeling each generous impulse, made the Dutch and Flemings, the English and the Knickerbagger and Anglo-Saxon Americans, the first people in the world with regard to everything conducive to human progress. We say Dutch and Flemings not unadvisedly. We repeat it again and again, for emphasis, because the Menapii were not only Dutch but also Dutch Flemings. The repetition, however irksome, is necessary, to drive home the idea into the reader's memory and clinch it there. Those MENAPII who inhabited the profound marshes—(*alta palus* : Bertius, Flemish cosmographer and historiographer to Louis XIII. of France, author of the *Commentariorum rerum Germanicarum*, Amsterdam, 1635)—or “seaky” land, scarcely susceptible of the name of solid ground (*pene non terra* ; d’Anville, cited by Gibbon, as his most reliable geographical authority)—and almost inaccessible to men—(its narrow passes, or foot-paths, being so constructed that they were with difficulty traversable; Bertius)—were Flemings: those who inhabited the islands and marshes

north of the Schelde, were ZEELANDERS and DUTCH.

“De Strabonis ergo et Cæsaris verbis, tanquam augurali lituo, mihi INSULÆ ZELANDICÆ circumscriptæ sunt ex antiquo, Rheni, (aliis placet Mosæ et Scaldis) confluente, alveis, ostiis, et Oceano: conterminis a Septentrione Batavis, ab oriente MENAPIIS, et Nerviiis, a meridie Morinis. ¶ *Eas Insulas sub imperio MENAPIORUM fuisse*, iisdem autoribus colligi posse, dixi: nec enim quis, Morinorum Pagos—“unde vox *Pays* Gallis manavit”—ultra Scaldim sese unquam extendisse, facile probaverit.”—EYNDIUS.

TRANSLATION.

“Therefore, from the language of Strabo and of Cæsar, located as it were by the augural staff (used originally to quarter the heavens) the Zeelandic islands were bounded, according to my judgment, from the most ancient times, by the junction of the two branches, the channels and the mouths of the Rhine (in the opinion of others, of the Maas and the Schelde,) and by the Ocean.; the Batavi being conterminous from the North, the MENAPII and Nervii from the East, the Morini from the South, (that is, on the main land south of the Schelde). ¶ *That these islands were under the jurisdiction of* (belonging to) *the MENAPII, can be shown* from the same authors, for neither could it be easily proved that the cantons or districts (Pagi) of the Morini—(whence, from *Pagus*, the word *Pays* is derived by the Gauls or French)—ever extended themselves beyond (that is, to the north of) the Schelde.”

These two districts, with their inland territory—(occupied in the days of Clovis by the Free State of the Forest-people—*Urg-Staat der Arborischen*)—modern N. Brabant—the ancestral land of the author—was ever truly freedom’s ground, for, “whether as Flemings, the

last to submit to the House of Austria, or Dutch or Hollanders, the first to throw off a yoke become foreign, the physical aspect of the people is identical." There we find *Rotterdam*—whence, two hundred and twenty odd years ago, the *De Pijpers* sailed to this country—the second metropolis of the Netherlands; *Flushing*, which nothing but the jealousy of Amsterdam prevents from extinguishing *Antwerp*; Antwerp, whose mention evokes visions of almost inconceivable wealth and magnificence; *Ghent* (Gand or Gant), that glove of his in which Charles V. boasted he could hide Paris; and *Bruges*, with its fifty bridges, which a few centuries since was a worthy rival of the preceding and a peer of Venice, Genoa, and the other first emporiums of the world.

While brave as the bravest, the MENAPII erected a monument far more glorious than any which a mere military power has ever set up. Commerce and comfort, freedom and science, constitute the foundation, the base, the shaft, and the capital, of their vast memorial.

The gauntlet is down; take it up who dares.

* * * * *

As the *Dutch* Commonwealth was born out of the Sea, so out of the same Element it drew its first strength and consideration, as well as afterwards its Riches and Greatness." Even so, every name which we find applied to the Dutch in ancient times was derived from that element, and implied a marine birth or association.

Thus the name of the MORINI, according to some etymologists, signifies the "Maritime (people)"; according to others, the "People living where the tide rises and falls"; according to others again, the "Children of the Sea," or, as it is rendered in the text [page 97], the "People dwelling along the coast of the Sea," or, "having the sea for their boundary or limit."

The names of the MARSATH, or MARSACI—properly written MARESATH—mean, “Conceived or sprung from the Sea.” They were also called *Flak-Schum*, “Children (*Flaga*) of the Sea-foam.” *Meerschum*, that peculiar clay of which the famous German pipes are made, has the same signification. RÆPSAET derives “MORINI” from *Moor-Sinnen*, *Poules de marais ou de l'eau*,—i. e. fen ducks, or marsh fowl.

The name of the BATAVI comes from the old German word *Betow*, “Fat Earth”—such as is fertilized by the overflowing of the waters—or, it was given to them by the first Greek colonists, and derived from a compound of *Batos*—signifying “a nation or country *accessible* by sea,” (*Baton* ? *Trajectum* or *Vadum*, a ford of a river ?)—some say, however, from *Bathus*, the same as the old German *Hol*, (*Holl*, or *Holgh*, Anglo-Saxon,) [according to Halliwell,] in this connection denoting a deep rich soil, floating like foam upon the sea. What is more, *Bat*, in Anglo-Saxon, means a boat or ship, and the BATAVIAN’S name may be derived from that root, or from their partiality for the rites of Isis, whose effigy was a ship. The banner of *Heligoland* [Holy Island, at the mouth of the Elbe], one of the first seats of the ancient Saxons, was a ship in full sail ; and this image was more or less sacred to all the tribes along the North Sea and the Baltic.

PETER D’OUDEGHERST, in his *Chronicles and Annals of Flanders*, says that the ancient name of that country was MÆNAPIA, which—[Flanders, that part of the Menapian territory which lay south of the Schelde]—was so called because of the frequent overflowings of the sea ; or, rather, from its being subject to the recurrent force of gales and waves—[*Flandriam, a flatu et fluctibus ita nuncupatam*]*—*D’ASSIGNY, however reads, “Some will have this Name [Flanders] to be given to it, because of the frequent overflowings of the Sea,

expressed by this word *Uol-Canen*, which signifies a Country overrun with the Floods of the Sea." It was also afterwards styled the *Maritima* or *Æstuarina*, on account of its being affected by the flowing and ebbing of the sea. While speaking in this connection, we would add that d'Oudegherst mentions that the *Mevanior* took their name from *MENAIOS*, [a perfect Greek word,] a prince of Theerenburch,* or from *Menas-Menatos*, which, according to Hugacius, meant a double vestment worn by reason of the cold—a species of woollen raiment, for the manufacture of which Horace sung they were famous. Some mediæval writers deduce their name from *Menades*, priests of Bacchus, to whose worship they were peculiarly partial. Our readers must have noticed the silly conceit of Junius with regard to *CARAUSIUS*, the Menapian hero, whom he states had his name from being given to deep drinking. The *Batavia Illustrata* informs us that the *Menapii* were famous for their bibulous propensities, and Grimestone attributes the same excessive use of a liquor derived from barley or oats, like beer or ale, to the *Batavi*.

Finally, if in the *Kennemer-land* and *Kenen-borch*†—as various writers state—we have memorials of the *Caninefates*, turn to Bosworth's Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, and we will find an original signification of *Kenen-mere-land*, very much like that connected with the *Marsati*, "a sea-born-land"—[*Cennan-mere-land*][—]or, following the words to their source, "a land churned from the ocean."

Even *Friezland* may have a similar root and be derived from *Fressan*, in allusion to its waters and marsh-

**S'Heerenberg*? a town of the County of—(about 24 miles south of)—Zutphen.

†*Kenen-borgh*? or Kenebruck, a village of *Holland*, about four miles south of *Delft*. *BORGHTE*, a borough; *BRUCK*, *Brugge*, (Ang. Saxon) a bridge.

es being frozen for so long a period of the year, or from FRETAN (past participle, *fretten*) "a land devoured [or eaten into] by the sea." In the multitude of curious works examined the majority of these derivations are not presented as conceits of the authors, but reliable definitions. Comparing facts and fancies their truth is more than probable.

Now kindly reader—for whoever reads the author's works is either kindly disposed to the subject, his race or to him—you may ask of what use is all this delving into the remote past to us, the men of the present. As regards its application—its moral—much, very much; as regards the mere facts nothing. That which made the *Menapii* or ancient Hollanders and Zeelanders, Brabanters and Flemings what they were, afterwards raised the Dutch nation to the highest station in the world's history, and would make the Netherlanders of to day—had they the time and opportunity to exercise their wonderful properties—that which the medieval Flemings, and the people of the United Provinces have been.

All that they lack is the opportunity to develop their wonderful inherent qualities. As men, they are what the non-Menapians were nineteen centuries ago, the mantle of men. This work set out to prove that the people of the Maas-Scheldic hollow or bottom land were actual birth the children of *Man*—*Men*, *par excellence*, and century after century they have proved more and more their hereditary and individual right to title. The Fathers of true republican principles, they constructed the first real republic. They were eminent as national administrators, political economists of the highest order, patriots and citizens of unpassed integrity, and naval architects, admirals and

seaman, far beyond their contemporaries in every branch of maritime affairs.

“Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the “~~Saxons~~” make it their abode;
Whose ready sails, with every wind can fly,
And cov’nant make with the inconstant sky :”
Their “oaks secure as if they there took root,
They tread on billows with a steady foot !”

In public or private stations they were never false to their work—the work of Providence—until it was accomplished, and for nearly one thousand years they loom morally Titanic among the nations. With a rapid revision of the first age or epoch of their national life our episode terminates in order, to complete the biography of our hero, a type of the Hollandish–Saxon breed ; that finished, we will submit the result to your judgment and verdict, *kindly* reader.

* * * * *

Their natural gifts developed by culture and experience, the Greeks—the first colonists of Zeeland—could not but leave behind them solid tokens of their presence wherever they planted themselves. Their proudest memento in the Menapian Islands is the inauguration of that system of dykes which, from the first, excited the wonder of the barbarous, and at last the admiration of the scientific world. The island of Walcheren was rendered famous by the erection of those “Pillars of Hercules,” which were memorials of their remotest commercial settlement, and upon the extreme point of that island they dedicated a temple to the Marcusan Hercules, which designated the limits of the known or frequented world.

To the refined and enlightened Hellenes succeeded a race as superior to them in physical properties as they were inferior to them in intellectual endowments.

Both were dyke-builders, and the new comers exerted their rude Scandinavian energy in *repelling* the sea with the same resolution which they had displayed in expelling the Greeks. Just as the Spaniards beheld rampart rising within rampart as their batteries leveled the original defences of the Dutch towns in the XVIth century, just so the waves encountered new levees as fast as the outer dykes melted into the yeast of their breakers. At length a combination of sidereal influences—tide, moon, wind, season and hour, confederating for the effort—piled up such an avalanche of waters upon the Netherland coast as to burst through and crush down the dykes, and the North Sea rolled over those lowlands which the labor of centuries and races had rescued from their ravages.

Such a union nearly engulfed *Venice* in 1341, and has more than once threatened to, and will perhaps, submerge *St. Petersburg*—such coalitions of the elements dug out the *Zuyder Zee* and the *Dollart*, covered the heights of *Wieren* in 1570, and at different epochs swallowed up, at one time fifteen hundred and sixty habitations, at another eighty thousand wretched beings, and at another one hundred thousand inhabitants, leaving behind them when they retired ruin or woe, pestilence and famine.

The survivors of the *Cimbri* and *Teutones*, who had been drowned out of their rude homes, determined to rival the devastation of their elementary foe and compensate themselves for their compulsory emigration by a human inundation of Gaul and Italy. Instead however of enriching themselves thereby they enriched the soil they hoped to possess. Two hundred thousand of the former fertilized the banks of the *Arc*—long known as the *Campi Putridi*—[still to be recognized in the designation of the village upon their site, *Pourrieres*]

while a hundred and forty thousand of the latter fattened the valley of the Adige.

In like manner that after the bloody battle of Landen [1693] millions of poppies bursting forth, unsown, owed their luxuriant scarlet to the blood of seven thousand Anglo-Saxons [English and Dutch] and fourteen thousand Gallic slain, for a long period the vineyards and olive groves of Aix were fenced by the bones and rendered famous and prolific by the corpses of the Cimbri, while the mulberries of Verona grew doubly umbrageous and nutritious, to the silkworm, from the slaughter of the Teutones.

As soon as the retiring sea had relinquished its usurped dominion, a kindred but more noble race occupied the brine-soaked Lowlands. In the Batavian island the *Caninefates* and *Marsatii*, or *Marsaci*, built their palisadoed villages, [*Haga*, Anglo-Saxon,] the first along the coast, the Rotte, the Vecht, the Lech, the Yssel, and in the marshes of the Rhine (proper?), the *Sturii*, [*Staverendenaars*,] whom Littlejohn calls the "People of Stavoren," constructed their straggling villages west of the Vlie stream, [*Flevus*,] in that portion of West Friesland which now is a dangerous and open sea; and in the Maas-Scheldic archipelago, the noble *Cauci* commenced the restoration of those settlements whose very piles the sea had torn up and devoured.

The *Caninefates* [by Littlejohn styled the people of *Gorokum* and of the *Kennenmerland*, between Harlem and Alkmaar], who, according to Strabo's description, encroached upon the confines of the *MENAPII*, were a brave and enterprising race, of common origin and language [Germanic,] with the *Batavi*, [like them descendants of the *Catti*, previously from Hesse]. Inferior in numbers, they soon became incorporated with the

Batavi, and were afterwards lost, as it were, in the more numerous nation.

They must have faced the Menapii from across the Maas, which river Strabo doubtless intended, when he mentioned the latter as inhabiting both shores at its mouth. Cellarius, (XVIth century,) from his language, leaves the reader in great doubt as to what his own opinion was in regard to the boundaries of these nations; and Cluverius indulges in a theory of his own. Spruner, in his Ancient Atlas, assigns Walcheren, North and South Beveland, and the smaller islands contiguous, to the Menapii; Schouwen, Duiveland, and Tholen, to the Taxandri; and Goeree, Overflakke, Voorne, Byjerland, Ysselmonde, and the Biesbosch group to the Marsaci. Tacitus states that in the time of Civilis, the Caninefates made predatory excursions into the Menapian territory, but it does not appear that they dared to undertake more than a border foray. •

Dan Loon places the Marsatii to the north of the Rhine [proper], at the southern extremity of what is now the Harlem Sea. Other ancient geographers locate them as an independent nation upon the coast and along the canal of Corbulo, between the Helium [mouth of the Maas] and the Flevum [mouth of the old Rhine]. Others again extend them back into the country, and assign to them what is now the province of Utrecht.

As to the Batavi, Dan Loon and Butler assign to them the triangle lying between the old Rhine (passing by Leyden), the Waal and the Maas, much below Batavodurum (*Battenburg*). D'ANVILLE extends their territory further up the Maas. Spruner restricts them between the Lech and the Waal, in a district not more than half the area accorded by Butler; but, strictly

speaking, that which was sometimes considered the Batavian domain embraced the territory of the subordinate Caninefates, the Gugerni or Guberni, and Ubii—subsequently incorporated or confederated with the Menapii, and extremely hostile to their former neighbors—and the Marsatii.

There is another very remarkable fact which has never been presented in any work examined in this connection, and that is with regard to the *Helleviones* of PLINY, whom TACITUS calls HELLESI, and AMMIANUS *Helli*. This name belongs to a German race which was seated by some on the *Baltic* near *Dantzic*, or rather a *Scandinavian*, the inhabitants of *Halland* or *Holland*, a province of *Sweden*, which, as has been mentioned before, was *re-colonized* since the Christian era by the people of HOLLAND proper. Was not this name HELLI applied to the *Greeks* at home? Undoubtedly! Ancient *Hellas* or *Greece*,—*Dodona*, spoken of by *Hesiod* as *Hellopia*—was inhabited by a people called *Selli*, whom *Pindar* styles *Helli*.

Now the mouth of the *Maas* was known to the Romans by the term *Helium*, which name EYNDIUS declares was applied by the first Greek arrivals to that vast river-outlet, on account of its capacity, and derived either, first, from *Helios*, the Sun—because it exceeded all other estuaries known to them as much as that orb exceeds the rest of the heavenly bodies; or, second, from *Helion* or *Heliaia*, the most celebrated and frequented tribunal of *Athens*—so called from the thronging together there of the people—even as the *Rhine* (by the *Lech* and *Wahal*) the *Maas* and the *Schelde*, with their numerous tributaries and arms, converging, flowed together at that point; or, third, because *Zee-land* and *Maritime Flanders*—both an intermingling of sea, rivers, islands and marshes,—the very location

assigned by STRABO and CÆSAR to the *Menapii*—partook more of the character of the last, morasses—(Helos, Helea,—e pronounced æ, plural,—in Greek) than either watery domain or firm ground ; or fourth, because the first Greeks were from commercial *Helos*, whose coast presents a series of lagoons and marshes, separated from the sea only by narrow sand banks, the very physical portraiture of the coast of Zeeland and Holland, but more particularly than all of the Menapian district.

The writer, to carry out this etymology in accordance with an idea of his own, and finding that the Frisiabones should be more properly written Frisii-Avones, which, according to the learned French annotator (Paris, 1771) on PLINY, signifies the Elder Frisians (Frison), or Fathers of the Frisii (Frisiens-Ayeux, French), would suggest that a similar compound name was applied to those Dorians who settled in Zeeland and on the shores of the Baltic, whither the Greeks extended their adventurous voyages; PYTHIAS, of Marseilles, having (about B. C. 330) visited the Baltic and furnished some information with regard to Germany. Thus we could make *Helli-Avones*, which would require no vital alteration, but only a corruption of sound, to become *Helliviones*. Or, a still more reasonable derivation might be found in *Helliaionos* [aiones, plural],—Greeks of the marshy [seaky] Helian seacoast or river [Eurotas] shore—a signification which would exactly apply to the *Menapii*.

Furthermore, if *Avon* [AVUS—ancestor] may be understood to mean “Fathers,” and in this form AVUS, AVI, is ultimately derived from the Greek PAPPOS, PAPPOI—[sometimes written APPOI, ABBOI, or even AVOI,] which has the same signification of “fathers,” or “grandfathers”—if we say the Saxons are descended—as we are assured—from MANNUS or *Man* [plural, *Men*], is it a far-

fetches derivation [bear in mind the translator's remarks in regard to Frisii-Avones, sometimes written Frisiabones] to deduce MENAPII (Greek, Μενάπιοι,) from *Men* and *appoi*—that is, the “Fathers of Men.” This would go to prove that the Menapii were the immediate descendants of the first Greek colonists, an original Hollandish or Saxon race, and, with the Frisons, the most ancient inhabitants of the Neder-Saxon land, or Saxo-Scandinavian Netherlands.

Then, as to the CAUCI, any people might be proud to deduce their origin from such a stem. The race recognized by historiographers under that name, and divided into *Cauci Majores* and *Cauci Minores*, dwelt between the *Ems* and the *Elbe*, occupying a triangle which would embrace all the maritime—in fact, half of the whole—territory of *Hanover*, *Bremen*, and *Oldenburg*.

Tacitus celebrates them as the noblest of the German nations. Their grandeur rested upon the surest foundation,—the love of justice. This rendered them, though remote and frugal, important and influential. Contented and happy, free from covetousness, rapacity and ambition, they desired no extension of territory, provoked no wars, and never sought to enrich themselves by rapine and aggression.

The *Zeelandic Cauci* were not offshoots or offsprings of the preceding. Their appearance in the Netherlands was coeval with the establishment of their kindred in Germany. While the greater number halted east of the *Ems*, a smaller body continuing on secured a settlement upon the *Rhine*. It is vain to define their particular locality upon the main land: some say in the province of *Utrecht*, others near the angle of the *Batavian* island, near *Nimwegen*. Wherever they planted themselves first is immaterial. As soon as natural ob-

structions permitted, they succeeded to the possession of the islands of Zeeland, and in process of time were incorporated with the Menapii,—

“*Ab una Menapiorum fortuna discas omnium*,”—

whose first abodes were upon the Rhine, which we designate as the extremity of Belgic Gaul. The site of their tribe constituted the frontier of the province throughout its breadth: afterwards, in the process of time, they became the allies and contermini of the Morini, and dwelt along the coast of the Gallic Ocean, not only in the time of Julius Cæsar, but almost as late as A. D. 1000, as Petrus Divœus (Van Dieve of Louvain)—profoundly versed in the knowledge of the antiquities of his country (1536–1590)—proves.

* * * * *

To afford an adequate idea of the *true* German or Saxon, we have only to contemplate the national life of the Cauci.

In order to conquer the Saxon, the ancient and the Mediæval Romans were compelled to depopulate. Notwithstanding all the advantages of their discipline, nothing but complete extermination enabled them to hold a foot of Saxon land. The Saxon fought while men enough remained to offer battle. When the Romans displayed the red flag as an invitation to a fight on Saxon ground, and that bloody signal was unanswered, students and readers may be absolutely certain that the campaign had used up a generation of warriors, and that the sword had devoured the whole male population capable of bearing arms. Gradually improving in military intelligence, the *true* German—the Saxo-Scandinavian—generation after generation, became more and more “the Spartans of modern Europe.” The *Rhine*, which, from the conflicting language of ancient geographers, often denotes the estua-

ries of the Maas and the Schelde, along which lay the **MENAPII** and the **CHAUCI** in alliance, was the boundary which separated the Romans and their tributaries and *subdued* allies from the free nations of the north.

Now, Bezelius—(German antiquarian, XVIth century)—denies that any part of Germany beyond the *Rhine* was conquered by the Romans, although more than one of their emperors and generals arrogated to themselves the name of *Germanicus*. Their incursions were the devastating inroads of barbarians, more savage than those whom they styled barbarians—in reality, noble *men*, and more entitled to that glorious epithet than they themselves were. Their conquests were like the Britannic and maritime triumphs of Caligula, and the German victories of Tiberius, as false and as cruel as the men who claimed them. The same is true of many other of the vaunted conquests in Germany, which terminated in utter disgrace and dire disaster. Many of the Roman leaders never obtained a sight of those territories they claimed to have subjugated. It is to this fact we must attribute our ignorance of the habits of the **Menapii**, and our intimate acquaintance with those of the **BATAVI**. Upon the latter, as priceless allies, the Romans could well afford to bestow encomiums and lavish attentions, since their presence carried with it the assurance of victory upon every field; whereas obloquy was the portion of all those who had the manliness to evade their springes and repulse their efforts, whereby they sought to entrap and debase them into unreflecting tools and weapons.

“Cæsar did not carry the war into the country of the **Batavi**.” Under Augustus, the Netherlands became the *nominal* subjects, the petted allies, of Rome.

A. D. 28, the **Frisii** and **Frisiabones**, who possessed, the first—(if they were not one and the same tribe or

nation) what is now known as North Holland; the second, Friezland and Groningen—conterminous with the *Chauci*, to the south of the Zuyder Zee (*Flevo Lacus*), and to the east along the Elbe—or, at all events, upon the Lauwer-Zee—revolted even against the alliance of the Romans. What must we think of the vaunted conquests of Drusus Germanicus and Tiberius, when we know that twelve years afterwards the *Frisii*, far within the supposed limits of their conquests, had not only defeated the Roman general Lucius Apronius, propræter of Lower Germany, but were and remained independent.

One of the most humiliating defeats which the Romans ever underwent at the hands of the ancient Hollanders, was experienced in the *Baduhena Silva*, in the heart of that territory, known at present as the *Seven Wolden*, constituting the southern half of Friezland, on the northern side of the exposed Zuyder Zee, at that time the land-locked *Flevo Lake*.

A. D. 47, *Gannascus*, a nobleman of the Caninefates, or native of the Batavian marshes, became the leader of the *Cauci*, and originated that system of warfare which afterwards rendered the Saxons so redoubtable. He not only organized fleets of light ships, with which he plundered the Roman tributaries south and west of the Yser and Aa, but also their provinces in France. Repulsed, *it is said*, by Corbulo, he subsequently lost his life—(“*Ipse per fraudem trucidatus est*”)—by foul play at their hands. His death—or rather the perfidy by which it was accomplished—aroused the whole confederation of the *Cauci*, and considering the facts, even as related by Tacitus and other Roman historians, it is evident that his opponent and victor, (?) Corbulo, was reprimanded for his treachery and conduct of a war nominally in defence of the imperial frontier, by the

Emperor Claudius ; and the Cauçi were propitiated by the retreat of the Roman forces.

Rome trembled at the indignation of these North Sea and Baltic (Sea) people ; the imperial troops, glad to retire within the Rhine, left the Saxons to the enjoyment of their independence, and amused themselves by ditching and damming, for the benefit of the Batavi.

Gannascus was to Civilis what Civilis was to Carausius. It required two hundred years and upwards to develop the greatness of the last of the three.

A. D. 69, the Emperor Vitellius invited his German auxiliaries to Rome, where their garments of skins, fearless independence of carriage, and rude but effective weapons, produced a shock like a draft of pure cold air in a crowded, heated and stifling room.

A. D. 70, Civilis uprose ; that one-eyed general and admiral, whom Tacitus compares to Hannibal and Sertorius—praise ample enough to satisfy any ambition—both of them remarkable, like him, for the loss of a left eye.

Sixteen centuries afterwards, another one-eyed, one-armed Menapian hero, Egbert Bartholomew van Cortenaar—

Though quench'd his eye, and shot away his powerful right hand,
The handless hero of the Maas still stay'd [propp'd] the Fatherland ;
His sightless orb, beside the helm, still steer'd the fleet to fame—
Beneath this stone, that such a light, should ever know eclipse !
That such renown be swallow'd up by tomb's remorseless lips !
Lies mighty Cortenaar, who burst the Swedish belt of flame,
And made the Sound, and foeman's fleet, to tremble at his name,

—maintained his country's glory against the Swedes and English, as Civilis had against the Romans. The latter defeated three Roman generals, beat the imperial fleets and armies, made himself master of that fortress (*Vetera Castra*), which they had constructed and gar-

risoned with two legions, (18,600 to 20,000 men,) to overawe the Saxon nations, and compelled them to consent to a treaty of peace, by which the Netherlands were acknowledged as valued allies, not subjects, of Rome.

About A. D. 211, the Chauci (or Saxons) sent ambassadors to Rome with offers of peace, on condition of receiving a large price for not making war. The Emperor Caracalla—who had assumed the name of Germanicus from his imaginary German victories—conceded the tribute demanded, organized a German (Saxon?) body-guard, and assumed the German (Saxon?) costume.

About A. D. 240, the old inhabitants of the Lower Rhine (Maas and Schelde?) and Weser, under the name of Franks—the *Salian* Franks had already become incorporated with the Menapii—formed a new confederation, whose maritime assaults upon the Roman colonies and commerce compelled the imperial authorities to organize a powerful fleet, simply to *protect* themselves and their tributaries, which was committed to a new official, styled the Count of the Saxon Shore*—(COMES LITTORIS SAXONICI)—the assumption of whose duties introduced us to *Carausius*. Every coast of Romanized England, Gaul and Spain, trembled, anticipating the arrival of the hated and terrible Saxons with every favoring breeze and gale from the north. Fearful indeed, for they came like the spirits of the tempest, to whose furious impulse they committed their expeditions, from the threefold motive that the harder it blew the swifter it bore them to their prey, the wilder it raged the less they were expected,

*Coast of Britain, from *Branodunum* (Brancaaster), in Norfolk, to the *Portus Adurni* (Pevensey, in Sussex)—PALGRAVE'S *Anglo-Saxons*.

and the higher the elemental strife the greater their excitement and the more glorious their success.

A. D. 277, the Saxons, Franks, and other cognate tribes, burst again into Roman Gaul. This epoch is famous for that unexampled, fearless return-navigation of the Franks from the Euxine, which has been already described.

Ten years after that terrible Saxon retributive visitation upon the Ægean, Syrian, Afric—in fact, the whole Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts, which avenged the expeditions of Drusus, Germanicus, Tiberius, Hadrian, Posthumus, Probus, and Maximian, into the Saxo-Scandinavian seas,—the year A. D. 287 ushered in the glories of *Carusius*.

This cursory survey presents a striking contrast between the “facts and fancies” of Roman historians and imperial panegyrists, in regard to the achievements of their heroes. A blast from the Saxon regions, tremulous with the clash of Scandinavian war-wrath, paled the cheeks of the seven-hilled city’s warders. Thitherward the horizon was all alight, and they felt that the coming day would “bring evil from the north, and a great destruction” of their blood- and fraud-cemented fabric of empire. The physical world was stricken with a palsy, and beheld with watery eyes the impending breaking-in upon it of a new *male* life, whose inroads its shaking limbs could not hope to deter or repel.

The day-spring of spiritual regeneration first kissed the mountain tops of Jewry, but crimson-hued the orb of physical rejuvenescence rose from the frigid bosom of the Saxo-Scandinavian marshes, oak glades, and waters.

The *true* Saxon was the medium which tempered

the ultra-Scandinavian war-heat, and preserved all that was worthy of preservation in the lapsing artificial civilization of Rome.

“To the *Roman* conquest, *Britain* owes perhaps its first civilization; certainly its first conversion to Christianity.

“To the *Saxon* [from Zealand and Holland] conquest we are indebted for that system of *government*, which is to this day the basis of *English* liberty. Many good effects of *Saxon piety* also are still great blessings to us.”

“To the *Norman* [ultra-Scandinavian, deteriorated by Celtic mixture] conquest, we owe not, perhaps, so much respect. Yet we may be certain that Providence intended some real good by that great event.”—[WILCOCK’S *Roman Conversations*.]

CARAUSIUS interests us from the fact that he was of Saxon lineage, but our interest must swell into admiration of those solid parts, resplendent merits, and attractive grandeur, which could win and array in his cause the most glorious of the free Saxon races, and cause these to put away all remembrance of his Roman name, education, elevation, and affiliations.

This completes the chronological chain connecting the discovery and first settlement of *Zealand* with the second great epoch in its history, the union of the Saxons and Franks (*true* Germans also), and the commencement of their naval ascendancy, which, under our hero, opened to them “every coast which had not received CARAUSIUS as its lord.” He was the Saxon’s FIRST great naval genius and preceptor. His course of instruction or education lasted at most seven years—its effects have endured upwards of twice seven centuries, and grows in value and beneficence with time.

Perry, the regenerator of Japan, Perry, the victor of Lake Erie, Nelson, Zoutman, De Ruyter, Collingwood, the Tromps, Blake, Opdam, Russel, Van Almonde, and a hundred other hero Admirals—Dutch, English and American, Eckford, our greatest naval architect, Steers, and every kindred genius—in fact, every sea-chief, navigator, discoverer, commerce-promoter, marine constructor, and inventor of eminence,—have derived their inspiration from that fount which the Saxo-Menapian admiral-general-emperor, CARAUSIUS, unsealed and threw open to his race.

Stop! cries the invidious critic again. The country of the *Menapii* lay within the province of Belgic Gaul, and its population were esteemed Celts. The Romans [who knew nothing about it] and the French [who know not much more] say so.

But what is the testimony of the German and impartial writers—that continental Saxony extended to the *Rhine*. An old Belgic rhymic chronicle makes *Neder-Sassen* (Lower Saxony) to have been confined by the *Schelde* and the *Maas*.

I have heard that old books say
 All lands which 'neath (below) Nyemagen lay
 Once were styled Nether (Lower) Saxony;
 To guard it flow'd Briarean sea,
 Of th' intermingled Maes and Rhine,
 The mighty Schelde its western line.

And Spruner, Turner, Van Loon, Cluverius, and a host of other writers—geographers, ethnologists, and historians—who ignore or lay no stress upon the value of the Menapian element, as well as the learned Grat-tan who does, all extend the Saxon land to the *Sluys* and the *Schelde*. Grant this—and it cannot be disproved by any available valid testimony—and the matter is settled at once and forever.

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Finally, Alting and Wæstelain came to the conclusion that the Menapii were a confederation of tribes of German origin, rather than a single distinct people, and that their name was a corruption of *Men-aft* (*Gemeen-schap*, Dutch,) signifying a community or confederation.

Bucherius in his *Belgium Romanum*, 1655, states that after the subdivision of *Belgica* by Augustus into *Belgium*, *Germania Prima* and *Secunda*, the last comprised the countries of the MENAPII, Ambivarii, Eburones and Atuatici, and that the Menapians were distributed into two districts separated by the Schelde. Those who occupied the eastern portion, to the right of that river, and were bounded on the north and east by the *Maas*, on the south by the *Demer* and *Rupel* (see page 98) and on the west by the *Schelde*, assumed at this epoch the name of the *Taxandri*. A tribe of that name was unknown in the time of Cæsar and Tacitus, or at all events was not mentioned by them; Pliny is the first who speaks of it. This would account for the confusion of geographers with regard to the first inhabitants of Zeeland. The map attached to an anonymous History of the United Provinces (in Dutch) must refer to this doubt, since while it places the Taxandri in the Maas-Scheldic archipelago it adds, "according to the opinion of some writers," (*Taxandrie volgens sommigen nu Zeeland*.) If the MENAPII constituted a community belonging to the greater confederation of Alemanni, we may trace back to the earliest times that principle of toleration which ever after constituted a noble, if not the most noble and remarkable, feature of Dutch policy. We know that their territory was always a harbor for the distressed. Even as in the third century it proved a refuge for the Salian Franks, between whom and Roman imperial and subsidiary ven-

geance the Menapii interposed the ægis of sympathetic valor, even so in the XVI and XVII centuries the shield of Hollandish toleration covered the Huguenots and the Jews from the dagger and rack of French royalty, and the torments and funeral fires of Roman Catholic persecution and papal christianity (?!) From the days of Cæsar through all the troublous and perilous periods of their history a generous sympathy for the suffering of others characterized the efforts of the Hollanders—the good Samaritans of Europe, and the profligate Charles II. of England was compelled to acknowledge that he believed that “Providence would preserve Amsterdam, (from the grand Sultan of France) if it were only for the great charity its people have for their poor.”

When our great and glorious **William**—Holland’s Joshua, he who rolled back the Royal Sun of France, England’s Liberator, and Ireland’s Conqueror and Regenerator—“was preparing his expedition against James the Second, he was all at once at a stand-still, in consequence of a decided lack of the needful wherewith to equip his navy, and ensure success to his projected war against James. An Israelite of Amsterdam requested an audience. When he was admitted into the presence of the Prince, he said: ‘My Lord, you are in want of money to accomplish a great national project. I have brought you, from our people, two millions. If you succeed, refund them to me; if you fail, we are quits.’” (MARGOLIOUTH’S *Pilgrimage*, &c. II., 229).

Thus nobly toleration bore a goodly fruit—and ever will except to that self styled Christian creed that only tolerates when it has no longer the power to persecute. To the ears of the Huguenot and the Hollander every whisper from the past bears upon its pinions reminiscences which should awaken the vigilance of

their descendants with as startling tones as the point of war to the soldier.

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Hark! the very air shudders at the recital of *thy* toleration, papal Rome! Huguenot, canst thou ever forget those Languedocian seas of blood; those Albigenian annihilations; those Cevennes men-hunts; those Dragonades; those bonfires, which emulated Nero's *human candles* in cruelty, if not in actual details?

Come, brother Huguenot, let us rehearse, in haste, a few of ROME's most tender mercies to our fathers. A circumstantial list would fill a folio volume; we will content ourselves with one or two examples in each chapter of black horror.

Seven hundred years ago the Languedocian fields were drowned in Huguenot blood. "Neither sex, age, nor condition, were spared; the [luxuriant] country became a wilderness, and the [ancient, stately,] towns heaps of smoking ruins." Sixty thousand Protestants were swallowed up in the flames, which devoured *Beziers*, besides those spared for a worse fate. Then, from that sea of blood, rolling beneath a scum of corpses, cinders, ashes and pollution, upheaved the fabric of the Inquisition. Just as amid the placid sea volcanic action has belched forth a hideous isle of scoria, just so from hell beneath burst forth that institution. Blood-watered, fertilized with corpses, it grew to hideous hugeness, prurient with torture, avarice and death. Thus, with the approbation of Pope Innocent III.,—innocent but in name,—the devil planted his throne amid the wrecks of French Protestant progression.

With the martyrdoms,—1524,—of that pure Christian JACQUES PAVANNES, and LOUIS de BERQUIN—a

French Luther, strangled at his apostolic birth—we open a new chapter of martyrdom of three hundred years. Eight years after,—1532,—CATURCE burned ; in 1535, Lutherans, with their tongues cut out, were dipped to death in fire, and the last scene delayed that Royal Francis might not lose the pleasant show. “Cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, coped and mitred, figured in their places,” and shared the spectacle with the priests and papal laity. This was the punishment of the *estrapade*, an invention which had the zest of novelty. “The ferocious Emperor of (pagan) Rome, who wished that his victims *might feel themselves die*, had not invented that cruelty.” Romanism not the fosterer of genius! Nonsense! Her disciples invented the *estrapade* for (Sacramentarians) Protestants.

Henry II.,—1549,—more simple in his tastes—took pleasure in a simple burning, and somewhat tender-hearted, “for many nights imagined his couch was haunted by the image of the victim.”

“In 1551, appeared the famous Edict of Chataubriant, which empowered both the secular and the ecclesiastical judges, *separately*, to take cognizance of the crime of heresy, *so that by a complete reversal of all justice, the accused, absolved before one tribunal, might be condemned before another.*”

In 1550, of three or four hundred Huguenots assembled in the Rue St. Jacques, at Paris, to read the Bible and celebrate the Lord’s Supper, not one escaped without death or wounds ; and, in 1559, ANN DUBOURG passed from his iron cage, to suffer on the gibbet, “for the glory of his Lord Jesus Christ.”

In 1560, “delations, confiscations, pillages, sentences of death, and atrocious executions,” affrighted the principal towns of France, and their dependent provinces ; first scenes of a tragedy which endured without an in-

terlude for 40 years. To the throne-aspiring GUISES we owe the massacre of *Vassy*. There sixty human beings were murdered around their altar, and over three times that number wounded, because they cried, "I believe in Jesus Christ." That was a fearful crime; they should have cried, they believed in the Virgin and the Pope!

In 1562, Bishop Pierre Bertrandi—a papal bishop, mind you—one Sunday, at Cahors, had five hundred Huguenots butchered while at church. That same year, Roman Catholic bands, with a "brigand, or else a monk or curate; sometimes even a bishop," as their captain, butchered the Calvinists, "to make provisions cheap."

In 1569, we reach the slaughter of Jarnac and Montesquiou's "execrable parricide" of CONDE.

Again, in 1569, that of Moncontour.

"Oh! weep for *Moncontour*, oh' weep for the hour
When the children of darkness and evil had power;
And the horseman of Valois triumphantly trod
On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God."

In 1572, Saturday–Sunday, 23d–24th August, the MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW occurred. All the Protestant outrages committed throughout the world, and throughout all time, cannot equal the horrors, the crimes, of that eve, day, week, and their consequences. DETHOU says 30,000, SULLY 70,000, the Roman Catholic Bishop PEREFIXE 100,000 Protestants were immolated.

Huguenots, can you ever forget that "greatest and best news," as the event was characterized by the sovereign whom "the Jesuits and zealous [Roman] Catholics" represent "as equalling Solomon in wisdom and excelling him in virtue," that "glorious and marvelous victory," for which Pope Gregory XIII. "offered

up solemn thanksgivings; himself—*the holy father* walked [!] in a general procession of rejoicing, accompanied by his Cardinals and the whole of his clergy; caused the guns of St. Angelo to fire joyful salvos; “declared a jubilee”; had a picture painted; “and struck a medal in honor of the great event; while the Cardinal de Lorraine caused an inscription to be written on the gates” of the French Church of Saint Louis, “in letters of gold, in which he said that ‘the Lord had granted the prayers, which he had offered to Him for twelve years.’”

“*Haud obliviscendum*”

———“the Seine’s empurpled flood,

And good Coligni’s hoary head all dabbled with his blood”—

that wise and Christian head so full of goodly, godly, counsel, which pointed out to ~~Holland’s~~ WASHINGTON that his country’s safety lay in her wooden walls, those “conquering ships,” which, “guarded in the farthest island [Doorn] of Europe the asylum of human thought.”

Pass over a century whose memorials, whose military columns are the funeral fires, the gibbets and the racks of Protestant martyrs, and a new era opens upon us of glory, pomp and refinement. Surely, the Papacy must have been favorably influenced by the progress of human development and the expansion of the arts and sciences. Let us see!

Clio, Muse of History, genius of truth, spread out thy half-open scroll! What do you read there, HUGUENOT? Does your blood curdle, does your soul revolt, does your cheek kindle with generous indignation? Stifle the thirst for vengeance which makes each pulse bound with a shock of agony. Read and reflect! In 1681, the *dragonnades* commenced. Need we descant upon the horrors embraced by that one word? In 1683, a solemn Roman Catholic fast was followed by “a butch-

ery (of Protestants) without a combat"; the *Vivarais* and *Dauphiny* reduced to despair, and the pastor, ISAAC HORNEL, seventy-two years old,—threescore years and ten!—broken alive on the wheel by an executioner—"who made himself drunk for the task"—who inflicted more than thirty blows upon his body before he killed him, and, worse, vented dastardly insults—blows upon the heart. In 1685, new dragonnades and atrocious excesses in Berne, and other provinces; the man-hunt of the Cevennes, *in which the papist hunters were encouraged by Pope Clement XI.'s general, and absolute remission of sins to those who exterminated "a cursed brood"—our Protestant brethren—"issuing from the execrable race of the Albigenses"*—Protestants also; smiling districts devastated, everywhere desolation of the heart; breakings on the wheel, and burnings in the market-places; taunts and tortures in the *ceps*, and judgment halls: devastations, violations, spoliations, conflagrations, priests, crucifix in hand, stirring up the funeral piles; and abductions of Protestant children by thousands—(the kidnapping of a single Jew boy now-a-days has roused the indignation of the world). The papal priests of France, *when they had power*, kidnapped hundreds at a haul, and gloated over the tears and terrors of the broken-hearted parents, who grovelled at the gates of their monasteries and convents. Psha! Prick them away with the points of your sabres and bayonets, slash and slice them with your rapiers, batter and bruise them with the butt-ends of your muskets, brave Roman Catholic dragoons and fusiliers! Trample them beneath your horses' hoofs! There are gray-headed men and women among them, mothers and fathers; they are Christians, too, but still the more vile criminals, for they do not bow to images or worship a woman-god, or acknowledge the Pope of Rome.

They are beyond the pale of salvation, for did not Boniface VIII. (elected pope 1294) “roar and thunder” “we declare, define and pronounce, that *it is necessary for every one that is to be saved to be subject to the pope of Rome,*” and Romanism affirms that it is infallible and unchangeable. The Cross then was not undergone for such, for them and us, Huguenot and Hollander! How! Yes!—Were, are, they and we not damned annually on the day before Good Friday—the day on which our Saviour died for *all*—body and soul, waking, sleeping, &c., in the Church of St. Peter at Rome!

Hold! close the book. No! there is more yet to come. What monstrous legal fiction do you read? Examine well the decree of 1715 extorted by the Jesuit Letellier, from the dying Louis XIV; “*a code wholly based upon a LIE,*” of which “the annals of the world do not offer another example.” Protestants forbidden to fly and precluded from escaping, were thereby declared to have embraced the Catholic, Apostolic and *Roman* religion, because they had not quitted a kingdom (which they were prohibited and prevented from leaving), and declared punishable as *relapsed* and obstinate heretics if found worshipping according to conscience. Merciful toleration of Romanism! Contrast it with the toleration of Holland.

Turn another leaf—1745–’6—more burnings—more breakings on the wheel—more consignments to the horrors of the galleys; thirty unarmed Protestants shot dead; two or three hundred unarmed Huguenots wounded at Vernoux. Brave papal soldiers! you shot six at a village yesterday, supplicating mercy for their pastor. Tender priestly shepherds, your sheep-dogs are well broken to their duty!

Over again—1762, pastor ROCHETTE hung with every possible outrage, and the three brothers GRENIER be-

headed; eighteen days afterwards CALAS, sixty-eight years old, broken upon the wheel. Romanists you went too far there. Two of your monks declared "thus died the martyrs of old," and three years after his innocence was promulgated over his senseless corpse. Romanism actually relented so far as to declare the putrified body innocent. It was the first case, however, of such clemency we read of, even to the ashes of the dead.

One leaf more,—1815 more murders—"death to the Protestants! scourge them back to the desert!" Throw the religious history of France aside. We are done with it; it reeks of blood and half burnt flesh, shed and crisped and consumed in obedience to the popes and *their* master.

Hollander, take down from the shelves any one of the chronicles which preserve the eventful story of your race. The first acquaintance of the Free Frisons with a Roman Catholic king—Clotaire II. (584–628)—and a papal priesthood was rather discouraging. He almost exterminated the Saxons of East Frisia, Hanover and Westphalia, and caused to be beheaded all the inhabitants of those countries who exceeded in height the length of his sword. The beatified or canonized Charlemagne—whom Butler includes among the Saints, and whose feast day the papists celebrate on the 28th January—was but little more merciful. Upon one occasion he beheaded four thousand five hundred Saxons on the same spot because they preferred to be free, rather than his men, and disliked a religion whose royal apostle came among them breathing fire and slaughter, with the Holy Rood and a torch in one hand, while he brandished a sword, whose pommel was his seal, with the other. Thank Heaven the Saxo-Hollander had neither devil enough in him to become a whole souled

persecutor, nor cur and sheep enough in him to submit with patience to contumely and the knife. And so there was comparative peace and prosperity in his land, for Rome was distant, his seas stormy, and his marshes profound. Nature which denied a bulwark to the Huguenot, threw dykes and ditches around the Hollander to preserve the seed of both. But six centuries after it is sad to contemplate the change and contrast the mercy of a comparatively free intelligent *heretical* people with the royal tenderness of the "most Roman Catholic" [so first styled by that monster Alexander VI. (Borgia)] sovereign. Study his laws, not dead but living, executed laws. A. D. 1529: Obstinate heretics, if men, to die by the sword, if women, to be buried alive; relapsed heretics to be burned. These mercies however were diversified, for sometimes Protestants were drowned in tubs in secret.

A. D. 1540, increased severity, and Protestants denied the privilege of disposing of their property; A. D. 1567 ushers in the advent of Alva, and the establishment of the "Council of Troubles", or of "Blood."

In 1572, five hundred murdered in the guildhall of *Naarden*, the inmates of the hospitals for the aged, numbering eighty to a hundred years, all massacred but two, the town desolated, the inhabitants tortured to death, drowned to death:—"the cruelties practised on the women were yet more enormous." At *Zutphen* five hundred Protestants drowned in the *Yssel*. Well done, duke. Well might pope Pius V. send you an autograph letter of commendation and the *blessed* sword and hat, the highest papal rewards of the most worthy service.

The most (Roman) Catholic king had likewise reason to be satisfied. You were a jewel worthy your royal and pontifical masters' crowns. Philip outshone Caligu-

la. The old Roman wished all his people had one neck, that he might have the pleasure of severing it; the Roman Catholic condemned a whole nation to death by one comprehensive death-warrant, which only failed in execution because the power was wanting to inflict all the misery contemplated.

Louis XIV. and Philip II.,—"par nobile fratrum,"—both Jesuits taught, confessed and led, you stand pre-eminent in wickedness—the one founded a law on a lie, the other condemned (1568) a people with one stroke of the pen. No Protestant has attained that altitude of crime. That no doubt might exist of the warrant, it was re-enacted by a so styled amnesty [1569–1570] which, excepting all but a few individuals, had the effect of an edict of confirmation. Can the intent be doubted, when Alva boasted that his victims, by the hands of authorized executioners, amounted to eighteen thousand six hundred in the space of six years, while those who suffered by the casualties of battle, siege, starvation, and massacre, "defied computation."

In 1572, the siege and capture of Harlem, (hapless city!) followed by such an execution as amounted to a general massacre—two thousand put to death in cold blood during eight days after the surrender.

In 1576, during the "Spanish fury" at Antwerp, 2,500 burghers were sent to their account by shot and steel; the number of those whom the flames and sword devoured after the first butchery, "is incalculable."

In 1583, the "French fury," in the same city, renewed the same scene, to the tune of Kill! Kill! Vive the Mass!

In 1584, the murder of ~~Holland's~~ WASHINGTON, often conceived, twice attempted, finally successful, planned and rewarded by the Most (Roman) Catholic King,

approved by a Most (Roman) Catholic Viceroy, and executed by a Roman Catholic Jesuit-drilled assassin.

In 1593, the *Edict of Fuentez*, forbidding quarter, and violating every usage of civilized warfare ; in 1597, the burial alive of *Annette van der Hove*, a poor servant woman, under the supervision of a Jesuit priest ! who stood listening as her shrieks and groans welled up through the earth, stamped down over her head.— Oh, blessed toleration of the Roman pontiff and his Jesuit janizaries !

Hollander, take up another volume. The dragonnades are Romanizing France, and your forefathers tasted of the papal mercies. Can you forget the days of *Zwammerdam* and *Bodegrave*, episodes of that glorious campaign of Luxemburg, which moved the Pope (Clement X.)'s "bowels of pontifical charity,"—triumphs which involved atrocities ranging from the extreme of slicing off violated women's breasts and spicing the green wounds with pepper, salt and gunpowder, to simple murder in more or less exaggerated forms.

With all thy faults, oh *Fatherland*, no country has ever shown itself so tolerant as thou hast. Left to itself, there, there alone, Roman Catholicism waxed gentle, and in thy bosom only lingers the warmth of that purifying Jansenist fire, which Fenelon and Pascal tended until trampled out by the foot of the "Most Christian" king, he who enacted the law which was based on a lie.

And, even yet, Dutch popery, affected by the influences above, around it, the atmosphere of common sense, benevolence, and toleration, cannot altogether choke down the monstrous impiety of the Immaculate Conception.—[NEALE'S *History of the so called Jansenist Church of Holland.*]

OWEN FELLTHAM, an English moralist, high-churchman, devoted royalist and acute observer, who wrote about the middle of the seventeenth century—in his “*Three Weeks’ Observation of the Low Countries, especially Holland*, among his “*Lusoria or Occasional Pieces*,” appendices to the 12th Edition, which appeared in 1709, of his curious and instructive “*Resolves, Divine, moral and political*,” includes the *Toleration* of the people of the Seven Provinces among their vices.

His remarks are so quaint and otherwise remarkable, that although somewhat scurrilous, they seem worthy of quotation as most apposite :

“ ’Tis an University of all Religions, which grow here confusedly (like Stocks in a Nursery) without either order or pruning: If you be unsettled in your Religion, you may here try all, and take at last what you like best. If you fancy none, you have a pattern to follow of two that would be a Church by themselves.

“ ’Tis the Fair of all the Sects, where all the Pedlars of Religion have leave to vent their Toys, their Ribbands, and Phanatick Rattles. And should it be true, it were a cruel brand which *Romanists* fix upon them; for (say they) as the *Chameleon* changes into all Colours but white, so they admit of all Religions but the true: For the *Papist* only may not exercise his in Publick; yet his restraint they plead is not in hatred but justice, because the *Spaniard* abridges the *Protestant*; and they had rather shew a little Spleen, than not cry quit with their Enemy. His act is their Warrant, which they retaliate justly.”

“ Now albeit the *Papists* do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless Toleration, which shews they place their Republick in a higher esteem than Heaven itself; and had rather cross upon God

than it. For whosoever disturbs the Civil Government is liable to punishment; but the Decrees of Heaven and Sanctions of the Deity, any one may break uncheck'd, by professing what false Religion he please. So Consular Rome of old brought all the stragling Gods of other Nations to the City, where blinded Superstition paid an Adoration to them."

☞ "You would think, being with them, you were in old *Israel*, for you find not a Beggar among them. Nor are they mindful of their Own alone; but Strangers also partake of their Care and Bounty. If they will depart, they have Money for their Convoy. If they stay, they have Work provided. If unable, they find an Hospital. * * *

* * * And lest Necessity bereave Men of Means to set them on work, there are publick Banks, that (without use) lend upon Pawns to all the Poor that want." * * *

Beneath the ægis of the Hollandish (Saxo-Menapian-Frison) commonwealth, Jew and Gentile, all persuasions, found toleration, peace, prosperity, and plenty. Beneath the cross-keys of the sovereign pontiff, in 1859, no Protestant community can build a church or worship God in public; and dungeons, torments, secret ovens, in place of public bonfires, punish the daring man or woman who presumes to worship God in spirit and in truth; and—think—a little boy—a child—is kidnapped for conversion (!) in the city of the pope! HUGENOT and Hollander, contrast, reflect, and never, never, NEVER allow your children to forget.—

The Saxo-Menapian taught the world a lesson of tolerance and sympathy sixteen centuries ago, his descendants cherished the sacred inheritance of charity and freedom; their children, in a new, far distant

land, bask in their memories, and glory in them, as the African, in the blaze of his torrid sun.

* * * * *

Having thus indulged in an episode or comparison between the toleration of Papal France and Spain and so called heretical Holland—between Romanist mercy and Protestant forbearance,—let us finish the examination in regard to the Habitat of the ancient MENAPII, and then conclude the historical sketch of the Saxon Forefathers of the maritime Netherlanders.

“*Ploutaioi de Μεναπιοι, τον εκβαλον eph hekatera tou potamou, katoikountes hele kai dromous*,” writes Strabo. (first century B. C.,) according to Malte-Brun, the first geographer of antiquity. “ULTIMI SUNT MENAPIIOI OSTIORUM EX UTRAQUE RIPA FLUMINIS (RHENI) ACCOLENTES (OR HABITANTES) PALUDES ET SALTUS (SYLVAS HUMILES).”

“The most remote people are the *Menapii*, at the *mouths* [plural] of the *Rhine*, inhabiting the marshes and uncultivated woodlands, used for pasture [parks or oak-openings] [“AD MARE”] upon the ocean”!

In conclusion—“SUPPLEMENTUM SUPPLEMENTI CHRONICORUM”—“*Zelandia quoque alia est, inquit, in Germania inferiore, Provincia ad Septentrionem et Occidentem versa, quæ potius insula Rheni dici potest.*”

ÆNEAS SILVIUS PICCOLOMINAUS [PIUS II., 1405–1464]—in his Commentaries on the Achievements of the Elector-Palatine, Frederic III. [1458]—“*Ultimi, inquit, Germanorum ad Septentrionem et Occidentem versi, Zelandini sunt; Insulares populi, Rheni Ostiis objecti* [directly opposite to the mouths of the Rhine], *inter quos præcipui Mittelburgenses habentur.*”

PROBATUM EST!

“Just across the North Sea”—is the noble confession of a delightful contributor to the Atlantic Magazine of

October, 1858—"over the low sand-dykes of Holland, scarce higher than a ship's bulwarks, looked a race whom the spleeny wits of other nations declared to be born web-footed. Yet, their sails were found in every sea, and, like resolute merchants, as they were, they left to others the glory, while they did the world's carrying. Their impress upon the sea-language was neither faint nor slight. They were true marines, and from Manhattan Island to utmost Japan, the brown, bright sides, full bows, and bulwarks, tumbling home, of the Dutchman, were familiar as the sea-gulls. Underneath their clumsy-looking upper-works, the lines were true and sharp; and but the other day, when the world's clippers were stooping their lithe race-horse-like forms to the seas in the great ocean sweepstakes, the fleetest of all was—a DUTCHMAN."

"Without diminishing the glory of Cabot in maritime exploration, to the navigators of Holland is due the credit of first carefully surveying our whole Atlantic coast, and minutely mapping that part of it from Cape Cod to Henlopen." !

"The nautical enterprise and the abundant maritime resources of the Dutch, *whose navy* (according to Sir Walter Raleigh,) *numbered ten ships to one for that of England*, gave them pre-eminent advantages over all other nations in examining the indented coast of the whole Atlantic seaboard of America, and selecting the most eligible points for such colonies as they chose to plant." !

"At a later day, *one Dutch commercial establishment alone*, without the aid of the Provincial or Federal government of the United Provinces, *could equip a fleet of fifty sail of the line, without building a single vessel.* Dutch words still supply half the technical terms used on ship-board." !

“The United Provinces,” cries FELLTHAM, are “Together, a Man of War, riding at Anchor in the Downs of *Germany*.”

“They are, in a manner, all *Aquaticles*, and therefore the Spaniard calls them Water-Dogs. To this, though you need not condescend, yet withal you may think they can catch you a Duck as soon. Seaguls do not swim more readily, nor *Moor-hens* (Menapian-Morini) from their Nest, run sooner to the Water. Everything is so made to swim among them, as it is a question if *Elizeus* his Ax were now floating there, it would be taken for a Miracle.”

“Their Natives are the whip of Spain, or the Arm wherewith they pull away his *Indies*. Nature hath not made them so active for the Land as some others: but at Sea they are Water-devils, to attempt things incredible.”

“Almost all among them are Seamen born, and like Frogs can live both on Land and Water. Not a Country Vriester but can handle an Oar, steer a Boat, raise a Mast, and bear you out in the roughest straits you come in. She avouches the Ship much better for Sleep than a Bed.”

“In 1607, they assailed the *Armado* of Spain, in the Bay of *Gibraltar*, under the covert of the Castle and Towns *Ordinance*, and with the loss of 150, slew above 2,000, and ruined the whole Fleet. Certainly a bolder Attempt hath ever scarce been done. The *Indian* Mastiff never was more fierce against the angry Lion. Nor can the Cock, in his crowing valour, become more prodigal of his Blood than they.”

☞ “Their Language, though it differ from the higher *Germany*, yet hath it the same ground, and is as old as *Babel*. And albeit harsh, yet so lofty and full a Tongue, as made *Goropius Becanus* maintain it

for the speech of *Adam* in his Paradise. And surely, if there were not other reasons against it, the significance of the Antient *Teutonic* might carry it from the primest Dialect. *Stevin*, of *Bruges*, reckons up 2170 Monosyllables, which, being compounded, how richly do they grace a Tongue? A tongue that for the general profession is extended further than any that I know. Through both the *Germanies*, *Denmark*, *Norway*, *Sweden*, and sometimes *France*, *England*, *Spain*. And still among us all our old words are *Dutch*, with yet so little change, that certainly it is in a manner the same that it was 2000 Years ago, without the too much mingled borrowings of their neighbour-Nations."

* * * * *

But higher, higher far than any praise the fondest Hollander or *Knikkerbakker* has lavished on the Fatherland, soar the aspirations of *Mons. de Grave*, who was born at *Ursel*, about twelve miles W. N. W. of *Ghent*, in the department of the *Schelde*, was educated at the university of *Louvain*, occupied a prominent position in the administration of his country, and died on the 30th day of July, 1805. Among other works highly praised for their research, he was the author of an Introduction to the History of the Ancient World, which, embodied therein, serves as a preface or exordium to a Treatise, in three volumes, 12 mo., whose extraordinary contents are shadowed forth on the title page, which discovers that however high we rate the Hollandish and Zeelandish (*MENAPIAN*) influence, others have assigned to it as much wider a range and loftier an elevation as the flight of an arrow is transcended by the parable of a cannon-ball or even the volitation of a meteor.

That it may speak for itself we quote and translate THE REPUBLIC OF THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, or the ANCIENT WORLD, a work in which is chiefly demonstrated; that the *Elysian Fields* and *Tartarus* or Hades (*Enfer*) of the ancients, are the names of an ancient republic of just and religious men, situated at the northern extremity of *Gaul*, and especially in the islands of the *Lower Rhine* (Maas-Scheldic Archipelago);

That this *Hades* was the principal sanctuary of the initiation to the *Mysteries*, and that *Ulysses* was initiated there. [Bear in mind the previous remarks, page 119, in regard to *Vlissingen*, (Flushing,) the “entering in of Ulysses” or U (V anciently) LISSES];

That the (allegoric) goddess *Circe* is the symbol of the Elysian worship (*Eglise*);

That this Elysium was the cradle of the arts, sciences and mythology;

That the *Elysians*, thus styled—[or named according to other accounts *Atlantes*, (Atlantides,) inhabitants of the celebrated island or seven sacred islands in the Atlantic ocean, over against the *Pillars of Hercules* (in the island of *Walcheren*?) whence the world derived its philosophy and religion—(RUDBECK, in his *Atlantica* (Atland eller Manheim) locates the *Atlantis* in Sweden)—Hyperboreans—(BAILLEY, in his *Lettres sur l'Atlantide de Plato*, places *Atlantis* and the cradle of the human race, in the farthest regions of the North, and seeks to connect the *Atlantides* with the last named, far famed Hyperboreans)—Cimmerians—(Cimbri)—(Consult ANTHON'S *Lempriere*),]—civilized the nations of antiquity, including the Egyptians and Greeks;

That the fabulous gods are no more than emblems of the social institutions of the Elysian commonwealth;

That the celestial vault is the chart or picture (*tab-*

leau) of the institutions and of the philosophy of the Atlantean legislators ;

That the celestial eagle is the emblem of the founders of the Gallic nation ;

That the poets HOMER and HESIOD were natives of *Belgica*, [Zeeland and Flanders, (Flamengant or Flambigant) (MENAPIA)].

The posthumous work of M : CHARLES JOSEPH DE GRAVE, Senior Counsellor of the Council of Flanders, Member of the Council of the Ancients, &c.

Veterum volvens monumenta Deorum,
O Patria! O divum Genus! .

Issued at *Ghent* from the Publishing house of F. DE GOESIN-VERHÆGHE, No. 229 Hauteporte street, 1806."

There!—

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*	*	*	*	*	*

Cæsar's Campaigns against the Menapii.

A little more than a half century before the Advent of our blessed Redeemer, JULIUS CÆSAR had almost completed the conquest of all that territory which is now embraced in the empire of France. The Nervii—that magnificent race of warriors, whose terribly-imposing aspect had wrung tears, akin to terror, from his veteran soldiers and officers—whose baptism of fire had been by immersion rather than by the mere sprinkling of blood—had been smitten and crushed beneath the Juggernautic wheels of Roman discipline. The firm land was his; and even the ocean had, in a measure, been subjected to the might of valor, rendered almost supernatural by science and method.

The Atlantic Veneti,* worthy namesakes of the subsequent Adriatic Venetians—like them such wondrous

*Department of Morbihan, Southwest Brittany.—Vide CÆSAR'S Wars in Gaul, iii : 16.

mariners—who had ranged as masters the stormy Bay of Biscay (*Sinus Aquitanicus*), ruled upon the western coasts of Gaul, and almost monopolized the commerce of Britain—had been overcome upon that fickle element which in the end betrayed them; since subsiding into a calm, at the moment supreme, it permitted CÆSAR'S fair-weather seamen (in lighter galleys, rendered swifter by superior numbers of provincial rowers) to out-manceuvre their lofty war-ships, built not so much for speed as to battle with the tempest and the billows. It was a type of the victory of steam over sails, and foreshadowed the result of any future contest between steamers and sailing vessels. In this fatal maritime campaign, the Romans first became acquainted with the name and power of the *Menapii*, who had despatched a squadron, of strength unknown, to the assistance of the Venetian coalition.

His appetite for conquest stimulated rather than slaked by over two years of such slaughter as the most ambitious war-chief revels in but once in the lapse of centuries—

“ ’Twas in a summer's evening,” from “his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii,”—

CÆSAR [(B. C. 56,) after his crowning victory over the confederate peoples of Belgic or Germanic Gaul, comprising, among others, the *Menapii* and *Morini*, at *Prele* (*Presle*, three miles south by east, and above *Chatelet*, on the *Sambre*, 18 miles west-south-west of *Namur*,)] looked down upon that leafy sea of the Carbonarian and Arduennan forests, whose adjacent verdant undulations were lost in the distant azure undulations of the sea. As far as the eye could reach, morasses and uncultivated tracts of woodland—the higher grounds clothed with towering oaks, the lower with a tangled, thorny wilderness of short and dense but less

lofty trees—stretched out before him, whose labyrinthine passages, by land and water, wound through the dark luxuriance of vegetation.

Behind that wavy screen which extended from the Eystian Mountains, near Aix-la-Chapelle, to the Channel, below Boulogne, lay fertile fields and pleasant homesteads, pastures stocked with flocks and herds, and flowing with milk and honey,—the home of a free, commercial and agricultural race. Within the encompassing bulwarks of their marshy deserts and forest wildernesses they developed the resources of their scanty lands by the application of transmarine fertilizing agents, and to the subsistence afforded by a precarious agriculture added the resources of a limited but noted cloth-manufacture and primitive commerce. Of all the Celtic and Germanic tribes and peoples of Gaul and Germania Inferior, the *Menapii* and *Menapian-Morini* alone remained unconquered. They had dared to league themselves against his armies, they had sent their vessels to the assistance of the Veneti, and they still disdained to implore the clemency of CÆSAR, and defied him by sheltering those under the ban of his displeasure, who had sought an asylum in their marshland, forest citadels.

At length the Romans, after seven centuries of expanding conquest, looked in the face, for the first time, the true *Saxon*—pausing, as it were, on a congenial soil, after so many centuries of migration from his starting point upon the plains of Shinar. The Roman advanced northward, fearful and gorgeous in the perfection of his military preparation, upon whose glittering harness played the light of a glory as yet without eclipse: the *Saxon* moved westward and southward, splendid in the martial manhood of fearless freedom, around which shone the halo of natural intellectuality.

It was the first meeting on Freedom's ground of the Man of the South and the Man of the North ; the Man or Hero-worshipper and the (One-Supreme- or All-Father-) God-worshipper.

Even as the king of birds rends the air with his screams to appall his prey before he stoops upon it, so the imperial eagle made the forests resound with his menaces, hoping his new antagonist would quail, as all others hitherto had blenched at his war-cries. Not so! the scream was answered by that sullen roar of defiance with which the Lion of Holland has ever welcomed to his fangs all who have ventured upon his beat in the attitude of a foeman or oppressor.

Finding that neither the imposing display of his strength could shake their determination, nor his menaces dismay their leaders, nor the fate of more numerous and powerful nations strike terror to the souls of these people, CÆSAR, supposing the enterprise was trifling in comparison to those he had brought to a successful issue, resolved to employ the remaining season adapted to military operations, in the conquest or extermination of the *Menapii* and *Morini*. His pride rendered him indignant that two nations so inferior to the *Nervi* in population and resources, should presume to oppose a vigorous resistance to his arms. Accordingly, in the early autumn he entered the southernmost territory of the *Morini*, which corresponds to the *Hennegau* (*Hainault* ?) or that part of *Artois* which lies about *Hesdin*.

The *Menapii* and *Morini*, however, had profited by what they had seen occurring beyond their frontier. They had learned that it was hopeless to attempt to cope with the tactics and discipline of the Romans. Saxon or true German in the temper of their minds in as great a degree as in their bodies, they deliberated

before they resolved, and determined not to adventure their untrained valor against the disciplined might of the invaders, but to wear them out by surprises, sudden attacks and ambuscades, obstructing and disconcerting their marches by a combination of skillful stratagems and enterprising partisan warfare.

CÆSAR, perceiving that he could neither enveigle nor drive his opponents from their impenetrable fastnesses, conceived the astonishing project of cutting down the immense forests which covered the greater part of the country; that is to say, from the frontier of *Artois* to the confines of *Flanders*, throughout a district embracing at least twenty-five hundred square miles. After such a conception we cannot believe that this region was covered by forests such as we behold around us; doubtless a great part was mere jungle, interspersed with holts or groves of trees; but still, it was an undertaking which has no parallel, except in those Russo-Caucasian campaigns, in which, by the order of the Emperor Nicholas—as we are informed by travelers—enormous forests were leveled with the axe, to deprive the Circassians of their cover and retreats.

The difficulties of this Herculean enterprise gradually yielded to the disciplined labor of the legions, and already the frontier villages and settlements had fallen a prey to military license and the flames, when CÆSAR beheld, to his extreme astonishment and even shame, denser, vaster forests rising beyond the districts upon which he had exhausted the horrors of pillage, slaughter, and destruction. New and mightier sylvan lines of defence received within their natural stockades the retiring defenders, and he was obliged to halt amid the smoking embers, which, not in vain, had appealed to Fortune against her favorite. He had calculated that before the favorable weather terminated he could have

overcome these petty nations, whose weakness he despised. Those bitter, sleety tempests, urging in upon the land the desolating surges, from which, combined, the country before him is said to have derived its name of *Dol-lanen* or *Flanders*, disconcerted even the legions accustomed to confront with equal hardihood the torrid sun and wintry cold. Floods of icy rains, mingled with snow, poured down upon the Romans, deprived of shelter by their very barbarous mode of warfare; and, destitute of tents, provisions, and the means of transport, they were obliged to give ground to irresistible enemies—a tempestuous season and an insupportable climate. Thus baffled and humiliated, CÆSAR led back his legions into winter-quarters.

One advantage, however, resulted from his operations. The country laid waste was opened to a new invasion, and the MORINI, of Celtic rather than of Saxon or German lineage, losing heart at the spectacle of their desolated country, made their submission during the winter. Reduced to slavery, our story has nothing farther to do with them; but following the fortunes of the *Flemish* or MENAPIAN-MORINI, continues the recital of their indomitable efforts for resistance. The next year (B. C. 55), immediately before sailing for the conquest of Britain, CÆSAR detached two of his lieutenants, SABINUS and COTTA, to effect their subjugation. Favored by the season, they invaded the frontier cantons (*Pagi*) of the Flemish allies and forced them back, it would appear, beyond the outer lines of their marshes and forests.

Immediately upon his return from England, CÆSAR despatched his favorite Lieutenant, LABIENUS, against them, at the head of three of his veteran legions—constituting a force which must have comprised, besides a vast number of tributary auxiliaries, from twen-

ty-seven to thirty thousand of the finest troops in the world. SABINUS and COTTA seconded his operations, and thus two petty confederate nations, which, at the beginning of the war, could muster only thirty-four thousand combatants (of whom, originally, twenty-five thousand were MORINI, who, meanwhile, for the greater part had given in their submission,) found themselves assailed from the south and east by triple numbers of veteran troops.

This was the fourth year of CÆSAR'S Gallic War (B. C. 54), and proved most unfortunate for the confederates. The summer had been dry, and the drought had in a great measure deprived the *Flemish* MORINI of the protection of their marshes, so that they were compelled to fall back before LABIENUS still farther to the northwards, within that "seaky" land which could not be affected by the season.* SABINUS and COTTA likewise enjoyed a partial success. Their efforts had been directed against the *Menapii* proper, more towards the interior, whose territories were laid waste with fire and sword. Nevertheless, although their crops had been destroyed and their habitations plundered, the people themselves were undaunted and unsubdued, and, taking refuge within their impenetrable forests, determined to exhaust every available resource, and exert their utmost efforts to repulse the odious yoke of their cruel enemy. And thus, at the expense of their frontier cantons, their country's natural outworks, they

*As may be readily supposed, a very far greater portion of ancient *Flan-*
ders was then under water than is now submerged. For instance BERTIUS informs us that the name of the MORINI was derived by some from a lake so large that it was called by the inhabitants *Moer* (Mœre)—whence *Mere* a large pond or lake—a *Saxon* or *Flemish* rather than a *Celtic* word, signifying the "Sea"—which stretched from Furnes to Winoxberga [*Bergues*, formerly, *Berg St. Venox*] once surrounded by the saline waters of the *Mare* and insalubrious marshes now entirely drained.

preserved the integrity of their home penetralia ; and the winter (B. C. 54-53) found them suffering the same extremities which glorified WASHINGTON'S winter quarters (1777-'8) at *Valley-Forge*.

Next year (B. C. 53), CÆSAR, in person, undertook to accomplish their subjugation. The preceding winter, the Nervii, Atuatici and Menapii, together with all the other tribes of German extraction, had formed a league against him. A winter campaign shattered and impoverished the Nervii, and dissolved the league, but did not subdue or triumph over the constancy of the Menapii. They alone, of all the nations between the *Rhine* and *Seine*, had never sought to propitiate him, and, notwithstanding the most strenuous endeavors of his ablest lieutenants, were still defiant and in arms. So little did they fear him that they not only sent no ambassadors to solicit a truce or negotiate a peace, but openly acknowledged themselves the allies of his enemy AMBIORIX, king of the Eburones.

In fact, the sagacious AMBIORIX was well aware that in case of utter defeat, he must depend for ultimate safety on the friendship of the Menapii, who would afford him a retreat in their inaccessible marshes and islands, and of the TREVIRI, farther to the east, who could facilitate his escape into Germany.

Having assigned to LABIENUS the duty of chastising the latter, CÆSAR marched against the former with five legions and the whole of his cavalry. Consider the inequality of the pending struggle. CÆSAR estimated the enemy's force at nine thousand fighting men ; CLUVERIUS, who furnishes the highest estimate of their strength, sets it down at seventeen thousand. The great JULIUS deemed it necessary to match from forty-five to sixty thousand perfect soldiers, whose bodies were clad in mail of proof, while their souls were pan-

plied by centuries of victory, against this undisciplined nation, naked in the sense of armor and innocent of war as a science.

The *Menapii*, convinced at the first by their common sense, and confirmed in their resolution by experience, that they could not meet the perfectly armed and instructed legionaries in the open field, resorted to that successful people's war, whose sequel was still more glorious than the headlong, "ferocious but unfortunate patriotism" of the *Nervi*. Having divided his forces, overwhelming in numbers and preparation, into three divisions, in order to assail them simultaneously at every accessible point, CÆSAR assigned the first to his Lieutenant, C. FABIUS, the second to his Quæstor, M. CRASSUS, and reserved the third for himself. Then, having sent the baggage of his whole army to LABIENUS—acting with his division against the *Treviri*—unincumbered and relieved of the greatest impediments to expeditious operations, he moved, as he expected, irresistibly against the *Menapii*. At his approach, these—either trusting to the inaccessibility of their country, or unable, in consequence of the rapidity of his advance, to assemble their forces, or distracted by the triple assault and sudden invasion on three points at once—retired deeper into their forests and morasses, carrying all their movable property with them—perhaps, even into the Maas-Scheldic Archipelago, then much more comprehensive than at present, and extending to *Meldi* (*Maldegheem*?) and the *Portus Æpatici*,* (12 miles NNW. of *Bruges*?) both near (?) *Ostende*. What Cæsar accomplished after such over-

*D'ANVILLE located the *Portus Æpatici* (us) at *Scarphont*, a port between *Ostend* and *Sluys*, which was swallowed up by the sea in 1884; *Blankenburg*, however, occupies near about the same site.

whelming preparations, neither his nor any other history informs us. He tells us that having speedily completed his military bridges, he entered the country of the *Menapii* in three columns, burned their houses and villages, and swept off such numbers of men and cattle that they were at length compelled to sue for peace, which, thereupon, he granted, on condition that they delivered hostages and bound themselves not to permit Ambiorix; or any of his emissaries to enter, or take refuge, in their country. Having thus accommodated matters to his satisfaction he withdrew, threatening to treat them as enemies—which must mean, to exterminate them, for he had committed every other possible act of hostility—if they violated these conditions. In the meanwhile Commius, the Abrebatian king at this time, one of Cæsar's traitor tools against his own race, afterwards his enterprising opponent, was left with a strong body of cavalry to observe their movements and keep them in awe.

Such is the plain, unvarnished tale of the chief actor and of the sole record of this war. DEWEZ, led astray by fancy, indulges in details for which he can produce no authority. He would have us to believe that the Romans facilitated their invasion and subsequent movements by bridges thrown across the Schelde, and that the *Menapians*, not having had time to concentrate their troops, could neither frustrate their enterprises nor arrest their progress; that the three Roman columns marked each step of their advance with conflagration and devastation; and that the flames which devoured in succession each settlement and village they had occupied, served as monstrous bale-fires, to announce their farther advance; that the miserable inhabitants who fled before them and were unable to escape the lively pursuit of their light troops and cav-

alry, were offered the desperate alternatives of death or slavery; and that the remnant who escaped the destroying steel and the devouring flame had but one resource—an unconditional submission to the Roman yoke. Unfortunately, this graphic and touching description has no records to corroborate it. That smiling, cultivated tracts, were transformed into horrent wastes Cæsar himself informs us. Beyond these inevitable consequences of Roman invasion, all is vague. A close examination of facts will convince the unprejudiced that although the extremities of *Menapia* suffered dreadfully, the heart of the country escaped, and did not succumb.

First: Cæsar tells us that the Maas-Scheldic Archipelago was for the most part inhabited by fierce and barbarous nations, reported to feed only on fish and the eggs of firds. Pliny and Servius, (XVth century, a famous commentator upon Virgil,) tautologized his errors, or assumptions, or worse. Would it not be ridiculous to suppose that such a people were capable of building war-ships worthy to be esteemed a valuable auxiliary force by a maritime nation like the Veneti, or merchant ships capable of navigating tempestuous seas! Language so indefinite of itself is the best evidence that Cæsar never penetrated into Modern *Zeeland* and West or Maritime *Flanders*.

Second: The statements of Cæsar and Pliny, that the Flemish "coast was neither inhabited nor habitable," was entirely fallacious, if not intentionally untrue, to conceal defeat and ignorance. Modern investigations, particularly the discovery of great numbers of ancient earthen vessels, dug up all along the shore from Dunkirk to Bruges, determine that the sea has not gained here, and that the coast line is the same, or nearly the same, that it was eighteen centuries ago.

Third: No writer of antiquity affords us the slightest reason to suppose that Cæsar's, or any other ancient Roman army possessed a pontoon train, or knew how—militarily speaking—to throw a bridge of boats across a large and boisterous river. Cæsar's bridge across the Rhine was what engineers style a trestle bridge, requiring time and mechanical appliances for its construction across a wide, deep and rapid stream. He assures us that upon his last invasion of *Menapia* he left all his baggage behind, which must imply his military wagons. Even had he attempted, at the outset, to carry these with him, he would soon have been compelled to abandon them, for, to a certainty, no roads existed in Flanders. Its lowlands were almost inaccessible, and traversed only by a few scarcely passable foot-paths (*vix structis quibusdam semitis permeabilis*.—BERTIUS)—to such a degree indeed that upwards of a century afterwards North-western Flanders was known as *Avia Belgarum*, that is the “impassable places” of the Belgæ or districts only intersected by “by-paths.”

Again—what a large space in his Commentaries Cæsar devotes to his bridge across the Rhine! Had he in like manner passed the Menapian rivers—he does not mention the name of a single stream which his armies overcame in their progress of devastating fury—would he have been silent as to such achievements as the bridging or passing of either branch or arm of the Schelde or Maas; labors whose danger and difficulty would be no mean triumphs for modern engineering. That he passed the dull stream of the *Aa*—which flows by *St. Omer* and at *Gravelines* steals into the North Sea, and constituted the Southern boundary of the *Menapii* at the time of his invasion—or the shallow, contracted head-waters and tributaries of the

Maas and Schelde, is very likely, and needs no counter-argument; but when once his admirers claim a much farther advance, their history resolves itself at once into an historical romance. We find a town or settlement of the **Menapii**, bearing their name, a little to the west of north, and in the latitude of Namur, whose destruction may be the triumph on which superficial historians predicate the success of his invasion. If that be the point he refers to, it must have been their farthest southern frontier settlement.

Fourth: **EYNDIUS**—whose studies are marvelously exact and extensive—assures us that neither **LABIENUS**, with three legions, first or last, nor **CÆSAR**, with upwards of five, accomplished anything of importance against the **MENAPII**, nor did either of them make their way into any of the districts washed by the confluent estuaries of the *Schelde* and *Maas*. **TACITUS** affords us a testimony too glorious for omission here or at any time—an admission applied by **FELLTHAM** to the people of the Low Countries, as well as the other true Germans—that they were rather triumphed over than conquered by the Romans.

“Triumphati magis quam victi sunt.”

“B. C. 56,” to translate **FREDERIC**, Baron de **RIEFFENBURG**, in his *Resume de l'Histoire des Pays Bas*, “the **MORINI** and **Menapii** were the only members of the league who had not asked for peace. They were only defeated (*domptes*) the third year. But it does not appear, even from that, that the Romans penetrated into Maritime Flanders.”

Fifth: The record cannot be construed so as to read that **LABIENUS** (who, in a subsequent campaign against the *Eburones*, was sent with three legions towards the seacoast and the provinces *that border on the MENAPIANS*,) penetrated into the country, which, ^{all} re-

liable histories assign to that race to which CARAUSIUS, the hero of this story, belonged.

Finally, LONG closes his article on the MENAPII with an observation that "it is very probable Cæsar never advanced into the interior of Flanders."

Of the five *Pagi* (Gaumen) of German origin, who occupied Belgic or German Gaul at his era, that illustrious commander and commentator, Cæsar, records the fate of four with unmistakable and sad distinctness. The first in order, the EBURONES, were extirpated (highly probable); the TUNGRI, new-comers, afterwards occupied the charnel-house of their nation: the second, the TREVIRI, were effectually subdued (likewise plausible), and some modern writers maintain that they eventually lost all their original territory: the third, the NERVII, perished in the one great battle at *Prele*, (doubtful, as we shall see): the fourth, the ATUATICI, were annihilated by the sword or extinguished by deportation into slavery (demonstrable): while the fifth, alone, the *Μενάπιοι*, continued to exist and flourish. They are never mentioned in language which can be tortured into an assertion that they were either brought under the Roman yoke or effectually conquered—while the vagueness of Cæsar's Commentaries affords us not the slightest data to prove that the great JULIUS, in any one of his attempts at invasion, in the course of three years or campaigns, penetrated or set foot, either in person or by deputy, in that district which constituted their habitat proper. (See pages 91, 98,—'9, 109—'10, *supra*.)

But even had Cæsar declared that he had utterly destroyed them, it would have by no means followed that such was indisputably the fact, for his sword was far more reliable than his pen in determining the fate of a nation. Consider how he contradicts himself with

regard to the NERVII. First, he states that of the Nervii, but five hundred capable of bearing arms remained alive, after the battle on the banks of the *Sambre* (B. C. 57,) ; nevertheless, three years afterwards, (B. C. 54,) we find them, by his own admission, once more in arms and in alliance with the Eburones; the next year, (B. C. 53,) according to his authority, they rose again, and the year after, (B. C. 52,) they sent five thousand men to the relief of *Alesia*. Moreover, in the days of Pliny, the free Nervians (*Nervii Liberi*) were exempt from taxes, and retained their own internal government in their ancient seats, the diocese of *Cambrai*, rather larger than the subsequent province of that name. And, stranger to relate, LONG deems it probable the Romans had not fully reduced their country in the days of Pliny, a century after Cæsar assures us of their subjugation, nay complete destruction.

Whatever feats of heroism, whatever patriotic sacrifices, characterized the MENAPIANS' resistance to the Romans, has never been recorded, and never can be revealed. Their struggle may have rivalled that terrific combat, of eighty years, between their descendants and the tyrannous Spaniards, the most glorious effort of liberty-loving people which history presents for our wonder and imitation. The contest of the Greeks and Persians live in our school books. Marathon, Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Plataea, are household words; the Guerrilla warfare of Sertorius has found historians in every tongue; the fate of Carthage appeals to our sympathies in every variety of touching verse and sober prose; but of the first Menapian struggle for freedom we have nothing. Alas! even as the *Dutch* of the New Netherlands had their story told by an antagonistic, grasping, astute race, even so the *Dutch* of ancient days found their historians only

in the ranks of those who coveted their territory, their persons, and their honor, and failed to win either by fraud or force. Be it our duty to rescue it from oblivion, by proving and recording their success, if no more. We have the history of Persia, Greece, Rome, Carthage, centuries before we hear of the **MENAPIAN** name ; but of these, the ancient Zeelanders and South Hollanders, we know nothing farther than through their humanizing influences, and the glorious fact of their maintaining themselves free, where we first recognize their descendants as an honored and wealthy people. The graphic, profound and agreeable **MOTLEY**, who ignores the value and almost the presence of the Menapian element, nevertheless admits that the Zeeland and South Holland Archipelago was unknown to the Romans, and what was unknown could not have been conquered.

DEWEZ (whose investigations have exhausted the ancient and mediæval authorities, but who is, unfortunately, prone to very erroneous deductions when he trusts to his own judgment, and deserts the beaten way) would lead us to suppose that he had reason to believe that when the miserable remnant of the Eburones were flying for their lives to the impervious thickets of the (Flemish) marshes, and to the Maas-Scheldic islands, that they found their way into the Zeeland Archipelago, of which they thus became the first inhabitants. Were it at all probable that this territory had been previously unoccupied by man—which we know to be untrue—for the Greeks, and the Cimbri, and the Teutones, had settled and improved it more than one or two centuries before—it is utterly impossible that the **Menapii** could have neglected such an asylum, had Cæsar in reality expelled them from their Belgic domains. Recalling the fact that the **Menapii** more than once sheltered those driven forth from their

homes by the assaults of the world's conquerors or persecutors, as well as of savage nations, it is by no means unlikely that they received with open arms a cognate race, who had experienced the same miseries they had suffered, although in a less degree. This would assimilate the origin of the Zeelandic commonwealth to that of Venice, settled just five centuries afterwards by those who fled from the sword of Attila and his Huns; nor would the resemblance terminate with its first phase. In the same degree that the pulsation (*Marea*) of "the Adriatic feebly imitates the tides of the [German] Ocean," the influence, wealth and dominion of its hundred islands may compare with the authority, opulence and world-wide acquisitions of the Maas-Scheldic Archipelago, as much more enduring, magnificent and potential as the tide-wave of the Atlantic exceeds in extent and volume the feeble throb of that arm of the Midland Sea.

Several other tribes are reported to have been received as immigrants, or to have been adopted as members into the Menapian Confederation. Thus the GUGERNI are said to have been settled by Tiberius [B. C. 8], and the UBI and SICAMBRI by Agrippa [B. C. 38], in the Rhenish provinces of the Menapii. Previously to this [B. C. 56], the USIPETES and TENCHTERI, celebrated for their excellent cavalry, had forcibly possessed themselves of a portion of the same territory. But all these, as well as several minor tribes, were driven westward not by inclination but by the persecution of more savage and numerous races in their rear. Their movements were dictated by the pressure of the inexorable SUEVI, and they were doubtless admitted, however unwillingly, into the Menapian coalition, in the same way that Sardinia receives daily accessions of population through the insupportable tyranny of

neighboring governments; accessions acquiesced in by that politic yielding to circumstances, which characterizes the sagacious internal system of Great Britain, and converts an element of discord into a principle of order, and even of strength.

* * * * *

According to Cæsar, the first acquaintance of the *Menapii* with the *USIPETES* and *TENCHTERI* was anything but amicable or agreeable. The latter, having been expelled from their homes by the *SUEVI*, after three years wanderings westward through the savage, primeval wildernesses of Germany, emerged at length upon the eastern bank of the Rhine, where the *Menapii* had cleared up the land, brought it under cultivation, constructed villages, and established their primitive homesteads. Startled, as they might well have been, by this unexpected inundation of a prodigious multitude, driven upon them at the point of the sword, and surging on under the irresistible impulse of suffering and starvation, the *Menapii* abandoned their improvements, took refuge in their boats and vessels, retreated across the river, and lined the western bank with troops to oppose the passage of the desperate enemy. The new-comers, having soon exhausted the plundered provender, which stimulated rather than satisfied their wants, tried every expedient to make good their way into the inviting district beyond the river,—doubly inviting after their privations. Destitute of shipping—for the *Menapii* had removed all theirs to the left shore—they could accomplish nothing against the vigilant ward and valor of the detachments disposed for the defence of their Belgic homes. Suddenly, acting in accordance with a strategy almost too refined to believe of a barbarous race, the enemy disappeared, and the *Menapii* returned to re-occupy

the domains, of which they had been so unceremoniously dispossessed. The USIPETES and TENCHTERI, however, had only counterfeited a retreat, and after three days' journeying, whose precipitation completely deceived the scouts sent out after them to ascertain their movements, their cavalry, for which the TENCHTERI were particularly conspicuous, retraced their steps, recovered, by a forced march, in one night, the whole space which, having decamped, they had consumed three days in traversing, and overpowered the Menapii, neither dreaming of such a re-appearance nor prepared to resist it. Having slaughtered the inhabitants and become masters of the shipping, which had brought the settlers back across the river, the invaders passed the Rhine before the Menapii on the Belgic territory had time to concentrate, or even, perhaps, receive intelligence of their inroad. Once in possession of the Menapian (frontier ?) settlements, the foreigners supported themselves during the ensuing winter (B. C. 56–55) on the provisions they found therein and had thus summarily appropriated to themselves. How the sanguinary war—which must have resulted were this true—terminated, Cæsar does not deign to relate, but here concludes his narrative. With only these facts before us, as the story seems apocryphal, and since it has nothing to do with the unity or thread of our story, a farther investigation is unnecessary.

* * * * *

But the reader should bear in mind that he must judge for himself, and that modern investigations are daily disproving the unreliableness of the assurances of Roman historians, who never paused at a falsehood to gloss over the crimes, defeats and failures of their leaders and countrymen. Moreover, accidental or intentional excavations are every year revealing facts which

overthrow theories that seemed to have been built upon the surest foundations. For instance, at *Tournai*, Roman medals of the reigns of Augustus, [1st Century,] Claudius Gothicus, Tetricus, [3d Century,] and even of later date ; silver coins, displaying on one side a mailed head, and on the other an armed horseman ; and in 1653 the tomb of Childeric I., who died A. D. 482, containing a vast quantity of gold and silver medals and other curiosities, among others, that monarch's golden ring, subscribed with his name ; likewise more than three hundred little golden bees, which, as Emperor of the revived French (*Frank*) empire, Napoleon adopted as his armorial emblems, and emblazoned upon his imperial robes and banners—these and similar discoveries, at various places and different times, in Belgium, show how little we know of the Roman history of this country. Rest assured, that Cæsar boasted of triumphs which an impartial pen would have recorded as failures ; and that although his successors claimed Flanders and Zeeland as tributaries, and as possessions, they were no more so than Parthia or Numidia, which absorbed the legions as fast as they were sprinkled upon their sands, or Germany, which swallowed them up as rapidly as they were poured into the gorges of its mountains and the terrific gloom of its forests.

The Menapii under Augustus and the other Cæsars.

However great the victories which JULIUS CÆSAR won upon the Belgic soil, they by no means overcame the resolution of its inhabitants, and for the next quarter of a century the country was convulsed with continual war. The Roman generals, Antony, Labienus, Decimus Brutus, Agrippa, Nonnius Gallus, Carinus, all in succession claim to have conquered those whom Cæsar assured us he had annihilated, and the latter received the honors of a triumph. The Germanic Belgæ must

have been hydra-headed, or the Roman historian egregiously deceived us.

B. C. 30, the country was re-districted by Augustus, and the MENAPII, divided, were assigned one half, the Eastern, to Germania Secunda [See page 144], and one half, the Western, to Belgica. The former were henceforth known as Ta[o]xandri, and their country as Ta[o]xandria; which accounts for our losing sight of them under their original appellation, and explains why the Zeelanders were confounded with a race who sprang up in the first century. Nevertheless, we do not lose sight of them altogether, for in the *Notitia*,* or Account of the Empire, a body of soldiers named MENAPII obtained mention without any farther reference to their country, or the place where they were levied. This, however, is the only instance of their taking service in the cause of despotism; and is of little consequence, for it is certain that the bravest of the Germanic Belgæ furnished corps of chosen troops as auxiliaries to the imperial legions. And the salt makers of the MENAPII, (SALINATORES MENAPIORUM,) who were famous for the manufacture of that essential, are referred to in an inscription of the reign of Vespasian, which was discovered at Rimini. The latter, the Western Menapii, retained their name, which, as late as the reign of Charlemagne, gave to the district [*Menapiscus Vicus*,† or Canton,] wherein they remained independent [that is, in reality, since they may have been nominally dependent upon the sovereignties surrounding them,] until merged in his vast incongruous empire. The name, however, survived for centuries, in fact, almost throughout the middle ages. Under Charles the Bald

*NOTITIA UTRIVSQUE IMPERII, A. D. 395-407—(*Gibbon*); A. D. 488—(*Pancirolo*).

†Leges CAROLI MAGNI ab ANSEGISO Monacho collectæ.

the Abbey of *St. Amand*, ten miles South by East of *Tournai*, "was comprised in the territory of the *Menapii*, now [A. D. 847,] called *Mempiscum*." And about A. D. 700, the Abbot of *Anss*, a league west from *Liege*, in his Life of *St. Ursmar*, stated that nations adjoining the *Flemings* [*Flandrenses*] and the *Menapii* [*MENAPIENSES*], recalled from the worship of different idols, were brought into the Church of Christ (?) by this Romish Apostle of the country between the *Dyle*, the *Rhine*, the *Somme*, and the *Ocean*. This beatified (!) Saint was mitred-abbot [exercising episcopal functions] of *Laubes* [*Lobes* or *Lobbes*] about two miles northwest of *Thuin*, and died, being almost sixty-nine years old, on the 18th April, A. D. 713, and was buried on the 19th, which last the Romanists celebrate as his feast-day, venerating his relics at *Binche*, four leagues east-south-east from *Mons*. In A. D. 882, according to the *Chronicles* of *Sigebert*, of *Gemblours*, an accomplished writer of the XIth century, great numbers of the *Menapii* perished in consequence of the infernal ravages and butcheries made by the cognate Normans throughout the districts upon the *Rhine*, *Maas* and *Schelde*, A. D. 810, 835, 845, &c. but particularly in 882, when *Rollo* the Dane, subsequently first duke—*William the Conqueror* was seventh—of *Normandy*, exhausted the horrors of fire, sword, and rapine upon *Menapia*. So terrible was the visitation that a modern *Belgic* author thinks that about A. D. 800 the *Menapii* were blotted out. They suffered dreadfully at the hands of the Normans, with whom they, afterwards, were combined. *Heriold*, a Danish vi-king, reigned in *Walkeren*, A. D. 841. Three Norman chiefs, *Roland*, *Eggard*, who fell, A. D. 835, defending the island against a new invasion of his countrymen, and *Roruc*, were the three first counts of *Zeeland*, which

formed at one time or another a portion of Neustria, afterwards Normandy within more restricted boundaries, or of Austrasia. The Menapiscus Pagus is also distinctly mentioned in the division, A. D. 840, of his empire by Louis *le Debonnaire*, which the Italians translate *Pious*, but the French render *Meek*, using a gentle term to cover his pusillanimity. In fact, about this time, A. D. 870, *Friezland*, *Brabant* and *Menapia* seem sometimes to have been used as synonymous terms, to designate the district south of the Maas and between that river and the Schelde, which constituted Lower [*Neder*] Saxony, whose inhabitants, Menapii or Arborichæ, spoke, A. D. 917, a language very similar to the English, certainly as much so, if pronounced correctly, as the modern Frison : witness the Lord's Prayer, as quoted by the Abbot of Stadt—[a village in the island of *Overflakkee* ? or Staden, about twelve miles north-north-east of *Ypres* ?] :

“*Feader ure, thu the eart on heofenum. Sithin nama ghehalgod. To cume thin rice* [*riche*, kingdom, Anglo-Saxon and old English]. *Ge wurthe thin willa on earthan swa, swa on heofenum,*” &c.

Also another form, from the “Belgic Antiquities” of Richard Versteganum—[Richard Verstegan]—born at London, in the middle of the XVIth century :

“*Atta unsar thu in himina, weihnai namo thein. Vinas thudinassus theins. Weirthas wilga theins, swe in himina, gahana aithrai,*” &c.

Consider again the form of Adjuration, or the Catechism repeated by the Saxo-Christian converts of Friezland—(*Frise Citerieure*)—or Menapian Flanders and Zeeland in the VIIth century.

Forsachistu diabolæ ? Do you renounce or forsake

the devil? *Ec forsacho diabolæ.* I renounce or forsake the devil.

End allum diabol-gelde? And all the devil's society or kin? *End ec forsacho allum diabol-gelde.*

End allum diabole wercum? Also all the devil's works? *En ec forsacho allum diaboles wercum end wordum, Thunaer ende Woden, end Saxo note, end allum them unholdum, the hira genotas sint.* I renounce or forsake the devil's works and teachings, [words], Thor [the God of Thunder] and Woden, and the Saxon customs or service, and all their unholy things (false gods,) and all things which are pleasing to them.

Gelobis tu in Got Almechtigan fadær? Do you believe in—or love the faith of—God the Almighty Father? *Ec gelobo in Got Almechtigan fadær.*

Gelobis tu in Christ Godes-Suno? Do you believe in Christ, God's Son? *Ec gelobo in Christ, Godes-Suno.*

Gelobis tu in Halogan-Gast? Do you believe in the Holy Ghost? *Ec gelobo in Halogan-Gast.* I believe in the Holy Ghost.

* * * * *

Thus upwards of five centuries and a half subsequent to CARAUSIUS, the MENAPII maintained themselves in their ancient seats. That the Romans were in their Flemish territory for some time, at different epochs, is highly probable, since tokens of their presence are constantly discovered. But that they were masters of it cannot be shown with any certainty whatever. As to their having made their way as conquerors, or except as peaceful traders, into insular *Menapia*, is as unsusceptible of any valid proof as that they were the discoverers or colonists of America.

Farthermore, BUCHERIUS inflicts a sad blow upon the

arrogant conceit of the *BATAVI*, since he assures us that under Augustus the *Caninefates*, the *Batavians*, and the *Frison*s, became a *dependence* of the *Germania Secunda*—that is, of the subjected *Eastern Menapii*. Meanwhile the *Western, Menapia* proper, subdivided into *Flandria*, constituting the northern and western half, along the coast, and *Menapiscus*, the southern and eastern portion, west of the *Schelde*, were distinguished by those titles until the latter was lost in the former, and more popular appellation. The *Maas-Scheldic Archipelago*, under the title of *Testerbant*, seems to have been less known to the Romans of every class and degree of education throughout the duration of their empire than any most distant and inaccessible portion of the globe is at the present time to individuals of ordinary education.

The most recent mention of the Menapian name, in connection with modern affairs, is in a Latin epigram, penned in honor of Charles the Bold—Duke and would be king of Burgundy—1467–1476—the warlike competitor of the diplomatic Louis XI. of France, and the amorous Edward IV. of England.

"Hannibal in castris, Romanus in agmine Cæsar,
In pugnis Macedo, Carolus unus erat.
Sic triplici gestans invictum pectore pectus,
Vertit *Eburonum* mœnia capta solo.
Mox quoque *MENAPIOS*, *Leucorumque* aspera colla.
Invicto victor subdidit imperio."

(*Translation* :)—

In strategy a HANNIBAL, in tactics the Roman (JULIUS) CÆSAR,
In battle the Macedonian (ALEXANDER); CHARLES comprised the three in himself;

Thus bearing an invincible soul in his thrice great (or triple) breast.
He leveled with the ground the captured walls of the people of *Liege*—
(EBURONI);

Afterwards, also, the *Menapii*, and the rugged mountains of the *Lorrainers* (LEUCI),

Victorious, he brought beneath his irresistible sway—

LITTLETON translates *Menapii*, people of *Brabant* or of *Cleves*. If this should be the signification given to it by the Dutch author quoted, it corroborates the opinion (already cited) of many classical geographers, that the *Menapii*, of True-German origin, came from beyond the Rhine, and for a time exercised jurisdiction, not only to that river but also beyond it. A comparison of authorities assigns to them, at one time, the Cis-Rhenan half of the Duchy of *Cleves*, the northern part of the Duchy of *Juliers* (or *Julich*), and of the intervening Duchy of *Guelders*, and most likely the northern part of the archepiscopal-electorate of *Cologne*. This conceded, and every difficulty disappears.

Abraham Ortelius, [Oertel, of Antwerp,] in his "*Geographical Thesaurus*," [published in 1596,] as quoted in the "*Chronicles of Guelders*," by Henry Aquillius, of Arnheim, edited and augmented by the celebrated Peter Schryver, [Scriverius, of Harlem,] sums up the matter, thus :

"The *Menapii*, a people of Gaul, according to Cæsar, Dion [Cassius], Strabo, Tacitus and Ptolemy, were a people of Gaul, [of German origin—CÆSAR,] conterminous with the MORINI ; [RAIMOND] Marlianus [XVIth century] and Leodius consider them the inhabitants of Juliers [*Juliacenses*], Guelders [*Gelrences*], and Cleves [*Clivenses*]. I (Ortelius) add Brabanters [*Brabanti*] and Flemings [*Flandri*]."

The year before his accession (1466), Charles routed the army, and captured the city, of *Liege*. *Dinant*, on the *Maas*, was afterwards stormed, pillaged, and visited with an execution which equalled several of the worst atrocities of ALVA. Eight thousand of its citizens were drowned in the *Maas* by order of the young Duke, its fortifications were razed to the ground, and fire completing the demolition which violence was

unable to accomplish, wealthy *Dinant* presented the appearance of a place which had lain in ruins for an hundred years. In 1468, the revolted *Liegeois* were again defeated in the open field, their city captured by assault, completely dismantled, and deprived of its artillery, arms, and warlike stores. This covers the reference to the EBURONES. In 1474, Charles laid siege to *Nuys* (or Neuss), in the archbishopric of *Cologne*. Although well fortified for the times, and prepared to resist, the place was by no means very strong, according to modern ideas of strength, yet was defended with such steady valor by the garrison and *citizens* that it exhausted the efforts of sixty thousand men and the revenues of a sovereignty, which comprised the opulent Netherlands.

Finding it impossible to subdue the place by force, the siege was converted into a blockade. After all these exertions and sacrifices, although he maintained his position and prevented the Emperor Frederic IV. at the head of nearly all the princes of the Empire and of sixty thousand men, from affording it any succor, *Nuys* did not surrender, but was placed in escrow, in the hands of the pope, to await the decision of the dispute which gave rise to its investment. Meanwhile the Duchy of *Guelders* and the County of *Zutphen* were absorbed by the ambitious Charles, who nominally purchased, but actually ravished, it from its legitimate possessors. The glorious defence of *Nuys*, which the panegyrist assumed to have been captured by the Burgundian Duke, and his annexation of *Guelders*, must constitute the basis of the allusion to the *Menapii*, unless we attribute it to his usurpations,—the grossest acts of tyranny,—in *Holland* and *Zeeland*. In either case, the *Menapii* must have borne an honorable name in the XVth century, or else the eulogist of so arro-

gant and powerful a prince would never have selected them to commemorate the triumphs of his master.

* * * * *

At length the student, after struggling through doubts and difficulties—as repugnant to the progress of elucidation as the Menapian marshes were discouraging to the step of an invader, or even traveler—plants his foot upon firmer ground, and the description which greets him is as agreeable as the vision which burst upon the foreign trader, when, after wading through their net-work of ditches and streams, scrambling through their morasses and picking his way by dubious paths through their encompassing jungles and forests, he emerged into the clearings and was welcomed by the improvements of the *Μεναπιοι*.

After the emigration of the Cimbri and Teutones, we have seen the CAUCI succeeding to the ruins of their northernmost homes, covered with the viscid deposits of the waves, as if the serpent of the ocean, which the ancient Scandinavian mythology conceived as encircling the earth, had left the same tokens of its baleful visit that reveal the passage of a living water-reptile, which defiles with its slime the prey it is about to devour, or satiety forces it to disgorge. It was at this period, (B. C. 114–101,) that the *Menapii* are supposed to have crossed the *Rhine*, and possessed themselves of the countries designated herein-before, from time to time, coalescing with the (*Rhenish*) CHAUCI on their new northern frontier, and the EBRONES, the TREVIRI, the NERVII, the ATUATICI, and the MORINI on their southern. These facts are recalled, or an ordinary memory could not retain them with satisfactory distinctness.

AUGUSTUS, having either by his own exertions or those of his generals, restored comparative tranquility

to his Belgic provinces, devoted himself to re-districting the country and establishing the necessary administrative changes. His representative, and its Intendant, was his freedman, the rapacious LICINIUS.

We can now begin to estimate with some clearness the political aspect of the *Menapii*. To sum up their condition in and after the reign of Augustus, three parts of their nation as to territory, but less than half as to population, which last included the *TUNGRI*, were subjected. DEWEZ says they were considered as a conquered people, and adds they were dealt with—(the pen flinches from a repetition of the words, believed to be totally at variance with facts)—so to speak, as slaves. This error is cited to show that nothing is kept back. Still, we should bear in mind that the work of DEWEZ is the History of Belgic Gaul and Belgium (*Belgique*), not of Holland, and that he confines his attention more particularly to the districts south of the Rhine, Maas and Schelde. Consequently his remark as to “slaves” may refer to the subdivision of the Eastern, and a very small number of those inhabiting the south-eastern cantons of the Western, *Menapii* and *Menapian-Morini*. It cannot allude to the *Ta(o)xandri* or Zeelandic and Hollandish- (Dutch-) Flemish *Menapii*.

The following corroborative evidence is unanswerable :

First. The absence of anything like Roman settlements or posts, much more towns, in ancient Zeeland and Dutch Flanders.

Second. The total ignorance of the Romans with regard to the geography, ethnology, or archæology, of the same districts. Julius Cæsar, when distributing his legions, stationed them *around* but *not in* *Menapia*; Augustus *encircled* but *did not occupy* it with his troops; and his successors posted them in a similar

manner. Drusus built fifty castles along the left bank of the Rhine, but not one to the south or west of the Maas, or on either side of the Schelde. Even Eyndius, laboring to demonstrate the ancient importance of his native land, can bring no *direct* proof of Roman occupancy—while Grattan, a foreigner and an Englishman, scouts the idea of Roman conquest, occupation or acquaintance with the *Menapii*. Before them “the Roman legions retreated for the first time, and were content to occupy the higher parts, which now form the Walloon provinces”—the Austrian and French Netherlands, but more particularly Brabant, south of the Rupel and Demer, Flanders, south of the Durme and Canal of (from Ghent to) Bruges, or rather south and east of the Lys,—Artois, and Hainault.

Third. A large part of Maritime Flanders, then and centuries afterwards—it is more than probable, a belt of marshy islands, and Zeeland occupied the same position with regard to the ancient world that Japan did to our fathers.* Comparatively civilized for that era, these Netherlands remained free, shut against, and almost unknown to the polytheistic Romans, even as that North Pacific Empire was closed to the Romanist Spaniards and Portuguese, and through their bigotry, follies and crimes, to all but the modern Menapii, the

*GOEREE, in his remarks upon the Geography of the Ancients, (published in 1705,) thinks that the inundation, (about B. C. 120,) which drove the CIMBRI and TEUTONES out of South Holland, Zeeland and Flanders, created the Maas-Scheldic Archipelago, which had thitherto been very firm (*aan vast*) soil, constituting a district of the mainland, like the country between the Helder (Hell's Door) and the Amelande passage, at the mouth of the Zuyder Zee,—or an island only severed from the continent by a narrow channel.

Dr. JULES TASSER makes the *Polders*, between the Schelde, below Antwerp, and the Zwin, synonymous with *Dutch Flanders*, and the Campine with North Belgic Brabant, and places the Waesland between the Polders and the Schelde, in the angle or elbow of that river.

Dutch. The Saxon, Franco-Saxon and Scandinavian nations never, except accidentally and momentarily, permitted the Romans to grasp the trident of their seas. CARAUSIUS owed his Countship, Crown, and celebrity, to his appointment to the command of the navy organized to act against them and protect the adjacent Romanized coast.

Let an unprejudiced reader weigh these arguments, and scrutinize them severely. Archæological discoveries have demonstrated their truth. The Memoirs of Mons. STEYLEN, among those of the Academy of Brussels, and the antiquarian treatises of Mon. DEBAST recapitulate numerous discoveries of Roman remains—medals, vases, urns, and other interesting relics; but although these and Latin inscriptions in honor of the Menapian deities have rewarded the explorations of archæologists, and although ruins, apparently of Roman construction, and even the remains of ancient towns are discernible, particularly at extremely low tides, below the surface of the sea, they are all located like the stations of the legions *around* and not *within* Zeeland and Dutch (*Flamengant*) Flanders. North of the Maas they are numerous.

“In the time of *Henry* the 2d,—(about A. D. 1170) says Heylyn, 1625—*Flanders* was so overflowne, that many thousands of people, whose dwellings the Sea had devoured, came into England—(whither colonies of their country had preceded them by the invitation of *Matilda*, mother of *Henry* I., and also of that monarch himself)—to beg new seates; and were by that King first placed in *Yorckshire*, and then removed to *Pembrookeshire*—(*Lingard* says this took place under *Henry* I., previous to A. D. 1135, and that their courage and fidelity defeated every attempt of the Welsh princes to root them out of their new homes). Since that, it hath

in *Zealand* swallowed eight of the Islands, and in them 300 towns and villages; many of whose Churches and strong buildings are, at a dead low water, to be seen; and as *Ovid* hath it, of *Helice* and *Buris*, cities of *Achaia*,

*Invenies sub aquis ; et adhuc ostendere nautæ
Inclinata solent cum mænibus oppida versis.*

Translation :

"The water hides them, and the shipmen show
The ruin'd walls and steeples as they row."

For *Yorkshire* it would seem more plausible to read *Lincolnshire*, whose southeast subdivision was styled *Holland*, embracing a tract of land recovered from the sea by a *Dutch* colony settled therein (see pages 27–28) prior to the VIth century. Boston, its chief town, already in the reign of Edward III. one of the principal commercial ports of England—whose lofty church tower, two hundred and ninety feet in height, resembles that of *Antwerp* cathedral, and is visible forty miles to sea—was originally called St. Boto[u]lph's town after a prelate who preached the gospel in the VIIth century in *Belgic Gaul*, Ta(o)xandria among the south-eastern *Menapii* or Ta(o)xandria. This Saxon district, the last to submit to William the Conqueror, was as late as 1140 a refuge for the *last free English Saxons*. Thus the same spirit which animated the Saxon *Menapii* to defend their *marshes* against the fearful Julius and his mighty namesakes, and maintained the freedom of their native sea-land, inspired their issue in the *fens* of England to resist the potent Norman Conqueror and avert his cruel thrall from their new homes. Again when prelacy and Stuart tyranny sought to impose their yoke upon another generation the same stern influence bade them gird up their loins and cross the ocean, far, far away to a new world, bearing forth the precious seed destined to bring forth priceless harvests. To the Hollandish ele-

ment we must trace an exploit whose glories are appropriated by the Puritans of our New England *Boston*. Yes! that fire which roused the citizens of Boston to throw overboard the obnoxious tea and take the British Lion by the throat, was kindled eighteen centuries previous in the bosoms of that Saxo-Hollandish tribe, the Menapii, who for the first time repelled the Roman legions, and, in a darker hour, crying, Oh God! preserve us lest we perish! "*Domine salva nos perimus*," threatened themselves to break down their sea-compelling dykes and give their country to the waves rather than yield their consciences to Romish superstition, their rights to Romish tyranny. Yes! it was Hollandish resolution which threw overboard the tea in Boston harbor.

* * * *

Distinguished Roman generals occupied the Batavian island, from time to time, as the country of "an ally and a friend." It served as the head-quarters or base of operations for many of their mightiest efforts against Britain and Germany. But meanwhile the Romans themselves admitted the Batavians were always free. Now notice particularly how the rest of the discoveries lie beyond the confines of Zeeland. In *Waesland*, lying in the elbow of the *Schelde*, between *Antwerp* and *Ghent*, at *Waesmunster* on the *Durme*, and at *Belcele*, and at *Velsique*, twelve miles from *Ghent*, and *Oudenburg*, the same distance southwest from *Bruges*, the foundations or ruins of edifices similar to those of the Romans, have been found. All the rest are farther south, in districts whither no one will deny that the Romans extended their jurisdiction. But even all this, and more, would by no means be conclusive as to Roman domination.

The **Menapii** may have profited by the archi-

tectural skill of their enemies, and tradition attributes almost every notable, and many a mediæval, ruin to the Romans. Thus the *Ghenters* claim that a "marvelously old" ruined castle upon the *Lys*, styled *Ganda*, and another upon the *Schelde*, called *Blandinium*, (or at all events the former,) were built (B. C. 47) by G(C)aius, Lieutenant (Legatus) of Julius Cæsar.

FERRIER, in his historical notice of *Ghent*, treats as ridiculous the idea of that city's having existed in the time of Cæsar, and adds, there was no such individual as G(C)aius. It is probable [DEWEZ] that Charlemagne [A. D. 809–811] established a naval depot at Ghent, [Sas van Ghent?] then much nearer the ocean, as a measure of defence against the Normans, who made their appearance then for the first time. He [FERRIER] seems to doubt if the Vandals founded *Wanda* [*Gent*, Anglo-Saxon,] A. D. 411. *Bruges* [from *Brug*, or *Brugh*, a bridge] was only known toward the end of the third century.

To combat error is always a thankless task, and therefore pronouncing *ancient Zeeland and Dutch* (Maritime) *Flanders* [Flamengant] to have been always FREE, we challenge disproof.

Meanwhile the Batavi Ubii, and Nervii, were treated as a free people, *at least in appearance*, incorporated with, and regarded as allies of, the Roman empire, and enjoyed all the rights of serving and suffering in foreign lands, and quarrels, appertaining to and resulting from that delusive distinction.

Among other enterprises, Augustus constructed eight (?) military roads, [see pages 86 and 109,] to facilitate any repressive measures which events might demand, and extend his authority. With only three of these, however—the sixth, seventh, and eighth [see

page 109]—we have to do. The sixth, from the great road centre, *Bavay*, ran through *Tournay*, *Werwick*, (*Viroviacum*,) and *Cassel* to *Mardych*, on the coast, about five miles west from Dunkirk, nearly parallel with the southern boundary of the province of *Belgica* or country of the *Western Menapii*. The seventh is said to have gone directly to *Ghent*, if Ghent existed at that time, even as a hamlet, which is more than doubtful, inasmuch as it is first mentioned as a town in the seventh century, and no such labored causeway would have terminated in an unimportant village.—Nevertheless, the arrogant men of Ghent claim that Cæsar was its founder, who recorded that the *Menapii* had no towns. Moreover, it is not to be found in ancient atlases or classical geographies, under any of the Latin names applied to it, *Gorduini*, *Odvia*, *Clarinea*, *Gande* or *Gandavum*, or *Blandina* or *Blandinium*. The first name, *Gorduini*, is located, on D'Anville's map, on the sea-coast, between Ostende and Dunkirk; and a similar name, *Grudii*, is to be found therein, adjacent to the sea. The text of that author, however, recognizes it in modern *Groede* or *Groude*, a small place in the island of Cadsand, between the mouths of the Zwin or Sluys, and the Hondt or West Schelde, whose possession gives to the Dutch the command of that river. This brings it within a few miles of that Heyst (referred to, page 119), and *may* have been at some time during the existence of the empire in the temporary occupation of the Romans. Anthon's *Lempriere* reads the *Grudii* were supposed to have been near Tournay or Bruges. Therefore, amid such indecision, the Roman's possession of *Ghent* is dismissed as most improbable; for D'Anville, although generally very correct, is sometimes mistaken. Under the Carlovin-gian race, the town appears, and *Wanda*, its first name,

attributed to the *Vandals*, or *Wends*, who settled there, we derive the word *Gand*—*Ghent*. The eighth, connecting *Bavay* with *Utrecht*, followed the west shore of the *Dender* and *Schelde*, between the Western [*free* and tributary (?)] *Menapii*. At certain intervals along these causeways—according to Suetonius, Virgil and Strabo—the Emperor established posts and stationed messengers and light chariots, similar to the war chariots of the Gauls (*Belgica Esseda*), for the prompt and certain transmission of dispatches and news from these provinces. Nevertheless the Germanic Belgæ bore the restraints of the imperial authority with extreme impatience, were *never* quiet, and yielded only temporarily to overwhelming force. One sentence records their subjugation, the next one their revolt; one district or tribe was in arms, while its neighbors were sullenly quiet in the presence of one or more legions. They were just as much a conquered people as the Circassians are at this day, or the Arabs of the Desert. Along the Rhine and beyond *Menapia*, the Romans were establishing themselves more securely year by year, and those *Menapii* between the Maas and the Rhine, and so around to the coast, encircling East and West Flanders, together with the Usipetes, Tenchteri, Cherusci, and Sicambri, were swallowed up politically, and eventually even nominally, in the last arrivals, the Suevi, who had gradually forced their way into eastern North-Brabant, Limburg, Hainault, and even French Flanders—districts almost depopulated by the Roman sword, and desolated by Roman ferocity—and *Tournay* became the capital of the combined *Menapii* and *Suevi*. That the name of the latter gradually prevailed, implies no discredit to the former, for even as the Catholic-Romish bigotry and

cruelty of the Austrian Cæsar, in the XVIIth century, rendered modern evangelical Germany almost a desert and a waste, even so the pagan Romish Cæsars left southern and eastern Belgic Gaul comparatively destitute of inhabitants, animal life, improvements, and hope.

The virtues which characterized the true German or Saxon races, and the vices which dishonored them, were common to their descendants. Chaste, just, intrepid, hospitable, they were at the same time addicted to gambling, fond of intoxicating liquors and prone to quarrels. Those who mingled much with the Gauls and the Romans, fell away from their original austerity of morals and their ancient simplicity of worship; becoming Roman-Catholicised, to use the most pertinent word—they added strange gods to their one original supreme object of adoration, the single, almighty, All-father. But however degenerate they never ceased to be animated by a violent love or blind instinct of liberty which influenced all their actions and their policy.

The *Menapii* who were the last of the Saxon-lineage to settle in the Netherlands, were likewise the last to abandon, that is even relatively, their home-culture and vitiate their male virtues. Although repugnant to foreign impressions, they made a rapid progress in the arts and sciences peculiar to a commercial and an agricultural people. Already, before the arrival, perhaps long before the invasion of the Romans, they carried on a lucrative commerce with England, exporting thither salt, in whose manufacture they were proficient, and importing thence marl, in their own language *Marga*, a manure particularly adapted to their peculiar soil. Even in Italy their salted meat was an article of high repute and luxurious enjoyment, and was consumed with equal avidity by the richer classes, while their

hams and sausages constituted delectable dishes for the entertainments of the epicurean Romans. So that in like manner that the moderns dilate upon the tender hams of Westphalia and Virginia, and the spicy sausages of Naples and Bologna; and that Charles V, "in this manner of eating as in many other habits," "a true Fleming," appreciated the "savory preparations of Estramaduran pork" and sausages, "of the kind which the queen Juana, now in glory, used to pride herself in making, in the Flemish fashion," the ancient trenchermen hailed with delight the same articles prepared by the skillful Menapian housewives. The caustic Martial chanted their eulogies, and Varro and Strabo echoed the praise.

While the inner man was thus fortified by their appetising edibles, the outer man was equally protected by the rich fleeces abundantly produced and artistically fabricated by the same people. Of this we have the testimony of the luxurious Horace, and Strabo informs us that the Roman merchants who frequented the northern districts of Belgium, "which is the country of the Menapii," wore—doubtless to counteract the intemperature of its climate, to which they were unaccustomed—woolen garments, most agreeable in their warmth and texture, woven of a species of silk (?) (*sagum*; a heavy stuff suitable for a military or horseman's cloak or overcoat,) or more particularly (*læna*; a double milled web or frieze) manufactured from the heavy staple of the country for which it was renowned not only then, but throughout the middle ages. And thence Flemish and Dutch merchants and weavers, invited abroad by the incentives of trade or driven forth by persecution, carried their secret and their industry into England to enrich the manufacturers and benefit the consumers of that nation. From earliest times the

celebrity and use of its notable cloths were not confined to the Saxo-Belgic territory, but when made up, in the Menapian mode, into vestments, doubled or lined with a similar tissue as a guarantee against the cold, styled *Menas Menatos*, they were adopted by all whom business, pleasure or the necessities of service attracted or carried to those portions of Belgium, Holland and Germany, which were open to, frequented, or possessed, by the Romans.

But strangest of all, "Mattiaque Zeelanders" or Hollanders, of the first century, supplied the effeminate Romans with an ointment or cosmetic extracted from lye (*Spumam Batavam*) and used in connection with certain little pills (*Pilas Mattiacas*), which they dissolved in vinegar, for the purpose of dyeing their hair of a peculiar red, auburn perhaps, or flaxen color, which Martial alludes to in his epigrams.

"Et mutat Latias spuma Batava comas."

"The Dutchman's ointments dye the Italian locks."

"Caustica Teutonicos accendit spuma capillos."

"With Caustique drugs the Dutchmen scald their haires."

But not to commerce and manufactures alone were the Menapii devoted. Agriculture, the noblest pursuit of man, found them its most intelligent and industrious votaries. The southern Menapians and Morini extended their attention to the arboriculture, and became skillful arborators. Their favorite tree was the sterile Asiatic plane—(derived from Sicily through Rome—akin to the buttonwood or sycamore—whose cultivation in our country, experience condemns—). These fruitless plantations cost them dear after they submitted to the Romans, since their ornamental and umbrageous groves and avenues were subjected to a tax so onerous that even Pliny the naturalist, albeit alive to the beauties of nature, and art, admits that their shade was enjoyed at an exorbitant price or tailage.

* * * *

Nehalania Dea,
The Tutelar Goddess (?) of the ancient Zeelanders,
the Menapii.

The application of marl (*Marga*, Flemish; *CRETA*, Latin) as a manure, argues an acquaintance with the secrets of farming, as a science, which at once elevates the MENAPII in the scale of civilization, refutes the assertions of Cæsar and Pliny, that they were a barbarous and uncultivated race, depending, as it were, upon chance for a bare subsistence; and will satisfy any reflecting person that the Romans of the first century after Christ had never been among them. One of the greatest triumphs of agriculture is the application of appropriate fertilizing agents, and is even yet not fully understood by those who have devoted their minds to the subject. Nevertheless, here we see a race, branded as savage and intractable by a *baffled tyrant*, who comprehended the defects of their soil and had discovered a remedy, who raised and stored grain, made a fermented liquor like beer, and with all this could defend themselves like men and assist their foreign friends, working in the presence of the Romans like the Jews under Nchemiah, with the implements of peace in the one hand and the weapons of war in the other. "Every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other held a weapon."

Nature herself, indignant at the falsehood and vituperation of the Romans, has lent her assistance to the refutation of their calumnies by revealing facts unimagined until within two centuries. On the 5th of January, 1647, a violent gale from the east drove back the sea and laid bare the westernmost extremity of the island of *Walkeren*, between *West Cappel* and *Domburg*, where the waters of the East and West Schelde flow

together and mingle their eddies with the ocean. Upon the sands, thus strangely exposed, the neighboring inhabitants discovered ruins of ancient buildings, altars, medals, urns, and other curiosities; likewise a number of statues, among them several representing a GODDESS, unknown until that date, whose very appellation was disclosed by the inscriptions dispersed among the ruins of the temple (Sacellum) and walled precincts, once consecrated to her worship. These records set at rest two mooted questions at the same time, the remotest occupation of the island and the commercial enterprise of its earliest population; likewise the debasing influences of the polytheistical Mediterranean races, by whom statues and idols were first introduced among the Saxons,—who, of themselves, worshipped, spiritually, the invisible God as a Spirit.

The goddess NEHALLENIA, represented under the figure of a female draped in flowing garments—sometimes alone, at other times grouped with other figures, now of Hercules, then of Neptune, again of a dolphin, or of a watch-dog—in the majority of instances bears a basket of fruits, and has one foot resting upon the prow of a sea-going vessel.

How gratifying this discovery, which has so exercised the wits of archæologists and classic scholars. A schoolboy will remember how the common sense of Columbus, putting to the blush the learning of the envious Spanish philosophers, made the egg stand; Eyndius told us that the ancient Greeks claimed to have settled Walkeren, and there, near the site of their colony, in a spot long afterwards submerged, set up the Pillars of Hercules, and built a temple to that demigod, which marked the limits of their Grecian enterprise. Commerce, cradled among the Phœnicians, derived its first nomenclature from that marine,

Mid-sea, Syrian race, who piloted the argosies of Solomon to Ophir, and steered their own forth into the stormy Atlantic, whither we neither can nor ever will know. B. C. 1856—(3715 years ago!)—a colony of these Phœnicians brought into Greece a knowledge of this science, and, in their ships, which never sailed without them, their tutelar divinities, whose fostering care they fondly hoped ensured propitious gales and rich and safe returns. Greece, which St. PAUL found stocked with numerous gods, and, “too superstitious,” thirsting for more, aye the “Unknown,” the true God, doubtless again bore forth in their own ships that goddess, which, to their preceptors in the naval art, had seemed most gracious and protective. What better proof need we that Dorian seamen first shed upon the Zeeland isles the light of progress? Antiquarians claim the goddess NEHALLENIA as of Phœnician origin, and explain her presence at West Cappel by supposing that those great navigators, the Phœnicians, peopled or conquered Walkeren. Why not the Greeks? In either case it would not be astonishing to find that the auspicious goddess of the Schelde derived her name from the Hebrew NAHAL, which means “to *pilot*,” or “to *gently lead*”; thus interweaving with their grosser superstitions a faint idea of the most glorious attribute of that great Being, who ever gently led and leads his people.

On the other hand, those who deny or scoff at Grecian immigration, deduce the etymology from the Teutonic, upon the principle that all the local gods derived their appellations from the language of the people who adored them. Thus the Germans gave the name of NEHA to the water-nymphs styled AA, in their speech. Five rivers of that name are found within

the Netherlands, and many more within the districts affected by the Teutonic tongue or blood.

What a charming combination of ideas this effigy embodies! In connection with the rostrum, or bow of the ship, on which she plants her foot in token of dominion, it suggests the genial influences of commerce, typified by the graceful form and vesture of a gentle woman, bearing home a grateful tribute of those blessed gifts which combine all that is charming to the senses. Meanwhile, the watch-dog, symbol of courage and fidelity, recalls the race who could appreciate the gifts, and, man-like, guard their treasures.

Savage and ferocious nations, forsooth, triumvir!—indomitable in truth you found them, but a people who could conceive a deity so beneficent in her attributes, occupied a higher rank in the eyes of the All-Father than one, however powerful, who worshipped the foul war-god as the progenitor of their nation, whose Januan gates had not been shut until that era which ushered in the Prince of Peace, for upwards of seven hundred years.

“Not to be blest with warrior strength,
To wield the sword and wear the glaive,
Or rise to conqueror’s fame at length,
Proclaims the good or makes the brave.”

* * *

“Give me the man whose hands have tossed
The corn-seed to the mellow soil,
Whose feet the forest depths have crossed,
Whose brow is nobly crowned with toil.”

The inscriptions upon the pedestals of several of the statues of the DEA (Goddess) serve as records of the commerce, between Zeeland and Britain, in marl (*Alergel*, Scandinavian and German; *Maerh*, *Merg* or *Alerih*, Anglo-Saxon,) the guano of the Menapian era.

One of these, quoted by D'ANVILLE, reads as follows:

OB MERCES RITE CONSERVATAS
M: SECUND: SILVANUS
NEGOTTOR (for NEOCIATOR)
CRETARIUS BRITANNICIANUS
V (VOTUM) S (SOLVIT) L (LUBENS) M (MERITO)

Translation :

MARCUS SECUNDUS SILVANUS,
Trader in Britannie Chalk (Marl),
Grateful paid his vow for benefit conferred,
On account of cargoes faithfully preserved (from the
perils of the sea).

Another, almost uninjured by time and violence, which was found upon the farm of Heer Johan Goning, near Middleburg, in Walkeren, is cited by GOEREE. Its origin, like that of the former, was doubtless a successful voyage or an escape from shipwreck.

DEÆ NEHALENNIÆ
SERVATUS
THERONIS FILIUS
V (VOTUM) S (SOLVIT) L (LUBENS) M (MERITO).

Translation :

THE SON OF THERO,
Preserved (or protected) by the
GODDESS NEHALENNIA.
Gladly acquitted his vow for favor shown.

Before dismissing the subject, an examination of different views in regard to this divinity may be permitted.

According to one hypothesis, the Goddess Nehalennia presided equally and at the same time over the flow or tides of the sea and the action of the earth, and her name was derived from the Greek *Nea Selene*, (New Moon,) changed into *Nea Helene*. A relief,

sculptured upon a monumental stone, likewise found in Walkeren, whose explanation is obliterated, representing three Goddesses seated upon chairs alongside each other, is supposed to signify the three-fold nomenclature and nature or influences of Diana, (Iana, Luna,) or the Moon, which last were assigned to the Menapian goddess. The Druids and Franks, particularly the Salian Franks, confederates of the Menapii, and settled in the Batavian islands, attributed these properties to the DE^A NEHALENNIA, and worshipped her in accordance with that belief.

This would at once connect her with the northern **Isis**, the goddess of commerce, "inventress of navigation and tutelar saint of the seafaring life" among the Saxon and Scandinavian races, and the southern, Egyptian **ISIS**, conceived in the land of the Sphynx and the Pyramid, thence introduced into Greece and transported abroad into the Hellenic or Dorian Colonies, thereby perhaps engendering that fusion of attributes of Arctic and Torrid worship which has perplexed the most erudite and baffled the most inquisitive investigation.

On the other hand, however, this goddess is claimed as none other than **Friga** or **Frea**, the wife of **Odin** and the mother of the gods, otherwise **Ops**, the **RHEA** of the Greeks, whose worship was common to all the true Germans. At all events the name of **Nehel**, **Neel** or **Neeltje**, very common among the women of Zeeland, is traceable to this goddess, at one time the object of their adoration.

A few pages previous a comparison was instituted between the ancient Zeelandic and the Japanese islands. Extraordinary as it may appear the original colonization of the Maas-Scheldic Archipelago and of the Japanese group has been attributed to the Norwegians,

Normans or Northmen, in the same way that they are supposed to have been the earliest discoverers of America, and are known to have been the first settlers of Iceland.

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In another lucrative branch of commerce the *Ælcnapii* resembled the Chinese, since they maintained in their watery land vast numbers of geese, as numerous as those flocks of ducks which engage the attention of the subjects of the celestial empire. Thus every portion of their territory was assigned to an appropriate use; the oak openings, forests and pastures to sheep and to swine (particularly agreeable to the Saxon palate); the clearings to bread stuffs and other vegetable products; the marshes and ponds to geese; the deeps to commerce, and their waste places to manufactures. For the first we have the testimony of Cæsar, Varro, Horace and Strabo; for the second, Cæsar, Varro, Horace, Pliny and Tacitus; for the third Varro and Pliny; for the fourth the critical investigations of the wise, erudite and judicious Desroches and accomplished de Marne; of the fifth, Strabo, Horace, Varro, Martial and Hugacius, besides ancient monuments, which, although they refer particularly to the last, corroborate the truth of all the rest.

With regard to the geese, whose tender, juicy flesh, loaded with luscious fat, made them as renowned as the modern *pates* of Strasburg, we learn that they were driven annually, and at the proper season, across Gaul, and over the Alps into Italy and to Rome. We talk as if it was a great feat in this era of railroads, of bringing cattle on the hoof from western Texas and the far prairies for the supply of New York, an undertaking not to be named in comparison with the difficulty of driving serried multitudes of aquatic birds a distance

of near a thousand miles. The skill and ingenuity of those in charge excited the interest of Pliny, who speaks with admiration of their measures to facilitate such a wearisome transit.

To the van was assigned the feeblest birds, as well as those which had become fatigued and foot-sore, in order that the more vigorous behind might assist their progress, by pushing them on in obedience to their natural instinct, which induces them to march in a mass, almost lock-step. This singular commerce ministered not only to the aliment, but to the luxury and sensuality of the Romans, who considered their white plumage as a very ornamental article of dress, at the same time that their livers, dressed with milk and sweet wine, furnished most delicate tidbits.

But a reader, wearied of details, may again inquire, why are all these gleanings from the past presented in this work? To rescue the glories of a wronged people from the neglect and oblivion to which prejudice, partiality, and misjudgment have consigned them.

Those pursuits which interested and enriched the Menapian Zeelanders and Hollanders of the first century, have ever since been the sources of the Saxo-Flemish Netherlands' wealth, power, influence and renown. This historical fact is worthy of consideration, and is irrefragable. The manufacture of cloth—leaving aside their other multifarious manifestations of the highest mechanical and artistic skill—was that in which the Netherlands subsequently excelled—so much so as to give rise to the most honorable Order of the Golden Fleece, established at *Bruges* in 1430:—In agriculture no people attained a greater proficiency—in distant ages they made their country “the

garden of Europe ;" and even in rugged *Maine* their descendants "entered (1688) upon the business of agriculture with such spirit and success as to gain for the settlement the name of "the garden of the east":—Substitute pickled fish for salted meat, and they supplied Europe for centuries; they were the world's carriers, and their country the world's entrepot:

While other people plough'd the ground,
 Bold Holland's glebe the rolling main,
 From pole to pole, the earth around,
 Each furrow yielded countless gain:
 At home her hive was one vast store,
 Glean'd from each clime and every shore.

The dreadful Glacial Ocean paid
 Its tribute to her fearless toil:
 Amid the ice the bases laid,
 Rose an emporium of oil;
Arctic Batavia, prondly styl'd,—
 'Round it Spitzbergen's glaciers pil'd.

'Neath the Equator, that same time,—
 When Europe throe'd, convuls'd with war,—
 From Java's gorgeous, teemful clime,
 Commerce stupendous trophies bore,
 And, in that crowning gem of earth,
 To *Tropic Amsterdam* gave birth.

Coeval with 't—can truth ignore?
 First, in the west, the Dutch proclaim'd
 Free faith, free speech,—*Manhattan's* shore
 The neighb'ring land's intol'rance sham'd—
 Good will tow'ards men—strange seed—yet thence
 Grew th' Empire State's pre-eminence.

The Indian Archipelagoes
 And Araby her gardens were,—
 Where aromatic odors rose
 The pungent fruit matur'd for her,
 Till Asia's riches' overflow
 Made Holland Europe's entrepot.

And Scandinavia's giant trees,
 Cloud-piercing in her forests grew,
 To build Dutch merchants' argosies,
 Which o'er remotest waters flew:

And towns upborne on Norway pine
Rose from their fens still soak'd with brine.

Prussia's and Poland's fecund plains
For Holland grew their golden corn;
For her were Ireland's, Lusitania's, Spain's,
Silesia's choicest fleeces shorn;
Saxonia's, Poland's emerald wolds
Nourish'd for her their bleating folds.

The sunny slopes, whose vineyards line
The laughing banks of the Garonne,
Which lend such glory to the Rhine,
And famous render the Dordogne,
Their choicest flavor'd vintage bare
To crown Dutch burghers' princely fare.

Two centuries since, what glory crown'd
The "Fatherland"! what comfort reign'd!
Freedom her blessings shed around,
Abundance and content unfeign'd;
A store-house for the world was she,
Whose swelling canvas fill'd the sea.

—In the naval sciences they always held, and still occupy, a pre-eminent position:—if we have a MAURY, they have a Janssen. The great majority of sea-terms or of marine-language is derived from the Dutch: even within a year a Dutch ship has carried off the palm as a clipper. In the fine arts, the Dutch or Flemish school ranks almost equal, or next, to the Italian. In the abstruse sciences, particularly international law, they surpassed all others, and in toleration and patriotism, who can compare with them? for, while we boast *one* WASHINGTON, can they not designate *two* Williams—the "SILENT ONE," and he (the IIId) who saved and regenerated England?

Read and reflect upon the following extracts, from "*A Review of the Characters of the Principal Nations in Europe*," published at London, 1770:

"The Dutch seem to have superlatively fulfilled the Proverb of Horace, '*Nil Mortalibus Arduum*,' Nothing

is difficult to Mortals, when they are obstinately determined to combat all Obstacles."

"*Lewis the Fourteenth* thought greatly of his *forcing Nature at Versailles*; what then must we think of the Victories of the Dutch over the perpetual Opposition they meet from *it* in so many prodigious Enterprises at Home? An Opposition the more powerful, as it will never end; and requires an equal Perseverance of Efforts, not to subdue it, which is impracticable, but in order to prevent it from subduing."


"As Good, however, is sometimes educed out of the greatest Evils, from this unceasing Contention is produced that unyielding Disposition in the Natives, which has proved the most solid Basis of their Grandeur, and enables them, at the same Time, to claim a Species of Glory, no other Nation ever yet had a Right to; which is, that while other Countries maintain and support their Inhabitants, they, on the contrary, give in a Manner, Existence to the Land they dwell in."

"From Causes of this Nature, and that exhaustless Fund of indefatigable Industry, the happy Consequences of which are diffused over all the Face of the Land, Statesmen and Princes who have studied, and been desirous to promote the Welfare of their Subjects, and the Improvement of their Dominions, have sought the means of these salutary Purposes chiefly in this Country. Thus, after the Cessation of the Civil Wars which had so terribly afflicted France, and the peaceable Possession of the Crown was secured to *Henry the Fourth*, when he and the *Duke of Sully* employed themselves in the patronising of Trade and Manufactures, the Dutch were the PATTERNS he honored with his Imitation; by adopting their Maxims and Regulations in the Establishment of various Branches of Business; and nobly rewarding such of them as person-


ally settled in his Realm, and were instrumental in forwarding those laudable Designs. The Steps of this Monarch, the best and greatest France ever had, were not less successfully pursued by the ablest Minister that Kingdom was at any time blest with, the immortal *Colbert*, the real Founder of its subsequent Greatness. Of latter Days, that Prodigy of Diligence and Activity, the celebrated *Peter of Muscovy*, made *Holland* the principal Object of his Attention, in the modelling, and Prosecution of those truly Royal Schemes and Resolutions he had framed for the Benefit of his vast Empire."

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"It was the Opinion of *Themistocles*, that the highest Proof of human Capacity, consisted in aggrandizing a small State; and conformably to this Sentiment, that great Man's Reputation, in his own Age, arose much less from his Victory at *Salamis* over the Persians, and the deliverance of all *Greece* from those Invaders, than from the Re-establishment of *Athens*, and the Measures by which he laid the Foundation of the Importance and Superiority, his Countrymen obtained over all the other Grecian Cities."

 "According to this Observation, what a Number of able Statesmen must have contributed to the Fortune of the *Dutch*; whose Beginnings, as their own Motto truly intimates, were so small, whose Increase of Strength and Consideration was so rapid, and the Duration of both which has been so permanent?"

* * * *

 "There is no Country where a Facility of settling is so universally unclogged with Impediments from national, civil, or religious Causes. The whole World is, in a Manner, made welcome; and a Participation of all Privileges secured to every one by the generous Hospitality of the Government, which admits,

with a noble Confidence Individuals of all Countries into its Trust and Service."

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"That Vigilance and patriotic Zeal which frequently, in other Nations, by deviating from Moderation, defeats its own Purpose, is, in Holland, accompanied with a Calmness that weighs impartially the Propriety or Unfitness of all Measures; and consequently excludes none from whence the State may derive any Benefit, however disgusting they may appear to the Inconsiderate or the Prejudiced."

"Hence, in the midst of that Resentment, it was natural they should feel on Account of the severe Treatment they had received from the *Romanists*, they still granted them, with no less Policy than Humanity, the most ample Liberty of exercising the Functions of their Religion; while on the other hand, by not wholly divesting them of all national Employments, and yet debarring them of any Degree of Power that might rouse their Ambition, and incite them to exert their restless Antipathy for all other Persuasions, they have found Means to render them good Subjects in a PROTESTANT State; thus they have Admission into their Fleets and Armies, and may rise in either to a certain Rank. These, in their Turn, to do them Justice, have shewn themselves worthy of all these Favours by a faithful Discharge of their several Duties; and it is no Exaggeration to assert, that the Romanists in the United Provinces are the most respectable of any of their Communion under a Protestant Government."

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"To this happy Spirit of universal Toleration is owing the humane Reception and Usage of the *Jews*; whose Wealth and Multitude in Holland, exceed those of their Brethren in any other Christian State; and

who, to their truer Honour, afford a greater Number of worthy Characters here than any where."

"The same may be said of the many inferior Sects and Denominations of Christians, that abound in this Part of Europe. and who live here in the Enjoyment of a Tranquility, which, by setting their Minds at ease, banishes that Ferocity of Temper, which is the natural Consequence of Persecution, and leaves them full Power to follow, with Chearfulness and Serenity, the Bent of their Disposition, and to display those Virtues and Good Qualities that are found in People of all Persuasions."

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"The Truth is, the Dutch have carried the Selfishness of PATRIOTISM to very immoderate Lengths; and, like the Romans, seem to have been fully persuaded that '*Omnes omnium Caritates una Patria complexa est*': i. e. the LOVE AND PARTIALITY FOR ONE'S COUNTRY OUGHT TO SUPERSEDE ALL OTHER CONSIDERATIONS."

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And now, indulgent readers, before the pen relinquishes its grateful task of culling in the conservatories of national renown and splendor, flowers perennial in their sweets and beauties, to interweave with sparkling gems, dug from the mine of history, for this *Mruapian Anthology*, (*Beage*, Ang.-Sax.,) wherewith to deck the proud memorial of my father's fathers' country and its citizens, let us dwell for a moment on a few more precious testimonials presented in quaint pages, which seldom meet the eyes of even reading men.

Two hundred and thirty-four years ago one PETER HEYLYN, an English theologian and historian, full of prejudices in favor of his national Church and the reigning Stuart family, published at Oxford, (1625) "*A Little Description of the Great World*." Holland was not so

much in favor then, that even truth in regard to her was grateful to the royal pedant who sat upon the English throne. Therefore, that which was sure to meet his royal eye, would only tell those facts which could not be denied, and if concealed the world would trumpet forth and rescue from aspersion.

Speaking of BELGIA and of ~~Holland~~, these are HEYLYN's words with regard to Dutch Inventions and Mechanical Pursuits.

"They did invent Clocks, Printing, and the Compasse. They restored Musick, and found out divers musicall instruments. To them also belong the invention of Chariots; the laying of colors with oyle; the working of pictures in glasse; and the making of Worsted, Sayes, (Serges,) Tapestry, &c."

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"The Commodities with which they most abound, are Linens, Scarlet, Worsted, Saies, (Serge,) Silks, Velvets, and the like stufes; Armour, Cables, Ropes. Butter, Cheese."

"As to Agriculture, in the Province of Holland, the greatest commodity is Butter and Cheese: of which, besides that which they use themselves; they make £100,000 (\$500,000, equivalent at this day to at least \$1,500,000) yearely, of that which they sell to their neighbours."

"This Country (*Gelderland*)—the ancients were the *Menapij* and the *Sicambri*—is fit for feeding Beasts: which grow so great and fat; that, Anno 1570, there was a *Gelderland* Bull killed at *Antwerpe*, which weighed 3,200 pounds."

"As to Commerce, *Antwerpe*, (ancient *Menapia*) was before the civill warres a Towne of infinite trading; the things bought and sold here, amounting to more in one month; then that of *Venice* in 2 yeares."

“*Amsterdam*, a very faire haven Towne, out of which I have seene, saith *Gainsford*, at one tide, 1000 ships of all sorts use to goe out and in : so truly saith one,

“*Quod Tagus, atque Hæmus vehunt, et Pactolus ; in unum Vere hunc congestum dixeris esse-locum.*”

What TAGUS, HÆMUS, and PACTOLUS, beare :
You would coniecture to be heap'd up here.

The present inhabitants are generally given to Seafaring lives : So that it is thought that in *Holland*, *Zealand* and *Friezland*, are 2500 good ships fit for burden, and warre.”

As to Industry in *Holland*, “The women are all laborious in making stufes ; nay, you can scarce finde a boy 4 years of age, which cannot carne his own meat.”

“As to riches, the Revenew, (of *Holland*, *ZEALAND* [*Menapia*], and West *FRIEZLAND*,) before the *Spaniard* made warre upon them, was three Millions of Crownes : (\$3,110,000 ; equivalent to at least \$15,000,000, at this day) : and indeed, this town (*Amsterdam*) was the correlative of the *Indies* ; the loss of which, hath cost the King of *Spaine* above 100 Millions of Gold, (200,000,000 dollars, if Ducats, or 3(a5)00,000,000 dollars, if Pistoles,) and 400,000 men.

As to the Art of War, “Since the peace concluded, Anno 1609 : Since which time, they have kept garri-sons well disciplined, and as well payed. So that these Countries have (in these late dayes) bin the *Campus Martius*, or Schoole of defence for all Christendome ; to which the youth of all Nations repaire, to see the manner of fortifications, and learne the Art of warre. The people hereof have for 40 years held the staffe against a most puissant Monarch, and have with so great advantage capitulated, that it is observed, where all other Nations grow poore with warre, these only grow rich.”

“They keep about 30,000 Souldiers in continuall Garrison ; whose pay, together with their Officers and Captaines wages, amounteth to £500,000 yearely, or thereabout—(\$2,500,000 ; equivalent now to \$12,500,000).”

“Such were the people whom *Charles* (V.) the Emperour at his death, commanded his sonne *Philip* to use that people well : telling him that they had been the chief supporters of his estate and glory ; and withall that if he used them otherwise then gently, they would be the ruine and destruction of him, and his fortunes ; wherein the event shewed that he was but too true a Prophet. After the establishment of *Philip* in the government, they to gaine his favor, gave him 40 millions of Florens (\$20,000,000 to \$65,000,000) : but hee, unseasonably transported with a superstitious zeale, forgot both that, and his father’s Legacie ; intangling himself and them in a tedious and bloody warre : from which he was compelled to desist with losse of men, mony, and credit.”

Their stubborn freedom, both of thought and action, could not be atoned for by a faithfulness which knew no limits in its fearless generousness of purse and person.

“But when a Truce was made betweene *Spaine* and *France* ; then beganne King *Philip* to cast his thoughts on the subjection of this people to his wil and pleasure. For they were so fortified and insconsed, as it were, with priviledges, which their former Princes had granted, and the latter were sworne to observe ; that hee found himselfe to want much of that free and uncontrollable power, which his violent spirit seemed every where to desire. Some of these immunities were, that the Prince could place no stranger amongst them, either in offices of warre or justice. 2ly, the Prince

could give nothing to the Clergy: nor 3ly, leavie no Subsidies without the States of the Country. But the maine prerogative was, that if the Prince by violence or wrong, did infringe any of the said Charters and Franchises; the people after their declaratio thereof made, may goe to election of a new Prince."

"This not a little grieved the *Spaniards*, that such base and unworthy people (for so they esteemed them) should in such liberty possess so brave and rich a country; their King bearing no title of maiestie, or absolute command over them. Besides the reformation of Religion, which then began to growe to some strength, moved the King to reduce them by *Spanish* Rhetoricke (that is by the Sword and the Cannon) to the *Romish* church."

Finally, for ribbons to tie into the knot of this bright and fragrant coronal, let us add the testimonies (translated and compiled) of Gerard of *Nimwegen*, (*Geldenhauer* died 1542.)

If you consider the commodiousness of its many ports, the value and abundance of its imports and exports, and the number of its sea-going vessels, *Zeeland* (*Menapia*) is far ahead of *Holland* (*Batavia*). The *Zeelandic* wheat is purer and whiter than the *Hollandish*. From the ashes of their bituminous soil the *Zeelanders* prepare the whitest and most pungent salt. They import immense quantities of grain* from England and salt from Portugal, which they afterwards purify, and then supply the *Belgæ* and *Upper Germans* with both these indispensable commodities. The naval term *ARMADA*, applied, throughout the world, to a fleet, is derived (not from *ARMA*—arms, Spanish, but) from *Armda* (*Armuyde*), a strong seaport town of *Zeeland*,

**MINOTUS*—a word only to be found in mediæval Latin, signifying a grain measure—used, by a figure of speech, for grain itself.

once famous for the depth and convenience of its harbor, the number of its ships, and its extensive trade in salt.

In corroboration, ZOSIMUS states that when the Emperor JULIAN brought grain from Britain to distribute as nourishment and seed among the races of Germany, whose territories had been laid waste by the confederate *Saxons* and *Franks*, including the *Menapii*, he built his 800 ships of war or capacious transports, *not* in the *Batavian* islands, as some would claim, but in the *Ardennan* forest, upon the head-waters of the *Maas* or *Schelde*, in the extreme southern frontier districts of the *Menapii*. This proves two of our positions at once; the commercial character of the ancient *Flemings*, and their freedom from the curse of Roman garrisons and functionaries; for, had the Romans been masters of the lower courses of these rivers, it is not at all likely that they would have constructed their vessels in ship-yards, whence, to conduct them safely to the ocean, was a measure fraught with much difficulty and greater danger.

Adrian Baarland, an erudite Dutch historian, who died at *Louvain*, in 1542, after quoting *Geldenhauer*, adds that the gardens of Zeeland produce every vegetable fit for food, likewise a multitude of garden-fruits, luxuriant in their maturity, while its orchards rejoice their owners with surpassing returns; also, that its fields yield an abundance of the great dye-staple, madder, and wheat, which cannot be exceeded in weight, size, or brightness, by that in any other part of the world. In conclusion, he sums up the long list of its blessings and the fecundity of its soil, with MARTIAL'S reply to HORACE:

"HORATIUS *dixit* :

"*Nullus in orbe locus Bais prælucet amœnis.*"

Translation :

*In every beauty which delights the eye,
No place on earth with BAIR fam'd can vie.*

“Item Poeta Martialis :

*“Ut nulle laudem FLACCÆ versibus BAIR,
Laudabo digne non tamen satis BATAS.”*

Translation :

FLACCUS! *while I can BAIR praise in thousand lines of verse,
I never could in worthy strains ZELANDIA'S charms rehearse.*

Let those who question the truth of any portion of these historical collections, examine classical and mediæval authors, and compare them with those of modern times, so ably, so laboriously, so honorably, so gloriously collated by indefatigable and impartial historians, foreign as well as native.

The Netherlands have ever been the stumbling block to Romanism and Despotism, the two great curses of the world. Had they not been or had they not existed as they ever did, England would not be great and glorious England, but an appanage of some vast Romish empire, and this our country, the United States, would have been strangled in the pestiferous coils of hollow Gallo-Romanish civilization.

Scarcely a century since and from the silent cliffs and living deeps of New Foundland, yea, from the frigid waters which break upon the flinty coast of Labrador to the warm turbid outflow of the Mississippi, the fleur de lys waved from a chain of posts whose morning drum at once awoke the arctic seal and roused the chattering tropic monkey.

“I was struck”—to quote the letter of a reflecting friend—“when I visited that region of country, by the evidence which I saw of former French power upon this continent. As I descended the St. Lawrence by

their equipments, their arms, and their military engines: thence in summer they marched forth to battle, and thither in winter they returned, to repose from their fatigues.

Under TIBERIUS, the Romans sustained (A. D. 27,) [see page 138,] that terrible defeat at the hands of the **Frisons**, in the *Baduhenna* forest, between *Leeuwarden* and *Sneek*, which rendered those *true Saxons* so illustrious, even among the warlike Germans.

A. D. 47, the *Chaucian War* broke out, in which **Gannascus**, the Caninefatian, a native of Holland proper, developed his genius as a commander, both by land and by sea. His squadrons of light frigates ravaged the coasts of *Gaul*, whose riches attracted his expeditions, while the degeneration of their Romanized inhabitants facilitated their operations. A fleet of heavy galleys, issuing, under CORBULO, from the Roman navy-yards upon the *Rhine*, succeeded in defeating the combined privateer flotillas of **Gannascus**, constructed more with the view to celerity than to abide the shock of battle. After this discomfiture the Hollandish admiral-chief took refuge among the noble **Chauci** whither he was pursued by Roman emissaries and treacherously murdered. Roused by the violation of their soil even as one man the CHAUCI rose in arms—"no partial rising—rose *all* Northumbria!" and only were appeased by the immediate recall and implied disgrace of Corbulo, the Roman general, who had excited their righteous indignation.

Under GALBA, FONTEIUS CAPITO, who commanded the Roman armaments in the German Ocean, governor of *Germania Secunda* aspired to the purple. His assassination left the country between the *Maas* and the *Schelde* for a long time even without a nominal Roman at its head.

A. D. 70, the war of CIVILIS broke out. To MOTLEY we refer our readers for its history. The same year his troops attempted predatory forays into the easternmost (?) territory of the **Menapii**, which, speedily repulsed, left them to the enjoyment of that armed neutrality which profits by a war it has the sagacity to avoid. The Roman general LABEO, defeated by the Hollandish chief, took refuge in the marsh-land (*Avia Belgarum*) forests of the **Menapii** who sheltered him with that same tolerant pity which they had ever shown to all who sought an asylum in their country. Doubtless they were actuated by the remembrance of the unjustified aggressions made by the command of their one-eyed neighbor across the Rhine.

A. D. 193, the emperor PERTINAX was slain during a mutiny by FAUSCUS, a native of *Tongres* in farthest south-eastern Ta(o)xandria, a Menapian (*Liegeois?*) soldier in the Prætorian horse-guards, which were recruited in a great measure in the duchy of *Gueldres* (Menapia Orientalis) and neighboring districts, perhaps the very one mentioned in the imperial *Notitia* as the Menapian corps. These cavalry were distinguished by their valor and by the boldness with which they swam their horses across the broadest and most rapid rivers, exploits generally attributed to the Batavian mounted-cohorts alone.

A. D. 262–276, during the reigns of the meritorious VALERIAN and the immortal PROBUS, the FRANK-confederates first burst the barrier of the Rhine, the initiatory conflicts of that dread, ceaseless, series of campaigns which only closed with the annihilation of the Roman influence in Germany, the Netherlands and France, a tragedy whose action embraced not only Western Europe but all the lands which frame as it were the Eux-

ine and Mediterranean seas, and border the Eastern Atlantic and German Oceans.

Through storm-clouds piled in murky masses upon the mountains of crime, whose horrent peaks rise far beyond the aspiring step of human research, crimson with the reflection of the ensanguined earth, deformed by fire, sword and rapine, the sun of the Western Empire plows, like a shattered war-ship, (*DECIREMUS*) driven headlong on to wreck by the resistless winds awakened by the shock of the long and furious battle* through which it had borne the standard of command.

The shades of night are thickening fast about its course, and a twilight, sad and starless, pregnant with phantoms gendered by despair, broods on the wasted earth. What a glorious aurora will succeed, a dawn rosy with hope, radiant with light and health, a morning flooding the earth and sea with rays of gladsome promise, those rays the Saxon ships, destined to pierce the world's remotest limits, freighted with knowledge, hope and peace that passeth knowledge.

The Saxons are on the Seas. Their clipper *SCAPHÆ* launched from the fearless north and swarming with male life are bounding to the rescue of a world enslaved and plunged in torment. Even as the electric fires vault from the pole towards the zenith, even so their *Kirls* swept southward by the Arctic gale, like dreadful *Faul* and evil *DUSII*, are flying to assail the Roman fabric and recompense six hundred years of woe with concentrated wrath. Borne on the furious cour-

*History records many such phenomena in the actual world. How often since the general use of artillery, particularly at sea, have mighty battles been succeeded by violent storms! Philosophers have even suggested the kindling of huge fires, or a heavy fire of artillery, to evoke rain during a drought, or clear the atmosphere during an epidemic.

sers of the deep* they burst into the Roman seas even as the horseman of the East burst on the Roman lands, only alike however in their impetuous progress. The **Saxon** comes to renovate, the **HUN** to devastate. Behind the first the earth bears all the fruits which bless our race ; behind the last the very grass, root-killed, thence forward grows no more. The **Saxon** is the type of man intelligent, the **HUN** of man the animal, and ever since the day **Carausius** laid the base stone of a Saxon government each generation has built up the pile, which stands the home, the palace and the fortress of wealth, prosperity and comfort.

To curb the young fire of the new Saxon life, a Saxon hand alone must grasp the reins. Roman admirals, effete, looks on aghast, unfit to cope with the true sovereigns of the seas. Rome has no sea-chief equal to the hour, but from the Menapian sea-land evokes a Hollando-Saxon seaman to con the course and take the helm of her imperial navy.

The great Anglo-Saxon, **Alfred**, ignorant of all the modern appliances for measuring time, devised a plan, primitive but ingenious, to obviate his need. Large waxen candles, sheltered from the effects of drafts of air by screens, were set in their lofty sconces, in wide and sonorous brazen basins. Around these tapers, calculated to burn a certain period, and graduated with nice care, were tied, from space to space, thin cords or combustible threads, sustaining heavy iron balls. When each taper had wasted down to a thread, it burned through the ligature and instantly set free the ball, which, falling from a height into the brazen basin, proclaimed the hour, or served as an alarm clock to sum-

*Seamen will understand the allusion when they recall that the epithet "*Spanish horses*" is applied to the mountain waves of the Northern Atlantic.

mon forth the household to their duties, announce the change of guard by night, or waken **Alfred** to his studies.

With a clang as sharp, as sudden, and as startling as that time-stroke,—heard even amid the din of war and crash of falling empire,—destiny struck her alarm-gong, and, meet for the occasion, stood forth the Menapian sailor-hero. Zeeland and Dutch Flanders, destined in after years to amaze the world with her great children's seamanship, now gave her first storied hero to save dear Saxon England. And *Antwerp*, which, before the Spanish curse was on her, saw, day by day, five hundred vessels sail into her harbor, while a like number weighed and left her port,—wherein five times that number most times lay at anchor—is linked to the ancient times by that brave sailor-boy who first saw light within her riparian district.*

Like a magician, **CARAUSIUS** took his station at *Boulogne*, (*Portus Epatiaci*?) amid the chaotic elements of what once constituted Rome's grand imperial navy, which, in two months, slid from the ways to a victorious entry into a commensurate life of upwards of five hundred years. Scarce launched, its triumph off Sicilian Mylœ ranks **DULIUS** among the greatest admirals of all times, and even as the infant Hercules strangled in his cradle, two mighty serpents sent by Juno to destroy him, so the new-born navy crushed, in her waters, at one blow, the maritime power of Carthage and the marine supremacy of the Phœnician and Hellenic races.

He spoke! disorder became order, weakness strength, woods ships, and savage nations active seamen. He gave his *verillum* to the winds and the sea, churned by his sinewy oarsmen, bore forth his armaments to glory.

*MICHELET, *Histoire de France*, (I., 98,) says **CARAUSIUS** was born near *Antwerp*; therefore a Zeelander.

He trod the deck, and the obedient winds wafted his armadas wherever danger threatened, to conquer and restore. He grasped the tiller and steered across the main, to found a throne and win an immortal name. Distrusted and betrayed, he taught a tyrant by rude lessons, the danger of attempting to trample on a freeman. The BAGAUDÆ, ground to the dust by the imperial heel, beheld an avenger rise from their martyr's blood and homestead's ashes.

Out of the sea a little cloud like a man's hand rose up,—the Saxon tempest,—to overspread the north, and; thence, burst forth the levin (*hlifian*) bolts which shattered and threw down the bulwarks of the past. From that hour the sea and sea-land was enfranchised.

Rise of Carausius.

Now, to reforge the chain and reunite the history of Carausius from which we turned aside to describe his native land, his peoples' origin, their proud career of freedom and improvement, we compile the concise but truthful records of PALGRAVE'S History of the Anglo Saxons, KEMBLE'S Saxons in England and Milton's History of England—adding some curious facts.

“The political ancestry of the ancient monarchs of **Anglo-Saxon** BRITAIN, must therefore be sought amongst the sovereigns, who are expunged from the regular series of the CÆSARS, and put at the bottom of the page by the chronologists of the empire. Britain was said to be singularly fertile in ‘Tyrants;’ or, in other words, the opulent province made strong efforts to detach itself from Rome, and to acquire independence. But the history of these times is extremely imperfect. The jejune and feeble writers of the Augustan history afford our chief materials; and though we know that

the first of these British Tyrants was slain by his competitor PROBUS, we are not able to tell his name."

Carausius, 'a Menapian by birth,' whose nation "was found in the islands of the *Rhine*," or *Maas* and *Schelde* whom Robert of Gloucester XII. or XIII. century calls **Caraus** and **Karant**; JOHN ZONARUS, a Greek historian of the early part of the XIIth century, KRAOON and CRAS-SUS; TRISTAN, (1644) CARUN; KERVYN DE LETTENHOVE, "a 'Karl Saxon,' as his name denotes, though misrepresented"; and other mediæval authors CARUS, "obtained a more durable ascendancy."

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"**Carausius**, perhaps himself a pirate, had been accustomed to the sea from his earliest youth; and he was raised, by his valor and talent, to the command of the navy destined to repress the incursions of the (*Hollandish*) FRANKS and Saxons, and other barbarians, who ravaged the shores of *Britain* and of *Gaul*. In this station, dark suspicions arose respecting his collusion with the enemy; and it being anticipated that he would throw off his allegiance to **DIOCLETIAN** and **MAXIMIAN**, the Emperors who then ruled, orders were sent from *Rome* to put **CARAUSIUS** to death. But he evaded the fatal messenger; and the wealth which he had earned by his exploits, as well as the reputation which he gained in his victories, persuaded the British legions and auxiliaries to hail him as **AUGUSTUS**, and to bestow upon him the imperial diadem."

"The policy of the Emperor **MARCUS ANTONINUS**, at the successful close of the *Marcomannic* or German war (A. D. 166-180) had transplanted to Britain multitudes of Germans, to serve at once as instruments of Roman power and as hostages for their countrymen on the frontier of the empire. The remnants of this once powerful confederation cannot but have left long and lasting

traces of their settlement among us (Englishmen); nor can it be considered at all improbable that CARAUSIUS, when in the year 287, he raised the standard of revolt in Britain, calculated upon the assistance of the *German*s in this country, as well as that of their allies and brethren on the continent. For "CARAUSIUS was a Menapian," and therefore in some degree a compatriot, since "in the third century the inhabitants of the *Menapian* territory were certainly TEUTONIC." "CARAUSIUS, and after him Allectus, maintained a (true) *German* (or Saxon) force here" in England.

MAXIMIAN, who made some fruitless attempts to rid himself of this rival, was repelled with disgrace. The Emperor of Britain—whose dominions included Boulogne, and the adjoining coast of Gaul—(and all the Franks which had *by his permission* seated themselves in Belgia, were at his devotion)—used every exertion to maintain his sovereignty; he built vessels of war (after the Roman fashion) and raised great forces, inviting to his service the barbarians against whom he had fought, and to whose native courage and maritime skill was now added the regular discipline of the Roman soldier.

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"Having obtained this object of his ambition, he, for seven years (A. D. 285-'7 to 292-'4), conducted himself with courage and ability. He defended the frontiers of his dominions against the *Caledonians* of the North"; and "TYSILIO, (a *Welsh* bard or rhyming historian, of the VI–VIIth centuries,) says he (Caron—Carausius,) made the *Picts*, who lately came out of *Scythia*, his confederates, and settled them in *Scotland*" (in ancient Albany, now Breadalbane).

"If the authenticity of the Poems of *Ossian*, as they now appear, could be relied upon, allusions to this

wall"—(the *Vallum Antonini*, originally laid out and constructed by LOLLIVS URBICUS, and repaired, strengthened and embellished by CARAUSIUS,) "and the operations of CARAUSIUS (CAROS) on the banks of the *Carron*, are therein recognized.* (See pages 53-7.)

"The scene is near the "*mossy rock of Crona*," a small stream which runs into the *Carron*; and, while CAROS (Carausius) is employed in repairing ancient barriers, or erecting new works for obstructing the incursions of the *Caledonians*, he seems to have been attacked by a party of the latter, under the command of OSCAR, the son of OSSIAN":

"*What does Caros, King of ships?—said the son of the now mournful Ossian—spreads he the wings (the Roman eagle) of his pride, bard of the times of old?*"

"*He spreads them, Oscar,—replied the bard—but it is behind his gathered heap, (Agricola's [or Antonine's] Wall, repaired,) he looks over his stones with fear. He beholds thee terrible as the ghost of night, that rolls the waves to his ships!*"†

This imagery is magnificent, especially the allusion to the tempest-wrought sea assailing the-laboring fleet amid the darkness, at a period when maritime science was called upon to exert all its powers to overcome any, even the slightest, exigencies. Again, it contrasts the headlong, reckless courage of the kilted *Gael*—who despised the patient labor which restrained and the calm order which discomfited his fiery impulse—with the firm but regulated valor of the experienced Hollando-Saxon, who supplied the want of numbers and enthusiasm of patriotic fury, by the employment

*WAR OF CAROS, and Critical Dissertation concerning the ÆRA OF OSSIAN.

†POEMS OF OSSIAN, page 95, and Preface, p. VIII. Quarto, 1762.

of that method and discipline which rendered his position inexpugnable and his triumph sure.

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Ruling in Britain 'MARCUS AURELIUS VALERIUS CARAUSIUS,' for he had borrowed these impressive names, was ranked as the 'brother' of DIOCLETIAN and MAXIMIAN. The fleets of Carausius sailed triumphant; and from the *Columns of Hercules* to the mouths of the *Rhine*, his standard ruled the seas. ("CARAUSIUS with his navy *did at sea what he listed*, robbing on every coast").

GIBBON, who assures us that "every circumstance of his life and actions has been investigated with sagacious accuracy," adds that he "diffused beyond the columns of Hercules the terror of his name." And there is reason to suppose that his ensigns, emblazoned with the *white steed* of the **Saxons** or the clipper-frigate (ISLAKAN LIBURNA) of the **Menapii**, fluttered defiance at the mouths of the *Tiber*, on their way to arouse new enemies for *Rome*, along the shores of the distant *Euxine*. Nor can we doubt that his dispatch ships braved the fogs and shallows of the chartless *Baltic*, to summon thence races cognate to his own, and win them from their avaricious search and traffic in pellucid amber, (**Glase** or **Glære**, Anglo-Saxon,) to that exciting life which amply requited the toil and peril of the hunt with spoils, yellow, like the bounty of the Suevian waves, but far more precious,—gold.

"When CONSTANTIUS CHLORUS was associated to the purple, he prepared to dispossess Carausius of his dominions; and by a bold (prompt) and fortunate (adventitious) enterprise, the British fleet stationed at *Boulogne* was compelled to surrender."

He was just in time, for *Gaul*, still smarting from

MAXIMIAN'S scourging, inclined a willing ear to the persuasive eloquence of Britain's self-made sovereign, and, like an inflammable mass, required but his word to burst into one blaze. The unexpected and impetuous march of Rome's Pale (**CHLORUS**) Champion interposed between the match and the pyre of the imperial sway in Gallia. Boulogne invested, the growling Gaul crouched down beneath the uplifted fasces; Boulogne fallen, he dragged the chain and clog another hundred years, to gaunt on bones, while Romans ate the meat.

Not so the **Saxons** and the **Netherlandish Franks**. Their naval apprenticeship of seven years to **Carausius** taught them the art of navigation and the military science of the sea, which—they transmitting as a sacred lore from sire to son—have, from an acquisition of the mind, become transmuted to an instinct. This was the first of those auspicious incidents which exalted the power and influence of that people whom **TACITUS** was not acquainted with, even by name, and **PTOLEMY** makes mention of by name alone.

To this new life of daring enterprise there was no lack of inclination. All that they wanted was instruction and encouragement. In place of their skiffs of skins and fragile barks, **Carausius** gave them ships and leaders of experience, who, by the reflection of his glorious character, had become in a measure imbued with his daring skill. Thenceforth, "as Providence had destined them to be the stock of a nation, whose colonies, commerce, arts, knowledge, and fame, were to become far superior to those of Rome, and to pervade every part of the world, it cherished them by a succession of those propitious circumstances which gradually formed and led them to that great enterprise for which they were principally destined," the

settlement of the **Netherlands**, "the conquest of Romanized Britain," and the establishment of our Confederation, and mighty empires in world's unknown, until within four centuries.

The Campaign of **Carausius** in the **Netherlands** : Annihilation of the **Batavi**.

The capture of *Boulogne* was followed by the loss of his Armorican dominions, (Gallic coasts of the Channel,) and **Carausius** perceived that if he would preserve his island throne he must defend his native country (the Maritime Netherlands), which had furnished him with such faithful adherents, such intelligent seamen, such stalwart soldiers, and such immense material. Patriotism and gratitude united to stimulate his activity, and while **MAXIMIAN** and **CONSTANTIUS** were yet rejoicing over the capture of *Boulogne* and the victory of *Cadiz*, **Carausius** had collected his fleets of war-ships and transports, had crossed the sea, and stood prepared to protect his native **Netherlands** against the invasion of the Romans and the treason to principle, which had converted the free (?) **Batavians** into instruments of despotism, for chronicles concede the rapacious tyranny of the Romans in the Netherlands, whenever they enjoyed an opportunity of gratifying their avaricious lust.

A half century previous to this action, history first notices the appearance of the **Franks**,—not a nation, but a combination of petty nations, embracing the majority of those who had long since occupied the *Netherlands*, as well as others beyond the *Rhine*, but all of **Saxon** or **German** origin.

The true Germans, it is undeniable, had hitherto sustained a series of defeats, but these defeats had been as glorious to the losers as victories, since *morally* they

triumphed, while *physically* they were *overthrown*, inasmuch as their obstinate and death-despising valor deterred the Romans from attempting any distant expeditions into their territory, and precluded any permanent conquests beyond the *Rhine*. The campaigns of the Romans in Germany were forays on an immense scale, from which they oftener returned with disgrace and broken bones than with trophies and booty. These invasions, however, were eventually productive of more benefit than injury, and were the cause of the ultimate Saxo-Germanic triumph, for they taught the Germans, though little versed in policy, the lesson which Æsop inculcates by the fable of the bundle of arrows, the very symbol adopted to express the strength of the **United Provinces** and the necessity of their union. Hard experience convinced the northern races that it was the Roman unity of action, directed by one mind, that triumphed over their disunion and dispersion, in different tribes, under divers kings ; for, prior to CLODION, the Long Haired, (A. D. 428,) no Saxon or German league had an acknowledged supreme head, and nothing certainly like a capital, or seat of government. Roman discipline had been overcome more than once by Saxon and German intrepidity, but Roman cohesion had oftener shattered Saxon incoherence. Awakened to the truth by successive failures, two combinations came into existence, which may be almost distinguished as *German* and *Saxon*—since the **Allemanni** partook more of the former, and the **Franks** of the latter, element. The **Franks** were eminently a Netherlandic combination, and their chief seat was in the marshy districts, overflowed and intersected by the channels of the *Rhine*. A chronological examination of their origin and progress will constitute the concluding portion of this work, and to that the reader is referred for details.

About the year A. D. 250, the **Salian Franks** made their appearance in what is recognized as the modern kingdom of Holland. A large proportion of their strength was supplied by the noble **Chauci**, from between the *Ems* and the *Elbe*, who thus came to reunite themselves, after an interval of three centuries and a half, with that portion of their nation which, proceeding farther westward, had established itself along the *Rhine* and at the mouths of the *Maus* (see page 135). Another portion of the **Franks** won for themselves settlements in the *Batavian* triangle of islands, while a third accepted locations near *Bois le Duc*, *Breda*, and *Antwerp*. All the nations who had been subjugated by the Romans, or had been acknowledged as their allies, seemed to have formed a coalition to oppose the new arrivals. On the other hand, the **Menapii** not only extended a welcoming hand, but assisted them against the imperial armies which sought to expel them from the *Netherlands*, and repulse them into the Saxon marshes and German mountains, whence they had issued. The prolongation of the struggle was the means of introducing **Carausius** into that sphere of action which led to his ultimate celebrity and power. Promoted to the command of the Roman fleets in the *Channel* and *German Ocean*, **Carausius** had made common cause with his fellow citizens, the **Menapians**, whose naval superiority, after he had become the Emperor of Britain, fenced in his throne with such impregnable, floating, wooden-walls, as enabled him to carry out his plans without anxiety, or the fear of a competitor. Afterwards, invested with the sovereignty of the British island, his authority was no less acknowledged by the **Franks** of the *Netherlands* than by his own immediate British subjects. **Gennebon**, king of the **Salian Franks** in *Batavia*, was not only his firm ally but his attached

friend, and all the Franks which had, by the permission of **Carausius**, seated themselves in *Belgia*, that is, south of the *Rhine*, were at his devotion.

There is scarcely any doubt but that the co-operation of the naval contingents—built, equipped, and launched in the *Zee*land, *Zuid* [South] *Holland* and *Dutch-Flemish* islands and rivers, (or rather, estuaries and arms of the sea,) and manned by the **MENAPII** and their confederates, the **SALIAN FRANKS**,—whose male manners and peculiar habiliments **Carausius** delighted in, and pleased himself by, emulating and adopting them,—exerted a most powerful agency in elevating the Hollandish Admiral to his throne, and contributed in a great measure to maintaining him there until his insular subjects had lent a willing shoulder to the wheel of progress, and built up for their new and beloved Saxon sovereign a numerous, splendid and effective navy.

In return, now that the Salian Franks, his subjects and associates, were attacked by Maximian and Constantius, **Carausius**,—notwithstanding the diminution of his power through the defeat of his naval allies off *Cadiz*, the conquest of *Armorica*, and the capture of *Boulogne*, and a large portion of his fleet in that port by Constantius, as well as the destruction of another by the elements,—alive to the generous impulse of gratitude and dead to the selfish whispers of peril, lost not a moment, but hastened to recompense the fidelity they had shown, and the assistance they had afforded him, by the force of his arms and the prestige of his reputation. He found them exposed to a double danger, for while the converging Roman columns—advancing from *Belgic Gaul* and the *Upper Rhine*—were driving them into the ocean and the mighty sea-resembling rivers of *Holland* or pressing them back into

the wilds of Germany, the Batavians, "the friends and allies of Rome," oblivious of the bright example of **Gannascus**, the splendid career of **Civilis** "the Founder of Liberty," and the traditions of their forefathers, were assailing the **Menapians** and their confederates in the rear.

Short and bloody was the contest. Civil and religious wars are always more sharp and unrelenting than any other conflicts. Roused to fury at what appeared to them a threefold treason to the instincts of the **Fatherland**, the ties of brotherhood and the obligations of hospitality, the **Menapians**, with all the fierceness of a fearless, semi-barbarous people, assisted by the discipline of his veterans and directed by the ability of such a leader as their eminent countryman, flooded the island of *Batavia*, and swept over it with a tide-wave of war, more irresistibly fatal to life than even that tide-wave of the North Sea which had leveled the dykes and razed the scarce completed tenements of the **Cimbri** and **Teutones**, forced, by the inburst, to abandon a country which it seemed hopeless to believe would again be relinquished by the ocean.

That which the Romans could never accomplish, **Carausius** effected almost at a blow. He made himself master of the renowned *Batavian*, hitherto free, land, put to the sword nearly the whole population, and planted in the villages and settlements, which were rising into towns and flourishing communities, strangers, though of a cognate race, who had been more faithful to his and the Saxon cause than the original owners—degenerated into the myrmidons (**Gefolge**) of the imperial tyrants—and almost blotted out, forever—

*"While streams of carnage, in the noontide blaze,
Smoke up to heaven"—*

the very name of the famous **Batavi**.

As far as regarded their nationality, all was over. Their ancient possessions passed into the hands of new men,—free from the contaminating influence of Rome ; and the retribution determined by the indignant *MENAPIAN AUGUSTUS* was consummated.

Of a nation once so celebrated, nothing remained (A. D. 463)—according to *KERROUX*—but a mere body of soldiers, which garrisoned a city named *Bataria*, in *Rhætia*, and, perhaps, another corps stationed at *Passau*, by some styled *Patari* or *Bataria* (*Batara Castra*), at the confluence of the *Inn* and the *Danube*. The bulk of the people had been either absorbed in the Roman service, or exterminated, and the survivors—driven from their paternal soil—were so scattered abroad that they had become confounded with the *Saxons*, *Franks*, and *Frisons* ; even the remembrance of their name was thenceforward lost in the country they had rendered famous by their exploits.

For a century longer, *ALIE* or auxiliary corps of *Batavians* appear in the list of the imperial armies ; but after the time of *Honorius* (A. D. 395–425), even their name, once so honorable and terrible, disappeared forever from history.

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To a person born and bred in this country and age, such a state of affairs as existed in the Netherlands, and in fact in the greater part of the Roman empire, at this period, can scarcely be realized by the wildest stretch of his imagination ; that is, so as to bring it home to his feelings and his understanding. Except among the *Μεναπιοι*, and even then only in their less accessible cantons, an individual who left his home to make a short journey for business or pleasure, might, and most probably would, never again be able to recognize any but those natural features which were un-

susceptible of change. Upon his return he might even find such an utter devastation of his country that it would be impossible to locate the homestead where he was born and nurtured, and in the place of faces and costumes, endeared by usage and boyish associations, and of language agreeable or intelligible, he might encounter faces the most unlike those of his race, habiliments and arms as strange as the lineaments, and a speech of which he was not capable of comprehending a single word or recalling a single accent. And then, again, at particular epochs, the Low Countries were subjected to such terrible physical visitations that all the horrors of the deluge were re-enacted in several of their maritime districts. These last constitute a peril which becomes more eminent year by year upon the Rhine-side, and augments in even a greater degree than the dangers diminish upon the immediate shores of the ocean and its estuaries. But that is as foreign to the subject as the former consideration is pertinent and appalling.

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The defeat and extermination of the Hollanders (BATAVI) by the Zeelanders and Dutch Flemings (Menapii) and their allies, and the fearful punishment inflicted by Carausius, in retaliation, as it were, for their unjustifiable invasion and depredation of the Menapian territory, by the orders of CIVILIS, because the Saxon races would not take up arms and become subjects of his contemplated Gallic sovereignty, constitute one of those events in history which, however sad in the consideration, admit of no doubt as to their truth.

That gallant race upon whom SCHILLER lavishes the encomiums of his eloquent pen ; whom TACITUS records as superior in military courage to all the warlike tribes upon the Rhine ; which paid its tribute in soldiers, and

was reserved, like the arrow and sword, only for battle ; which contributed the best cavalry in the imperial service ; which decided the fortune of Pharsalia's crowning day ; which—like the Swiss—who formed in so many cases during the past century, and in some cases still constitute the body-guards of sovereigns—furnished the imperial life-guard ; which terrified the intractable warriors of the Danube by their fierce but orderly valor, swimming in full armor and on horseback, rank after rank, across that impetuous river and other no less furious streams ; which had made themselves the terror of the fiery Caledonians at the north-western extremity of the known world, in as great a degree as they had struck with awe the barbarians upon its north-eastern limit ; after four hundred years of unsurpassed renown was swept from the earth, by the agency of the sword, with almost as sudden a catastrophe as overwhelmed the army of Sennacherib or the nations of Canaan. The Gallo-Germanic element in Holland was extinguished, trampled in and ground out by the Scandinavo-Saxon or true German, and the Batavian name expunged from the list of nations.

From the day when **KATTENWALD**, the Batavian, concluded a treaty of peace and alliance with **JULIUS CÆSAR**, down to the last hours of the Western Empire, his compatriots proved themselves the bravest and firmest allies of the Romans. Throughout that period of incessant combat, their cavalry was acknowledged by every writer, Roman, Greek, or barbarian, to have constituted the finest disciplined body of horse in the military world—and, under the first Napoleon, Emperor of France, the soldierly qualities of their countrymen, in every arm, were conceded by his Marshals and Generals.

From the reign of **AUGUSTUS** to that of **HONORIUS**,

the Batavi occupied the foremost rank and were selected as the forlorn hope (*Enfants Perdus*) of Roman war. In every clime they devoted themselves for the aggrandizement of Rome, and performed that desperate duty in her service which the *Spahis*, or rather *Delhis*, discharged, with like headlong zeal, in the van of the Ottoman armies—

“*Bold, as if gifted with ten thousand lives,*”—

the Batavians swept away all human obstacles, however fierce and fearless, which encumbered the Roman path of conquest—

“*And, at each step, his bloody falchion makes
Terrible vistas, through which victory breaks.*”

Their bravery assured to JULIUS CÆSAR and his successors victories, on which the fate of a dynasty, nay, the future of the whole world, depended. In Britain, more than one triumph was due to their fiery charges; they crushed out the last resistance of the defeated but unsubmissive BELGÆ, and terminated the *Gallic* war, which left the great JULIUS free to contest the sovereignty of the world. Afterwards, in his service, they swam the frigid *Segre*, shattered the force which lined the adverse shore, and gave him *Spain*. In *Greece*, they covered themselves with laurels at *Durazzo*, in *Albania*, and at *Gomfi*, in *Thessaly*. Upon *Pharsalia's* field, although fighting there on foot, they routed the cavalry of POMPEY, and CÆSAR received his imperial crown of laurel from the points of their dripping swords. Their adhesion made and unmade Emperors. VITELLIUS, DIDIUS JULIANUS, SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, and other Masters of the World, acquired the diadem from their gauntleted hands. A. D. 19, CARIOVALDA breasted, at their head, the swiftly-flowing *Weser*, and, like the Spartan at *Thermopylæ*, kept the Cheruscan multitudes at bay until the Romans crossed

to his support, too late, however, to accomplish more than the rescue of the corpses of the heroic king and his intrepid officers. A. D. 71, they dashed into the boisterous *Maas*, to assail the rear of LABEO's troops upon the farther bank. A. D. 79, they accompanied AGRICOLA into *Britain*, and signalized their valor on the Grampian Hills in a battle which determined the fate of *Scotland*. A. D. 120, **Soranus**, a Batavian, rendered himself famous by his marvelous address with the bow. Having launched an arrow high into the air, he could draw a second from his quiver, adjust it to his string, and with it splinter the first in its descending flight. By the orders of the Emperor ADRIAN, who witnessed the feat, his skill was perpetuated by an epitaph. A. D. 197, the Emperor SEPTIMIUS SEVERUS, as a token of his esteem for his Batavian body-guard, accorded to each *private* the privilege of carrying a *vine-stock* or cane (VITIS), the badge of a *centurion*, or commandant of rank. A. D. 212, ANTONINUS, his son, testified his affection for his Batavian cohorts by wearing his hair in accordance with their custom. But one more instance will suffice, for a mere recital of their feats of arms would fill more pages than have been devoted to the whole consideration of themselves and and their Chattian neighbors. A. D. 357, the bravery of his Batavian troops achieved, near *Strasburg*, that triumph over the six German confederated kings which established the fame of the warlike JULIAN.

But all their renown was of no avail against the cool, indignant courage of the **Alenapii**, directed by the experience of **Carausius**.

The Batavi had lived by the sword, and, even as the Gospel threatens, they who sold their blood and bravery, and earned their bread amid the hot steam and in the slaughter-pit of battle, died by the sword.

Well may we exclaim, "True as Holy Writ! 'They that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' "

The *Menapii* lived by the plough and the sickle, the net and the sail, the crook and the shuttle, and they prospered and continue to prosper in their original homes, a wise and wealthy state of a glorious, confederated nation. Wonderful are the judgments of the Sovereign of all things!

In vain Constantius, and, after his death—July 25th, A. D. 306—his renowned son, Constantine the Great, strove to regain possession of the Batavian territory—the nursery of warriors—which *Carausius*—imitating the action of preceding and subsequent Emperors—had settled with his faithful adherents. Even after the death of our hero, their utmost exertions were insufficient to conquer that almost inaccessible territory which he conquered at a blow; and the Romans were forced to leave the country of their allies and friends, as they termed them, who had perished in their cause, in the possession of the new inhabitants, upon whom the Menapian sailor-monarch had bestowed the "good meadow" and its temperate and inviting woodlands.

* * * * *

It is almost certain that the Roman historians of their day knew just about as much of what Maximian and Constantius effected against the *Saxo-Franks* and *Menapians*, as the journalists of St. Petersburg do about the current operations in the *Caucasus*. Defeats, if reported, were glossed over; and successes, however insignificant, exaggerated. Thus their narratives became one tissue of misrepresentation, which modern historians have copied in the most servile manner, without analytical comparison or reflection. What is more, the chroniclers of the Empire—in general fulsome panegyrists—often drew upon their imagination

for the facts of their histories, which hand down to us nothing more than a record of their own hopes, flattering predictions, and servile auguries, rather than of the events which actually occurred.

In their Rise and Progress, the Saxo-Menapian *Franks* left imperishable monuments of their gradual physical expansion and moral influence. Their autobiography, graven with their swords upon the tablet of Europe, possesses an authenticity which all the penmen in the world cannot write down or contradict. CÆSAR found the *Mevavioi* where we find them still, after a lapse of sixty generations. GORDIAN, the Younger, was startled by the tidings of a new *Saxon* impulse, and the movement, like the first shocks of an eruption, grew more and more violent, until it overwhelmed every vestige of Roman power between the *Rhine* and the *Rhone* and the *Atlantic*, burying some so deep, like *Herculaneum*, in a bloody concrete, that only fragments have been quarried out; while others, like *Pompeii*, were covered so lightly with ashes that they have been disentombed with facility and in almost entirety. The *Franks*, who conquered *Gaul* (France), were as much *Cis-Rhenan* *Netherlanders* as *Trans-Rhenan Saxons* or *true Germans*; and the wars between them and the Romans can only be compared to that ceaseless contest of the present century between the colossal empire of *Russia* and the scattered tribes of *Circassia*, substituting a mountain for a marsh-land and a very barbarous for a demi-civilized race. The CÆSARS and the CZARS penetrated into the country with enormous armies, slaughtered all they could overtake, burned whatever was combustible, pillaged whatever was worth bearing away, published lying, boasting bulletins, disgraced enlightenment by refinements of cruelty, which out-deviled the obtuse efforts of the natural man, and abandoned their self-

styled conquests, leaving behind them the wrecks of war-material, whose original value was greater than the sum of their opponents' possessions, and corpses and prisoners more numerous than the whole number of their adversaries.

Nor does the simile end here. Grant that the *Russians* succeeded in establishing fortified posts, particularly along the coast, as the *Romans* had fortified their positions upon navigable rivers: the influence of the *Muscovites* was restricted within the range of their artillery, even as that of the Latins was measured by the cast of their military engines. Both were forced in a great measure to depend upon their fleets for the supply of men, provisions and ammunition, except when from time to time an army, overwhelming in numbers, burst across the frontier to reinforce the garrisons, ravage the valleys in one case, the clearings in another, and recoil with a rapidity which alone preserved the mass from the *Tcherkessian* bullets and **N**etherlands missiles, which sleeted down upon them like hail or rain from the beetling crags and forest-clad mountains or towering trees and impervious underwood. And then again, how often have the mountaineers carried the strongest fortified positions in the same way that *CIVILIS* captured *Vetera Castra*, a position *on* which the ancient imperials had exhausted their military engineering, and *in* which they kept a garrison varying in force from six to twenty thousand regulars.

The *United States'* operations against the *Seminoles* in *Florida* would have been a more pertinent exemplar of the contest between the *Romans* and the **M**enapii, had the Indians been more numerous and enjoyed a higher state of civilization,—since the everglades afford no bad representation of the *Menapian* morasses,—

with the exception, however, that the *Seminoles* lived in a balmy atmosphere and exposed to no danger but that of the American troops, while the *Menapii* had to defend themselves against the invasions not only of the legions but of the ocean, and shelter themselves not only from the missiles of the enemy but the shocks of the tempest and the vicissitudes of a rigorous climate.

The idea of a parallel between the *Caucasian* mountaineers and the *Saxo-Scandinavian* mariners, does not originate in this work, but is derived from a hint contained in the "*Revelations of Russia*," a work whose celebrity has not induced the author to avow himself, and the same invincible passion for liberty and enterprise which characterized the *Berserker* bounding over the mountain waves in his Dragon-kiel, distinguishes the *Tcherkesse* galloping over his mountain ranges on his *Caucasian* steed.

The *Roman* campaigns in the ancient *Netherlands* were like the *French* invasions of *Italy* after the dissolution of the Frank empire of CHARLEMAGNE—often brilliant, sometimes triumphant, but invariably succeeded by the relinquishing of all they had acquired by efforts which exhausted for the time the military resources of their crown, so that *Italy* is no more *French* at this moment than she was after CHARLES VIII. repassed the Alps, FRANCIS I. was carried out a prisoner, or NAPOLEON. cast a wistful glance upon her glorious shores from his *Elban* prison. Their moral and immoral influences remain, and doubtless are at work ; but that is all.

Nothing is more difficult than to reconcile the conflicting accounts of this era ; for historians, in addition to their misrepresentations, seem to delight in contradicting each other's statements and deductions.

THOMAS CARTE, in relating the story of *Carausius*,

proceeds to state that CONSTANTIUS, after his capture of *Boulogne*, "Not having a fleet strong enough to invade this (the British) island, he gave orders for building more ships; and marched against the *Franks*, the *Cauci*, and the *Frisians*; who inhabited *Hollande*, and the neighboring countries on the *Rhine* and *Schelde*, and were always ready to assist *Carausius*. These he defeated and subdued; and then, taking away their arms, transplanted them into other countries too remote to allow them to give any obstruction to his enterprise upon Britain."

Nothing can be more at variance with the truth than this wholesale deportation of the *Franks*, and is just as false as the hopes of TIBERIUS, who, (B. C. 8,) having by the basest treachery, entrapped and made prisoners of nearly the whole of the fighting men of the *Sicambri*, transplanted many thousands into *Guelderland* and *Overysse*, thinking thus to break up and extinguish a tribe which he could not subdue. Contrary to his expectations, this breach of faith resulted in their salvation, for the new settlements consolidated themselves into the *Ussel* (*Issala*, SALIAN) *Franks*, the nucleus of the subsequent great Frank-confederation.

HADRIANUS JUNIUS relates that at this time the *Franks*, taking advantage of a bitter winter, when the rivers were bridged over by the frost, passed the *Rhine* on every side into *Batavia*, wherein—their retreat being cut off by the breaking up of the ice in consequence of a sudden thaw, followed by a violent gale and floods of rain—they were attacked by CONSTANTIUS, and either cut to pieces, driven out, or deported.

The answer to all this is the simple, incontrovertible fact that the FRANKS carried on wars—aggressive as well as defensive—against the imperial subjects and allies, and maintained themselves in the same and the

contiguous districts, against the Emperors and their Lieutenants, until the empire itself was dissolved—a disorganization effected in so great a degree by their agency as that of any other.

But those to whom results will not serve as a better refutation than a printed contradiction, listen to our *Professor* ANTHON, whose erudition will command implicit confidence. He confirms the narrative of GRATTAN, and this history of *Carausius*.

“In the latter part of the third century”—to quote his *“System of Ancient and Mediæval Geography”*—“during the civil war which desolated the empire, the SALIAN FRANKS invaded the country of the *Batavi*, and established themselves in it. They armed pirate vessels, which were encountered and defeated at sea by *Carausius*. CONSTANTIUS and CONSTANTINE waged war against the *Franks* of the *Batavian* island, but could not drive them out of it. The *Franks* lost it, however, in the reign of JULIAN, by an irruption of the *Frisii*, who came from the northern country, near the *Zuider Zee*, and drove the *Salian Franks* beyond the *Meuse*. After this, the *Insula Batavorum* formed part of the country called *Frisia*, which, in time of the *MEROVINGIANS*, extended southward as far as the *Scheldt*.” Nor is *Goerce* less explicit in his (*Dutch*) language. “The *Netherlandish Franks*, after espousing the cause of *Carausius*, made themselves masters of *Batavia*.” Whatever temporary checks they sustained from the overwhelming forces of the Romans, amounted to nothing, except to salve the wounds through which the empire was gradually bleeding to death, in the same way that the English victories, during our Revolution, however they may have retarded its result, only rendered it the more illustrious. The *Saxo-Alcnapian Frank* confederation may have had reverses as disheartening as *Mont-*

GOMERY's repulse at *Quebec* and LINCOLN's at *Savannah*; surprises, as bloody as those at *Paoli's Tavern*, *Briar Creek*, *Monk's Corner*, &c., and defeats as terrible as those at *Warhaw*, *Camden*, *Guilford*, &c. But what were they in comparison to the successes at *Trenton*, *Princeton*, *Saratoga*, *Stony Point*, *King's Mountain*, and *Yorktown*. The gloom of the first are forgotten in the glories of the last. The defeats sustained by the Americans plunged the colonies in temporary dejection, but their victories overwhelmed the English with irremediable despair. Were this a history of the western empire's mortal malady, it might be necessary to go into the details of how it developed itself in the extremities, until gangrene, gradually invading limb after limb, finally siezed with a death-gripe upon the trunk. But we have to do with one member alone, and having shown how it was lopped off, it matters little whether Rome tried to fit it on again and recover its use. As well might a man indulge in the insane hope of re-assuming an amputated leg as the empire of re-annexing the *Netherlands* after the reign of *Carausius*. The doctor and the patient might fight for the limb, but though the doctor could use it to advantage in developing a magnificent preparation for preservation and future benefit, the patient could only shed tears of regret over its irreparable loss.

It was at this epoch that the inhabitants of the *Maas-Scheldic-Archipelago* first appear to have been known as ARBORICHES and ZE(E)LANDERS. The former appellation has a very doubtful etymology. Some suppose that it should be written *Harborige* or *Herbortichge*, a corruption of *Herboren*, signifying "regenerated," inasmuch as they had been converted from their idols to Christianity—(by [St.] VICTRICIUS, patron of mariners, A. D. 385–394?)—but it is much more likely that

just as the one designation of *Ze(e)lander* refers to their maritime position, the other relates to their dwelling in the forests, which, from the earliest times, covered the Menapian territory, and served, even as late as 1184, as the hunting grounds of the Dukes of Brabant, at which time GODFREY, reigning duke, to put a stop to the incursions of the warlike people of *Guel-dres*, commanded the woods thereabouts to be cut down, and laid the foundation of a fortified city (*Bois-le-Duc, l' Hertogenbosch*)—the Duke's Wood), which was finished in 1196, by his son, the Duke HENRY. This district was long afterwards known as the "*Free State of the Arboriches*," or "Forest People," and continued for many centuries under the jurisdiction of a bailley or mayor, from which last officer and form of government its inhabitants derived their name of *Meijer-yenaars*, nationally synonymous with *Menapii*, as recorded in ancient maps of *Brabant*. This free state, shaped like a flask or gourd, extended in width from the *Maas* to the *Schelde*, included *Lillo* and *Breda*, and gradually narrowing, stretched southwards on either side the *Senne*, nearly to *Nivellse*, embracing the forest of *Soignies* and the battle ground of *Waterloo*.

A large portion of the ARBORICHI were transferred by CHARLEMAGNE into the Saxon seats upon the *Elbe*, along the frontier of *East Friezland*, where they lost in a measure their home-designation, which some writers of the day corrupted into *O(A)botriti*, doubtless signifying "Borderers," (from "*Abotare*," Mediæval Latin,) others into *Abrotili* or *Abrotides*, (from *Abro-den*, Ang. Sax.,) meaning people "carried away" from their country, (compulsory colonists?). First and last, however, they were *true Saxons*, and thus, as on many other shores and occasions, remingled the pure Saxon life-tide. This is one reason why the *Friezlanders* and

Zeelanders are often confounded. Afterwards, however, A. D., 446, *Friesland* (FRISIA) extended from the *Elbe* and *Lawenburg*, on the east, to the *Zwin* and *Schelde*, on the west, including *all* DUTCH and *nearly all* EAST FLANDERS (*Waasland*) and ZEELAND.

One error in regard to the *Zeelanders*, or rather to their secondary Saxon origin, results from a miscomprehension of the military operations of *Carausius* upon the *Rhine*, of which a majority of the existing records are couched in a Latin which violates every rule of classical construction. It would appear from the "Panegyrics" that about the year CCC, (300,) the Saxon pirates, attracted thither by the fecundity of their soil and the peculiar advantages of the Zeelandic islands, in regard to the commodiousness of their numerous ports and impenetrable fastnesses, devoid of roads, and inaccessible even to foot-soldiers, drove out the inhabitants, and established themselves in the Maas-Scheldic Archipelago by the force of their arms, with the assistance of their fleets. The writer "PANEGYRISTES" points them out as next to Batavia. This must refer to the occupation, not of the *Zeelandic* but of the *Batavian* islands by *Carausius*; for what could have led him, a *Menapian*, from the islands of the Maas-Schelde, to drive out his own nation by means of his subsidiary *Saxons*, whose brethren were settled among the *Menapii*, themselves a *Saxon* race and the head of a Saxo-Frank confederation, in which they represented the Netherlandic, and contributed the maritime, element. In fact, parallel passages of APPIAN (II^d century), EGHARDUS (IXth century), and the ABBOT OF STADT (or STADEN), a Zeelander or maritime Fleming (Xth century), and others, confirm this view of the subject.

One fact, however, in connection with the above, deserves even more particular consideration. A con-

temporary Roman history—a tissue of servile flatteries instead of a record of actual operations—concedes the inaccessibility of the *Zeelandic Archipelago* as late as the year CCC. in the words, “*pedestribus copiis insulas invias*”—islands which cannot be come at, by, or are impassable to, foot-soldiers—that is, legionaries. What do we need more to prove that the **Zeelanders** were unconquered? JULIUS CÆSAR (B. C. 53,) could not penetrate into the fastnesses of the **Menapii**; A. D. 70. *Avia Belgarum*, impassable or pathless districts of the Belgæ, was the designation of maritime Flanders, “certainly” the country of the **Menapii**; for the next two centuries the Roman power waned rather than increased in the Saxo-Germanic Netherlands; and A. D. 285–300, “*invius*,” trackless or inaccessible, is the only term still found adequate to the description of the *Dutch-Flanders* and *Maas-Scheldic Archipelago*. This would seem to be sufficient to convince any unprejudiced mind that the Roman yoke had never been imposed upon the **Menapii** through the instrumentality of an army, and that wherever we read of the employment of infantry of the line, much more of cavalry, the field of action is beyond their jungly marsh-land. On the other hand, while admitting that the Romans were masters of the courses of the Maasan and Scheldic estuaries, so far as regarded the mere passage of their fleets, nothing can be adduced to imply a continuous or conterminous jurisdiction. CÆSAR found the **Menapii** and their allies far superior, practically, to the *Romans* in naval affairs; **Gannascus**, although defeated in a regular battle, ship to ship, was, nevertheless, the terror of the English Channel and its master for the time; CIVILIS defeated the imperial armaments in those Netherlandic waters which were more particularly under their influence; in the third century, the Sax-

ons and Saxo-Franks were virtually sovereigns of the English seas ; and in the time of Diocletian the “Panegyristes” of Maximian declares that the *maritime Netherlands* were most expert in naval affairs, and visited, with their piratical expeditions, every shore of the ocean—that is, the coasts of the North Sea and the Channel—as well as those of *Gaul, Spain, Italy, Africa*, even as far as the *Sea of Azof* and mouth of the *Don*, “*usque ad Maeotidas paludes*,” the utmost limit of the combined Gallo-English enterprises. Such an uninterrupted naval ascendancy would preclude any idea of the conquest, or rather the subjugation, of *Zeeland* by the Roman navy, long since too inefficient for the protection of their own coasts. Throughout the fourth century, the empire could not interpose a barrier of stone and steel between the Saxo-Menapian Franks and their prey, the Gallic provinces ; and in the next, Alaric the Goth, Genseric the Vandal, Odoacer the Hun, and Theodoric the Ostrogoth, had impoverished, plundered, captured, and reigned in, Rome itself ; and the Western Empire, founded by bold Romulus, the fratricide, sobbed itself out under the feeble Romulus Augustulus.

But this is not all. The same “Panegyristes” of the Emperors is our best witness against the imperial claims to victories and conquests north of the *Zwin, Schelde*, and *Maas*.

“*Attritam pedestribus praeliis, Bataviam referam ? ait, Saxo consumtus bellis navalibus offeretur.*”

“Shall I *refer*,” says he, “to *BATAVIA GROUND TO PIECES by battles* in its marshes ? The Saxon, wearied *with* (or of) *naval wars* (literally) *shall be brought upon* (or into) *it by violence*,”—elegantly, “shall conquer it.”

Close of the Reign of Carausius.

A thrice-crowned, triple-victor, *Carausius* sailed forth from the Rhenan labyrinth of waters, to resume his island throne. The laurel, the obsidional, and the gramineal coronals, encircled his brows, and shone above the rostrate circlet which his first naval triumphs had conferred; to which again, another Trafalgar was yet to add a fifth. Proudly, the white horse standard of the Saxon race streamed out towards that capital which he had built up with his maritime and administrative prescience, beautified with his taste and strengthened with his martial sagacity, and that white charger seemed to neigh, exultant, responsive to the hilarious voices of the winds, which filled the swelling skins and canvas, and made it seem to leap and curvet on the silken folds as the decireme reared and plunged and rode in grace and power upon the rolling, watery prairie,—aye, seemed to bound and curvet to the cadence of the springy oars,—dipped, bent to, raised and feathered by one gigantic, simultaneous effort,—which dripped as though bedewed with jewels in the flaunting sunlight.

Victor and avenger, happy and hopeful, the Admiral-General trod the polished deck, his “boyhood’s home,” his manhood’s throne-room, meet base for such a royal seat as he had built of oak and iron, with the aid of genius, therefrom to sovereignize the deep and neutralize the might of Rome. What visions must have filled that soul whose grandeur permeates to us through the vast space of thrice five hundred years, with such a subtle light of genius and success, piercing the intermediate gloom of ignorance and prejudice—a living light, distinct amid the blaze of nearer orbs! With undiminished lustre it shines on, a twinkling star to vulgar minds, to the philosopher a sun—to uninstruc-

ed vision a scintillating point of light immeasurably distant, and yet, the central influence of a system vast as ours,—one of the greatest wonders of creation, which men, with very few exceptions, note with a casual and incurious glance,—an orb none the less mighty and potential in its sphere because unheeded and unrecognized.

Behind that gallant fleet, holding its homeward course, a long and phosphorescent wake gleamed like a milky way on the cerulean deep, even as the sparkling train of last year's comet (1858) flowed through the azure sky, and like a burning stream of molten gold glowed in the western heavens.

Music and melody, the mingled harmonies of martial notes and warriors' pæans, rose from, and bore, the armada company. Thousands of manly voices united in a Saxon or Germanic *Barrit*,—that bold and stimulating war-voice, which—(“at first deep-sounding, then stronger and fuller, and growing to a roar at the moment of meeting a foe”)—had so often appalled the legions on Germanic ground,—rehearsed the victories of the Saxo-Menapian hero on his natal soil. Enormous tubes of brass, and horns of the mighty urus, mingled with the clash of weapons and of massive shields, sounded a stimulating, wild accompaniment to the words, while huge and sonorous drums “of hides expanded over hampers,” beat time and rolled their muttering thunder over the heaving deep.

Thus great and glorious to his ORIUNA, empress-queen and consort; a loving, trusting, independent people; a devoted soldiery; and a smiling country, which owed its teeming blessings to the hand which held the tiller of the state and navy, and grasped the falchion-sceptre of his military but beneficent imperi-

alty, Carausius held his course—still greater and more glorious in the promise of a mightier future.

Recurring to the remark (see page 83) that there is little doubt with regard to all these facts, but a vast discrepancy as to their dates and the order of their accomplishment, we discover its truth exemplified in Dewez.

According to his account—which after a critical examination will be found to corroborate the foregoing narrative, although at first apparently contradictory—while Constantius was occupied in the reduction of *Boulogne*, Maximian, A. D. 291, was carrying on a vigorous war in *Belgic Gaul* against the *Franks*, and eventually concluded with their chief or king **Gennobon** (Genobaudes, *Gerabon*, *Ezatech* or *Atech*, for he is mentioned in different works under all these names)—a treaty of peace, by which he conceded to these people the uncultivated lands of the *Nervii*, in *Hainault* and *Artois*, and of the *Treviri*, in *Luxemburg* and *Cleres*.

After Constantius Chlorus had taken *Boulogne*, A. D. 294, he reconquered—which must mean invaded, to reconcile well known conditions—*Batavia* and *Zeeland*, together with those parts of *Gueldres* and *Brabant* bordering upon the preceding, which the *Franks* had made themselves masters of during the time Maximian commanded in this quarter, and transplanted great numbers of their inhabitants into the desert or wasted districts around *Amiens* upon the *Somme*, in *Picardy*, and *Beauvais*—directly south of the former place—at the confluence of the *Avelon* with the *Therain*, in the *Isle of France*, and in the territories of *Troyes*, on the *Seine*, and at *Langres*, in *Champagne*, near the source of the *Marne*, on the confines of *Franche Compté*. This must have been after the Batavian campaign had terminated with the annihilation of the *Batavi*, and the de-

feat of Maximian, and after Carausius had returned to *England*.

The same winter, or early in the ensuing year, A. D. 295, Constantius gave orders for the construction of numerous war-vessels in the principal river-towns or ship-yards of *Belgic-Gaul*, which, after being completed as far as regarded their hulls, and launched, made their way, as circumstances permitted, to the port of *Boulogne*, where they were rigged, fitted out, and organized into a fleet worthy to be commanded by a CÆSAR.

As all historians admit that Carausius was not only still very powerful at sea, but capable of conceiving and dealing sudden and terrible naval blows, and likewise possessed of warlike allies and mighty influence in the *Netherlands*, it is not likely that the *Belgic Gaul* referred to is the *Menapian* and *Frank* territory north of the *Aa*, but those districts south of that river lying along and between the *Somme* and the *Seine*, whose streams emptied directly into the channel in the vicinity of the principal station of the Roman fleet in the English seas.

The same difficulty which is presented by the vague term of *Belgic Gaul*, has arisen with regard to the position of *Meldi*, where CÆSAR built sixty of the ships destined to act against the *Veneti*,—which some, in accordance with their own peculiar views, discover in *Maldegheem* (an inland town?), twelve miles east of *Bruges*, while others, who have no interested purpose to subserve, locate it at *Meaux*, above *Paris*, on the *Seine*. Those who—in favor of exalting Julius Cæsar—translate every uncertain passage to establish his conquest of the *Netherlands*, and particularly the *Menapii*, labor under the necessity of proving what is unsusceptible of demonstration, since nothing is so uncertain, so supremely hypothetical, as his victories, his succes-

imperial commanders, by commemorating the greatness of their enemy's skill and the dangers and difficulties his conquerors had overcome.

The sphere of Dutch naval emprise at the meridian of its magnificence and glory, and GREAT BRITAIN'S dominion of the seas after the fall of NAPOLEON, were not more astonishing, for their eras, than the maritime influence of *Carausius* at the time in which he flourished; when his ships coasted the icy barriers, which—supposed to be perpetual at his era—barred the deep Gulf of *Bothnia*, and replenished their water-casks from the glaciers of Norway, the fountains of Zetland, and the saltless tides of the shallow Azof sea.

While England bristled with a hedge of spears, and every port was all alive with war-ships, within their double line of oak and iron, the country wore the smile of comfort, and plenty sat enthroned, with ruddy cheeks, upon her verdant hills.

Not so, poor France: soldiers and ships were there; war's stern magnificence and ordered preparation. Her shores, too, gleamed with arms, her ship-yards rung with the rude music of mechanic labor, but in her bosom all was war and desolation. And yet, that which awakened all her people's energies and made their straining sinews crack, were preparations destined to plunge the teeming fields of England into like misery and oppression, and thrust Britannia back to that condition from which *Carausius* raised her,—a state such as when, from the sea, the Saxon carried war into her vitals by her navigable streams, and, from the Scottish mountains, clans of desperate freebooters found access to her riches through the border valleys; meanwhile, within the land, the Roman publican exhausted his invention to wring the last farthing from her peasantry, resorting to such infinitesimal details as to stop

short of no taxation, except a tallage on each ripened head of the yet standing wheat.

England and France held the same attitude towards each other then, as when, in 1588, Lord Howard, Drake and Cavendish, guarded the English seas against the the "Invincible Armada," while Justin of Nassau, with Zeeland's fleet, and the Lord of Warmond, with the Hollandish squadron, cooped up the DUKE of PARMA in the Belgic ports, and nailed him to the shore; or, as when, (in 1804,) the one-eyed, one-armed Admiral watched the Italian Emperor of France, burning to lay his bloody hand—whose grasp had left a sanguinary stain on all the ermine robes of Europe—on the inviolable Anglo-Saxon island, and concentrated at Boulogne his men and war-material; covering the beach with boats, the shore with horses, guns and soldiers.

Near, and perhaps upon the very spot, where the insatiate Corsican took his stand to direct his vast and practised multitude, and, thence, bent wistful glances upon the white cliffs opposite—whence came the Anglo-Saxon heroes, destined to chain his rage and tame his pride—near it, without a doubt, the Phrygian Cæsar planted his white and crimson standards, and pitched his prætorian tent; no less intent and watchful, grappling with longing eyes the English shore, whither, upon ambitious wings, his hopes and expectations flew.

Here and there, at sea, a few dark objects crawled to and fro upon the calm or heaving deep, like black, aquatic centipedes, whose hundred swiftly-moving, ashen limbs, surrounded them with foam, which made them seem as spangles on the purple water. Those were the frigates of CARAUSIUS, his watch-towers on the deep, whence his NAVARCHI marked, by day and night, each movement of the Romans. All at once, a little speck could be discerned beneath the northern sky,

to which the look-out vessels all converged and gathered like a flock of sea-fowls around a floating carcass, then scattered like those sea-fowl when, instead of prey, they recognize an object of instinctive dread, plied wing and webbed foot, and disappeared in the horizon's haze. On came the stranger, growing more and more distinct, until it showed a swift liburna, holding straight course for *Boulogne's* lofty lighthouse, the *Batista* story says Caligula erected. Forth from their moorings bounded two Roman triremes, to escort a friend, capture a foe, or learn the news, whose import lent such expedition to the approaching galley.

Summoned forth by the unusual stir, the CÆSAR took his stand upon the brow of the same hill, where, pacing to and fro, NAPOLEON dreamed the conquest of Great Britain, and planned his master-stroke, the Austerlitz campaign. Surrounded by a throng of officers, resplendent in their gleaming arms and rich attire, the CÆSAR stood conspicuous, watching the meeting of his galleys with the stranger ship. They met, conferred, and then a shout arose, succeeded by an exultant trumpet flourish; another shout—not that male shout, that Saxon HURRAH! which signals the Anglo-Saxon onset, but the nervous yell of every other breed—and then the galleys rowed rapidly to the shore. A group of strangers disembarked and hastened up the hill which Julius Cæsar and Caligula had occupied with camps. A bow-shot from the imperial staff, they halted to await a tribune, who advanced to meet them with a squad of spearmen. A rapid interchange of question and reply, and, swifter than he went, the Roman officer returned.

“Mighty Cæsar! A nuncius from Britain, with news of highest import!”

“Lead him hither.”

Forward stepped the bearer of dispatches; no huge

limbed, close shorn, blue-eyed, Saxon **Bode**, but a lithe, dark-haired, Romanized Briton. Unarmed and supple he drew nigh the Cæsar, and lowly made obeisance.

“What news? Speak! Be prompt and soldierly!”

“Propitious are the gods, oh Cæsar! England’s tyrant is not! **Caros** is dead! At *Eboracum* (York) he died, by the dagger of **ALLECTUS**! **ALLECTUS** reigns, Emperor in Britain.”

The features of Constantius had good cause to glow at the welcome tidings; the presage and assurance of his triumph. **CARAUSIUS** dead, Britain was Rome’s again. Who could replace that comprehensive brain and Saxon heart, which never knew a doubt nor homed a dread. In **Carausius** not one mere man but a whole army died, a navy went to wreck, and England’s hope grew pale, as though the blood which burst from her murdered sovereign’s bosom had streamed forth from her own.

Dead, and yet living, his renown rampired the shore and cruised Nelsonian in the Channel. He who had found the British navy nothing but a name, and built it up into a force which knew no equal on its element, left it so strong and formidable that it alone secured to his assassin three years of independent sway.

To the last, **Carausius** was superior to his enemies, wherever individual capacity could atone for physical deficiency; and, although his power was momentarily eclipsed by his loss of *Boulogne*, he vindicated his glory by the defence of his native territory. While thus in a condition to renew the war on almost equal terms; while his dock-yards, his armories, and his drill-grounds rivaled each other in activity; while the Roman emperor, eager to conquer, yet hesitated to attempt the invasion of Great Britain, and the whole of Gaul was like a hive, resonant with his preparations; a

felon blow ended that mighty life upon which the destinies of England and Holland were depending.

Many the world regards as great,—magnificent in state, and mighty in their sway,—seem, when once buried, like that creation Catharine of Russia planned and built of ice, to gratify a whim,—one week so vast and stately, the next dissolved, evaporated, gone :—living, the cynosure of every eye ; dead, dust, forgotten. Not so with thee, *Carausius* !

“Oh, saviour of the silver coasted isle.”

Even as his living fame was super-eminent, he lives in spirit in the Anglo-Saxon race. The sceptre Alroy took from Solomon's expectant, willing hand, returned to David's son before that Alroy died : the trident which *Carausius* tore from Rome and Neptune, the Anglo-Saxon race has never yielded back to them, nor lost to others. Since he inaugurated the Saxon “dominion of the seas,” the men of Saxon blood have shared the legacy and still retain intact their patrimony.—and from the time the Menapio-Saxon emperor pointed out the *legitimate career of Saxon genius* it has moved on therein majestic and unstayed. Whether beneath the Dutch or English lion, or our aspiring eagle, the Saxon follows in the fruitful furrow which yielded wealth and power, eternal fame, to him whose piercing glance foresaw its day while yet the heavens were darkest.

In soul, the first of the Saxon kings of England resembles most the last. Nor does the parallel end with the immortal part. Both were invited to assume the throne. The times demanded them ; the people's love, the army's admiration, the hour's necessity, presented, each in order, the dove-surmounted sceptre, sword of state, and the anointing oil. Both reigned too little space for England's good, both died untimely deaths,

the last the happier, in that his Saxon soul mounted to heaven from that red field, stricken for Saxon right and Saxon freedom. Each doth, and will, in spirit, to "the crack of doom," guard England's coast—each in his sphere,

"And Victor he must ever be.

For, tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill,

And break the shore, and evermore

Make and break, and work their will ;

Tho' worlds on worlds in myriads roll

Round us, each with different powers,

And other forms of life than ours,

What know we greater than the soul?

On God and god-like men we build our trust.

Hush, the Dead March sounds in the people's ears :

The dark crowd moves : and there are sobs and tears :

The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears ;

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust ;

He is gone who seem'd so great."

* * * *

"Let his corpse," said WILLIAM THE NORMAN, when the grief-stricken SAXON THEGNS and admiring Norman Barons besought the corpse of Harold for sepulture,—
"let his corpse guard the coasts, which his life madly defended. Let the seas wail his dirge, and girdle his grave ; and his spirit protect the land which hath passed to the Norman's sway."

Even so CONSTANTIUS might have spoken with regard to the body of Carausius ; for, if "Harold could have chosen no burial spot so worthy his English spirit and his Roman end," Carausius could have wished no grave more congenial to his magnanimous career and Saxon genius. And, were there any truth in the idea that deified heroes protect the soil of their birth and their affections, how often has the admiralship of Carausius shielded ENGLAND,

—————"THE EYE, THE SOUL
OF EUROPE."————

Wherever they sleep,—for where they sleep is yet

unknown,—INFELIX CARAUSIUS (*British* CAROS, *Mena-*
pian Karl the Daring,) and INFELIX HAROLDUS (*Anglo-*
Saxon Harold,) they need no mausoleums of perishable
stone, for their monuments are multiplied throughout
the world, wherever the Dutch, English and American
ensigns are borne, and their glories are sung by the
winds to the responses of the sea, and will be forever
more.

In all the works consulted and referred to, nothing
is mentioned with regard to this regicide, except that
it took place at *York*, which had been the residence of
several of the preceding Emperors, and boasts an origin
so ancient that it appears to have been a place of note
even at the time when fable and history mingled their
doubts and certainties. It is highly probable that **Ca-**
rausius, having nearly (if not completely) re-established
his naval supremacy, proceeded to the north, to over-
awe the Caledonians—(*Gael-dun*, Gaels or Celts of the
Hills)—by his presence, and assure himself of the safety
of his frontier, and was then engaged in his northern
capital upon the *Ouse*; investigating the internal affairs
of his kingdom.

“But while he was employed in providing against a
distant danger, he fell a victim to domestic treachery:
and in the eighth year of his reign was murdered at
York by ALLECTUS, a minister who had abused his con-
fidence and dreaded his resentment.”

AURELIUS VICTOR remarks that **Carausius** had made
ALLECTUS his second self in the administration of every
thing, having committed to him the general command
of his fleet, and of his naval and land forces; and that
the subordinate having abused these solemn trusts was
incited by the apprehension of a deserved punishment
for his crimes to rebel and slay his benefactor to save
his own head.

If LINGARD and TRISTAN are correct in their statements and such is, doubtless, the case, since some of those who have closely examined the subject have come to the conclusion that ALLECTUS was not a proper name, but a title, corrupted from ALLECTOR or ALLECTIO, a term applied to a high officer, to whom the emperors were accustomed to confide the collection of the taxes in the most important provinces. Simply, however, ALLECTUS signifies one "chosen" to discharge any trust; and, from what we read, and can deduce therefrom, the title was peculiarly appropriate to him who took such a criminal advantage of his *election* from the mass, by a good, brave and wise prince, and made so base a use of the the opportunity afforded by his benefactor's high promotion of him.

If, instead of ALLECTUS, we should read,—as others think, ALLECTOR, the murderer may have acquired this name as a stigma, which gradually, in the process of time, usurped the place of his actual patronymic. This is the more probable, if HADRIANUS JUNIUS is correct that *Carausius* acquired his name (see page 59) from his carousing deep and often, in which case the indignant Britons may have thereby testified their reprobation of the Iago, who, for his selfish purposes allured his sovereign into drinking-bouts, a vice to which the *Zeelanders*,—according to GERARD (*Geldenhauer*) of Nymwegen,—were greatly addicted; not more so, however, than the other Saxo-Scandinavian races.

AURELIUS VICTOR (PAUL OROSIUS) and PAUL THE DEACON view the matter in a more favorable light, and derive the usurper's name from ALLECTO, (*Allectando*,) "alluring," as expressive of his agreeable manners which first excited the attention of his benefactor, and afterwards recommended him to the closest intimacy.

A third class seems to consider his name a posthu-

mous designation. Thus, in accordance with this idea, GOLTZIUS, OCCO and CAMBDENUS correct the spelling of Eutropius and write his name ALECTUS (*Alektos*, Greek —*indesinens*, Latin,) denoting the unceasing torments with which ALECTO, one of the fabled Furies, torments those mortals whom their crimes render the objects of merited vengeance.

Be all this, however, as it may, we know no good of this Allectus, except that TRISTAN accords him a mild and humane countenance, indicating amiability and honor, rather than cruelty and perfidy. This amounts to nothing, for—

——“*Meet it is—I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.*”

Whether it be true that Allectus slew his master to avert the punishment due to crimes, or to anticipate the discovery of his misapplication of power for mercenary (or any other unworthy) purposes, or at the instigation of ambition, it matters little. Sufficient that we learn that he, base ingrate, assassinated his benefactor, general, prince, and friend.

GIBBON remarks that as soon as those who usurped the imperial powers were invested with the bloody purple, they inspired their adherents with the same fears and ambition which had occasioned their own revolt. How truly such the case in point! We have seen CARAUSIUS great in everything but in legitimacy—so wise, beneficent and virtuous, his reign might have atoned for any of the crimes whose commission raised *him* to the power of which he showed himself so capable; yet, still, the example of his origin and rise could not be lost on treason and ambition. No mention being made of any children born to CARAUSIUS prior or subsequent to his elevation, it is likely he died childless, and that his successor was spared the guilt of

wholesale murder, "*a la Turc*," which might have become a necessity in case there were legitimate heirs old enough to appreciate their position, defend their rights, and avenge their loss. No more can we discover if Allectus succeeded to the throne without a struggle, or whether he enjoyed a nominal sovereignty, while the country was convulsed with civil war. Were it not that he expiated his sin in some small degree by his violent and ignoble death, this narrative would terminate with his seizure of the diadem, and furnish no farther record of his reign.

From two to three years he maintained himself upon the throne ; a period set down by various chronologists between the years A. D. 293 and 299. Nothing enabled him to retain his crown so long but the admirable completeness of the organizations which CARAUSIUS had effected for his own present defence and future aggrandizement. According to the best authorities, Allectus was neither gifted with the requisite capacities to exercise the power to which he unrighteously succeeded, nor to repel the danger which threatened him and he beheld with anxious terror—it is to be devoutly hoped that this (and even worse) is strictly true of his mental sufferings—the opposite shores of the continent, from *Calais* to the *Calvados*, already filled with land and naval forces for Constantius—a better strategist than PHILIP II.—determined to divide his armaments, that he might thereby distract the attention and confuse the judgment of the usurper, and prevent his concentrating his forces at the intended point of invasion. A contrary course rendered the stupendous preparations of the Spanish bigot (Philip II.) not only nugatory but ruinous to his sovereignty and projects: and Philip, by insisting upon one grand and simultaneous effort, against the advice of his best, bravest, and wisest com-

manders, insured his own defeat, the freedom of the Netherlands, the independence of England, and the establishment of Evangelical religion. Thus "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

"Not master of one of CARAUSIUS's good qualities, to countenance his presumption" ALLECTUS seems to have acted like one whom ALECTO was indeed persecuting—whose remorse prevented him from exerting whatever abilities he may have been endowed with by nature and of availing himself of the naval superiority of which he had become possessed. Collecting his fleets at the *Portus Adurni*. (Portsmouth) or in one of the ample roads protected by the *Vectis Insula* (Isle of Wight) he suffered them to lie idle while the Romans were momentarily expected to put to sea. Had he been equal to the hour and to his victim he might have conquered the two imperial fleets, one after the other, since the first, which had its rendezvous at the mouth of the *Seine* under the command of ASCLEPIODOTUS, a naval commander of decided merit and experience—invested with the lofty distinction of prefect of the Prætorian (Imperial or Cæsarean) body-guard—was the first to put to sea, in consequence of the impatience of the Roman mariners drafted no doubt from the maritime races of *Aremorica*, which have always furnished the best recruits for the French marine. On a stormy day and with a side wind ASCLEPIODOTUS ventured to set sail; an act of daring for a Roman admiral deemed worthy the grandiloquent encomiums of cotemporary orators and historians. Favored by a fog, so common on the English coast, the invader succeeded in avoiding the British fleet—still awful, even although the hero who created it and made it so invincible was no more—and in disembarking his troops at some point of the western coast of Devonshire or Cornwall (?), perhaps Somerset,

or at the head of the *Sabrinæ Estuarium* (Bristol Channel) without any obstruction from the superior British navy, lying inactive in the Southampton waters at the time of its sailing, instead of keeping up the blockade of the mouths of the *Seine* and the *Somme* and of the Gallic channel-ports, which CARAUSIUS had hitherto studiously maintained. Allectus, upon receiving intelligence of the sailing of the enemy, stood out to sea, too late to intercept them. Having missed them in the dense fog which covered and facilitated their operations, and become satisfied that they had had full time to get to shore, he returned to port, and hastened to join his army near *London*, which the "*Biographia Nautica*" assures us felt "too insurmountable Aversion from their Chief to risque their Lives in his Defence."

Asclepiodotus had no sooner disembarked his personal and material, than, by his orders, all his ships were fired—an example attributed on a similar occasion to Julius Cæsar, and said to have been likewise imitated by Hernando Cortez—in order that his soldiers, being sensible of the impossibility of escaping in case they suffered a defeat, might, knowing the alternatives of utter destruction or victory, add the fury of desperation to the force of their discipline.

Advised at length by his bale-fires, flashing the intelligence eastward, peak answering peak, from the far Cimbrian and Dumnonian hills, Allectus hurried by forced marches to encounter the invader in the west, and, deceived no doubt by false intelligence, for nothing else could justify his operations, advanced with such excessive haste that the greater part of his troops were unable to keep up with his guards, composed of FRANK mercenaries, who, after all, constituted the only division on which he could rely with any certainty, and fell upon the prætorian prefect with such rash and

headlong desperation that he was speedily overcome by the Roman superiority of force, which overwhelmed, with comparative ease, the unsupported guard-corps d'armee, already half-conquered,—physically by the fatigues they had undergone, and morally by the disheartening knowledge of the criminality of their commander, and the want of sympathy manifested towards him and them by the bulk of the army and nation.

DEWEZ is of opinion that Allectus was not only too devoid of spirit at the last to adventure the battle he had sought, but that as soon as the legions formed their line of battle he abandoned the field and fled before the Romans, who followed up the pursuit with such rapidity that they overtook and slew not only the murderous usurper but also great numbers of his most trusty officers and most reliable troops.

Whether Allectus behaved like a brave but incompetent general, or whether he acted like a coward as well as a criminal, is nowhere definitely shown. There is no doubt, however, that in the encounter with the forces of Asclepiodotus he perished unpitied and unknown. Invested with all the pompous insignia of his usurped imperialty before the battle joined, after it was over his corpse was found without any marks of royalty. TRISTAN is of opinion that the perfidious wretch, having abandoned the purple robes of state and other badges by which he could have been recognized after death, threw himself, with the desperation of a resolved suicide, upon the avenging swords of the Romans. Whether he laid aside his ornaments and rich attire from the same honorable motive that impelled the last Emperor of the East, Constantine Palæologus, to disguise himself like a common soldier when the Turks stormed Byzantium (Constantinople), and died like him, unrecognized, in the front of the battle, or whether

he was incited by the base instinct of self-preservation, and divested himself of his regalia, hoping thereby to escape in the confusion of the *melee*, we can only judge of from his antecedents. The cruel and the treacherous are rarely truly brave, and it could scarcely be expected that the ingrate, the traitor, and the assassin, would meet his fate like a brave and loyal soldier or a cool and intrepid general.

CAMPBELL and other writers upon the naval affairs of England state, that, although Allectus enjoyed an indisputable superiority at sea, he employed his power rather as a pirate than as a prince. BONNECHOSE, in his "*Quatre Conquetes de l'Angleterre*," citing EUMENIUS, declares that the ocean served rather as an impassable prison-wall to restrain the usurper than as a rampart to protect him against his enemies. So that, comparing all the circumstances, it would seem that Allectus, deprived of his senses by desperation and remorse, ranged to and fro his realm like a madman in a spacious cell, whose walls were the surf-beaten cliffs and its beams and bars the encompassing fleets and iron-clad legionaries, against which last, in a final access of frenzy, he dashed himself, and perished.

"Come madness! come unto me, senseless death!
I cannot suffer this! Here, rocky wall,
Scatter these brains"—

Pursued by those ever-living furies, the stings of conscience and the pangs of disappointed ambition, it requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive that those who beheld his bursts of hopeless passion believed him to be persecuted by the fabled ALECTO—she with the serpent-locks, and breathing war and vengeance—and transmuted his name of ALLECTUS—the "Chosen One," into ALECTU(o)s—the "Demoniac," or the "Possessed of an Evil Spirit."

Meanwhile Constantius made good his landing, with forces much more numerous than those confided to his lieutenant, upon the shores of *Kent*, where he had scarcely marshaled his army and prepared to move forwards, when he learned that Allectus had lost both a battle and his life, and that the triumph achieved by Asclepiodotus had deprived him of all opportunity of winning laurels upon the British soil, whose inhabitants (fondly attached to Carausius, but as vehemently opposed to his murderer) were willing to submit to the clemency of the Christian Caesar, rather than imperil themselves, their families, and their possessions, by defending a cause whose chief and principal supporters had perished. EUMENIUS, who belonged to the household of Constantius, and prostituted (for intentional misrepresentation is nothing less than prostitution) his pen to do honor to his master, would willingly mislead posterity with regard to the details of his conquest. He tells us that the Britons saluted Constantius with joyous welcomes, and received him as willing subjects, styling him their deliverer from tyranny; whereas we know, from less prejudiced records, that they looked upon no tyranny as so insupportable as that of the Roman functionaries, from whom Carausius had delivered them, whose unlimited oppression, on the other side of the Channel, had reduced the peasantry of Gaul to such a state of destitution and suffering, that death—whose relief every living thing avoids as the last escape and worst of evils—however pitiless but sharp and prompt, was less unbearable than the calculated execution, by inches, to which their tolerated existence amounted, and nothing more.

That Constantius,—by TRISTAN styled the *first Christian* Emperor,—an honor generally conceded to his son CONSTANTINE THE GREAT,—who had the reputation of

possessing qualities unusual for his station and era, clemency, justice and virtue,—was preferable to a ruler whose very mode of obtaining the crown was a violation of every human and divine law, requires no argument to induce belief. Moreover, Allectus had been untrue to the principles which made Carausius so great and beloved. Whereas Carausius had shown no partiality for any particular element of the population, but exercised his power with impartiality and justice, trusting as much to his British as his Saxo-Netherlandic subjects, his native as to his foreign troops, Allectus, on the other hand, placed all his hope and confidence in mercenaries, allured to his standard by unusual pay and still greater promises of prize money or booty. If the murder to which he owed his elevation was an effort of self-preservation, resorted to only to escape a deserved and certain retribution due to personal crimes and mal-administration of public offices, it is easy to conceive that the horror with which he was regarded for his regicide, was augmented by the popular knowledge of his antecedents, which gradually engendered a hatred to his person and rule, and compelled him to rely upon an army of foreigners, who might be bought, instead of an army of natives, who were alike inaccessible to purchase and to sentiments of loyalty to his person.

What is most surprising, however, is the absolute inaction (or rather inefficient action,) of the British fleet, which every writer admits was far superior to the Roman, and actually an object of dread to the imperial commanders, as it must indeed have been to postpone the efforts of Constantius for three years, when all the other chances of war were undoubtedly in his favor. The supineness of the fleet may be accounted for in two ways:

First : Whatever may have constituted the *personnel* of the army of **Carausius**, the *personnel* of his fleet was principally Netherlandic. The crews were essentially Saxon. Latterly, the *materiel*, it is true, was chiefly British ; but, throughout, the *personnel* was almost, if not altogether, composed of **Menapians**, **Saxons**, **Franks**, and **Armoricans**, whose origins, affiliations, instincts, and attachments, were all centered in **Carausius** as a *Menapian*, a scion of the Saxon race, a sailor and a freeman. Allectus had no such claims to their love and respect. The Saxon and Anglo-Saxon have always shown their aversion to a royal favorite, and exhibited a perfect hatred of a base-born minion. Their loyalty, negative under ordinary circumstances, must have been changed into positive disaffection by the crime and character of Allectus.

Second : Any ordinary reader of history must know how short a space of misgovernment will disorganize a department, particularly a war-department. The mere change of a head will often produce the most deplorable results in civil administration, and how much greater in a fleet and an army ! A pair of horses recognize a bold and skillful driver almost with the first touch of the reins, and it cannot be supposed that men are less observing than brutes. Take two of the most popular examples, well known to every general reader. The same French armies, repulsed and kept out of *North-western Italy* under the incapable SCHERER, after BONAPARTE assumed the command, conquered *all Italy* ; and when he (Bonaparte) withdrew, and went to *Egypt*, the French suffered defeat upon defeat, and yielded the peninsula again to the Austro-Russian coalition. All this occurred in three years,—from 1796 to 1799. Again, consider the effect of the winter quarters at *Capua* upon the victorious army of HANNIBAL.

A simple season of luxurious indulgence sufficed to ruin the Carthaginian veterans. But a still more pertinent illustration occurred in the change brought about, in twenty-four hours, by a mere change of commanders, whose consequences affected the whole campaign of 1808 in *Portugal*. Compare the vigor of the British army under Sir ARTHUR WELLESLEY (Wellington)—afterwards styled the “Iron Duke”—previous to, and upon the field of, *Vimiera*, and the torpidity of the same forces, the day after their victory, under the senile and irresolute Sir HARRY BURRARD.

Apply the moral to the British fleet. Invincible under *Carausius*, it may have become debauched and denaturalized under Allectus. It only shows how great *Carausius* had made his navy, that it required three whole years of mal-administration even to render it inert ; for it was not the defection or defeat of the British fleet which enabled Constantius to conquer, but the apathy of part, and the annihilation of the rest, of his adversary’s army. The fleet continued long afterwards in a flourishing condition, and was, throughout the life of the distinguished Cæsar, the particular object of his fostering care, and excited no less the attention of his more fortunate son, the Emperor Constantine.

After this epoch, the Romans, convinced that the most essential and irresistible branch of their military service in this quarter was their navy, were assiduous in building ships and establishing garrisons in the best seaports, and settling their marine organization upon the most efficient basis. Among the imperial naval stations in Britain, the most important were *Brandonum* (Branchester) in Norfolk, near the Wash ; *Regulbium* (Reculver) in the estuary of the Thames ; *Ritupis* or *Rutupiæ* (Richborough?) near Sandwich ; *Dubris* (Dover) ; *Lemmanis* (Hythe or Lime Hill?) and

Anderida or *Anderia* (Newenden) in Kent ; *Othona* (Hastings) ; *Garrianonum* (Yarmouth) in the Isle of Wight ; and *Portus Adurni* [(Portchester?), Alkrington or Edrington, not far from Shoreham] in Sussex.

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While Constantius was moving leisurely upon the British capital, from the shores of the Channel, and Asclepiodotus was advancing from the western shires to rejoin the Cæsar, that city was exposed to all the dangers of one of those horrible visitations which have so rarely chastened the English metropolis, even in a modified form, whereas they have periodically smitten every other ancient or modern seat of empire,—except St. Petersburg,—wiping out some so effectually that their very sites are unknown, leaving others mere heaps of ruins, and, in all cases, impoverishing them while staining the hearth-stones of all classes with massacre and, worse, pollution.

The wrecks of the armies of Allectus, fugitives from the sword of Asclepiodotus, or disorganized corps, which had not been in the late engagement, converging towards London—just as the discomfited armies of the first NAPOLEON fell back before the Allies upon Paris, or the rebellious Sepoys rushed from all quarters into Delhi—threatened the world's rising emporium with the fate which invariably ensues upon the occupation of a wealthy place by troops who have thrown off the restraints of discipline or have been suddenly deprived of their legitimate leaders. General history—without considering the injustice of affixing a stigma to a gallant race without the fullest proof—has attributed to the subsidized corps of Franks—(one book, of little influence however, adds, “and Saxons”)—the intention of pillaging the city, seizing upon the vessels in its port and river, and escaping thence, across the German

Ocean, into the Netherlands, on board a fleet freighted with bloody booty, ravished from those they had been levied to protect; thus repeating, on a smaller scale, as to extent and desperate enterprise, the celebrated return voyage of the Netherlandish-Franks from the shores of Pontus and Paphlagonia to the mouths of the Rhine. (See pages 74–77.)

Since uncertainty invests every account of what occurred at this period, it is just as reasonable to believe that the disorderly troops poured into London as a camp of refuge, and to provide for their own safety, as to insinuate that their presence was the prelude to intentional atrocities, which alone could justify the fatal consequences brought upon themselves by their dissemination throughout the city wherein they may have been forced, by the desertion of their commanders or the want of regular quarter-masters, to billet themselves in the private houses, in default of a sufficient number of public edifices suitable for conversion into comfortable barracks.

While thus dispersed—reposing from the fatigues they had undergone, or preparing for renewed resistance, or abandoned to the licentiousness which brutalizes the professional soldier, when the fate of war affords him opportunities of unrestrained indulgence—the troops of Allectus experienced one of these casualties which rarely terminate in anything short of the total destruction of a force which—neglecting the first rules of military policy—commits its safety to the patrol of chance, and permits an enemy to fall upon it while plunged in unguarded sloth, or, worse, debauchery.

One wing of the fleet of Constantius—having been separated from the rest of his armament by a continuance of the same fog which bewildered the movements

of Allectus and promoted the expedition of Asclepiodotus—kept on eastwards and northwards along the coast of Kent, doubled the North Foreland (*Cantium Promontorium*), blundered into the mouth of the Thames, and, borne along by a flood tide, disembarked, without a challenge, upon the quays of London, to find them not only undefended by a regular military force, but even unoccupied by the inhabitants whose patriotism was either benumbed by the tumultuous influx of the bands of foreigners let loose upon them by the death of the tyrant; or, their courage chilled by the rumors of the speedy arrival of new and numerous enemies, or their efforts paralyzed (if contemporary history is to be believed) by the unforeseen ravages of their own unbridled and disbanded army, exhausting upon those within, that force and indignant fury which should have been opposed to the enemy from without. Whichever was the case, the Romans became immediately aware of the situation of affairs, and, launching their columns into the indefensible streets, massacred without pity the partisans of the usurper, dispersed and taken by surprise, whom they expected to find in arms and ready to receive them, and punished the licentious excesses which the mercenary troops were inflicting upon the peaceful population, in the very act of their commission. Thus the army—which CARAUSIUS had formed and maintained in such a state of vigilance and vigor, and had become emasculated by the criminal impolicy of his assassin—was at first disorganized by the inefficiency of its commanders, then discomfited by Asclepiodotus, and finally annihilated through its own negation of the laws of discipline.

While the Romans assure us that the mercenaries, thus justly destroyed, were FRANKS and **Saxons**, the British chronicles hand down that they were *Romans*,

which, if true, they probably belonged to the legion quartered in Britain, which was among the first to welcome and espouse the cause of **Carausius**. The name of their commander—whom ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER styles “a lordlying of the Romans,” was GALLUS, which is certainly a Latin patronymic, (unless it should be written **Gal** or **Gall**, an Anglo-Saxon word,) signifying a *Gaul* or *Gallic Celt*. BERKENHOUT reads that “the *main body* of the troops” of Allectus—which did not participate in his fatal battle—“consisted of foreigners of all nations, drawn to his service from the hopes of pay, and who, as soon as they knew of his misfortune, resolved to satisfy their expectations by plundering those they came to preserve. With this view they possessed themselves of London; but, as they entered the city, a new mischance befel them. Part of the Roman army, severed from the grand fleet at sea by the mist before mentioned, landed at the mouth of the Thames, and entered the city immediately after them. Upon this an engagement ensued, wherein the foreigners were defeated, and cut to pieces; their commander, whose name was Gallus, endeavoring to save himself by flight, was pushed into and drowned in a little brook, called from thence, in the British tongue, *Nant-Gall*, (the Creek of Gallus,) and by the Saxons,” **Wallbrooc**. (Slaughter Brook). These details are furnished to vindicate the character of the soldiers formed in the school of **Carausius**, and particularly that of the first **Saxons** and **Netherlanders**, who upheld the cause of independence on the free soil of England.”

Upon this occasion—as before and afterwards upon other fields—the most fatal and mournful that of HASTINGS—a “single battle decided the fate of this great island.” The first attempt to establish the rule of the **Saxon** in ENGLAND was over—the second, terminated

with **Harold**—and the fertile island, rendered independent by the courage and abilities of the **Saxo-(Zelandic)-Menapian AUGUSTUS**, was forced to re-assume the yoke of the Roman empire.

Conclusion.

“ENGLAND, as her pride of story,
Boasts her champions of the main;
·**Barant's**’ fame is Britain’s glory,
When she boasts her naval train:—
When she boasts her warriors gory,
Cloth’d in valour, nerv’d for fight,
Time, with scanty locks and hoary,
Brings ‘**Carausius**’ back to sight.”

What an appropriate subject for an historical drama, or a tragedy, the life of **Carausius** offers. Every act might close upon a picture of magnificent details, and the curtain would, each time, descend amid such stirring symphonies as SCHILLER’S vivid brain imagined for his “*Death of Wallenstein*,” wherein, as it unrolls music appropriate to the action—sufficiently exciting in itself—“becomes loud and overpowering, and passes into a complete war-march—the orchestra joins in it—and continues (to play) during the interval between the acts.”

Nothing but music, such as travelers hear when they attend a grand military high-mass in Europe, would be commensurate to the plot—music in which both taste and power compete to realize perfection in the harmony of martial instruments—music which mingles the most seductive notes which human art is capable of uttering through the brazen tubes of war, the mellow instruments of wood, the pealing trump and thundering kettle-drum, swelling the volume, force and grandeur of the organ, into a storm of such stupendous symphony

as makes the groined roof heave and rock-like walls roar with applauding echo.

“Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.”

The piece should open with a view of mingled land and sea, so lost in mutual lovingness that the inhabitants might claim the either element as their congenial home. A boy is paddling, through the labyrinth of aqueous islands, a rude but buoyant shallop (*coracle*), while the reeds are all alive with noisy marine birds, fearless of human presence. He boards a swift liburna, a storm comes on, the land is lost in ocean, the air is filled with spray and mist, the waters seethe, the clouds descend, the tempest roars, and, in the whirl, the fearless lad steers forth the bounding bark to join a kindred fleet. His gallant bearing, his intelligent audacity, win him the hearts of all who recognize no leader wanting in such endowments. A second fleet appears, and mid the elemental strife, the strife of men commences. The boy, grown to a mighty Viking, guides, directs and conquers; and, as the waves subside, a skillful grouping exhibits him to the applauding audience, upraised upon a buckler, and saluted as a glorious sea-chief by a crew of heroes amid their acclamation and the wreck-strown sea.

Another act and scene would present him for our admiration, victor upon the battle-field, wildly diversified with shattered military engines, piles of corpses, splintered arms, and with all the graceful splendor which invested the command of an imperial leader.

In the next scene, once more upon the shore, we find him in an imperial seaport, surrounded by all the stern magnificence pertaining to an elevation which gives him wide command over extensive coasts and

oceans indefinitely known, preparing for a maritime campaign.

A fourth—

“Thus with imagin’d wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought”—

could open on his coronation, and conclude in the midst of his triumph for twin victories over the arrogant Herculus and the barbarian Caledonians.

Again the curtain rises. Peaceful beauty lends its enchantment to the picture; the arts seem flourishing within the glorious treasure-house of a benignant rule; industry and happiness invite to mirth and opulent display; multiplied costumes, wild and barbaric, rich and Roman, throng the stage, and mingle into a variety enchanting to the eye and strangely picturesque; temples and citadels, triumphal arches and palaces, rise amid huts, and supersede the rude attempts of un instructed labor; upon the sparkling bosom of a noble river, gayly bedecked, ride fleets and argosies; and in the midst stands the magician who evoked such wonders. In the Augustan robes, beneath the imperial crown, we recognize the full (*plein*) and manly features, the small (*petits*) sagacious eyes, the untutored (*agreste*) but commanding air (TRISTAN) of that bold Zealand boy, arrived at (sixty years) the maturity of life.

“Proud was his tone, but calm; his eye
Had that compelling dignity,
His mien that bearing haught and high,
Which common spirits fear.”

* * * *

“And though in peaceful garb array’d,
And weaponless except his blade,
His stately mien as well impli’d
A high-born heart and martial pride.”

Hark!

“Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:”

The trumpet sounds to arms, a nation rises,
and, amid the turbulence of ordered preparation, an
army marches forth, a navy spreads its sails and mans
its oars.

“It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight !
The billows foam’d beneath,” ten “thousand oars,
Fast” on “the land, the” white horse “ranks unite,
Legions on legions brightening all the shores.
Then banners rise, and” Saxon ~~Here=firm~~ roars :
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb ;
For, bold in freedom’s cause, the bands of ocean come.”

The prompter’s whistle next evokes the heaths of
Scotland, and the banks of *Carron*. It requires no
liberality to admit the similarity in sound between
the name of KRAOON—(which, derived from the Greek
Kpaw, signifies, through its *Sanscrit* root, the “CON-
SUMER” or “DESTROYER,” and intimately resembles the
Anglo-Saxon “*Coren*,” which expresses the “Chosen
One,”) and of *Carron*, on whose banks that KRAOON (or
Carausius) rose to the summit of his power and fame.
A deputation enters and presents a case of medals ; the
latest, that which celebrates the blessings attendant on
a glorious peace. Its obverse bears the image of our
hero, and the reverse the effigy of PEACE ; beneath, the
legend, PAX AUG.(usti) [the Peace of Augustus]. There-
on appears the graceful figure of the goddess grasping
the staff or sceptre of authority with her left hand, and
offering with her right the olive branch. How applica-
ble to the issue of this money are the words of BULWER
—in his historical novel—almost actual history—of
Anglo-Saxon *Harold*,—with regard to a like coin, struck,
under very similar circumstances, by the great son of
Godwin :

“Who ever yet saw one of those coins of the last
Saxon king, the bold simple head on the one side, that

single word 'PEACE' on the other, and did not feel awed and touched! What pathos in that word, compared with the fate which it failed to propitiate!"

" 'PEACE,' said Harold: 'to all that doth not render peace, slavery. Yea, may I live to leave peace to our children! Now, *peace only rests on our preparation for war.*' "

"Carausius," says TRISTAN, "had reason to place this goddess on the reverse of his money as his chief device, for the peace which he forced Maximian to accord him was the most glorious trophy he could erect over this imaginary Hercules, since Maximian, as great a general as he imagined himself to be, although supported by all the maritime forces of the *great* (Roman) empire, could never gain the slightest advantage over him; and was constrained, after all his efforts—rendered unavailing by the valor and experience in naval affairs, evinced by the new monarch of this *little* empire of Britain—to accord him a peace, and leave him in the full enjoyment of his conquest." EUTROPIUS himself is compelled to admit, in his Greek panegyric, that, out of respect to Carausius, Maximian was compelled to make peace with the Menapio-British Augustus after having waged war, without success, against him, because this personage, Carausius, was a very great warrior, and of rare experience.

Whereupon, since Carausius was altogether invincible, after having poured out *upon* (or *against*) him, the BASILEUS,—(a title derived from the Byzantine Court, implying "THE King," or "King of kings," afterwards assumed by the Anglo-Saxon monarchs who had subjugated the Kinglings of the Heptarchy and reigned over *all* England)—in vain, all the terrible appliances (the fury) of war, he (Maximian) was compelled to pour out *with* him the libations of peace.

A shifting panorama and a chorus, such as the ancient Greeks introduced and Shakespeare imitated in his majestic tragedy of England's **HARRY V** could only do sufficient justice to the shifting scenes of that Batavian course of victory recounted in the preceding pages—a struggle carried on by flood and field, in the oak openings, meads and fens, embraced within the tortuous branches of the Rhine, Maas, Wahal, and Schelde; the adjoining forests, marshes, settlements and fields of modern Holland; and the dense woods and heaths of Dutch Brabant, (the Campine, *Menapiscus Ager*). The welcome home of **CARAUSIUS** would fill the stage with clamoring multitudes, dazzled and drunk with triumph.

“Toward him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a god
Extol him.”—

What a lugubrious wail should usher in the final act. Within his quarters the Saxo-Menapian warrior-monarch lies, sleeping safe—as he deems himself—from enemies within the narrow seas, cruised by his swarming fleets, environed by a grateful people, guarded by a devoted army, and sentineled by the affection of a faithful friend, that friend, one ever at his side in the past pageants, who has appeared either in gorgeous robes of state or in the sterner garb of war; upon whose bosom he has leaned in private; into whose ears poured all the secrets of his heart and government, his hopes—no fears; unto whose hands confided the truncheon of command; his minister of state; his second in the leading of his armies and his fleets; his counselor and intimate; who, as **Carausius** rose to power, ascended, step by step, with him, until he found himself, beneath the crown of Britain, superior to all. To use the simple language of scripture, like unto **Carausius**, his benefactor, even in his origin—without father, without mother.

without descent—**ALLECTUS** stood alone ; supposed to be of basest extraction, he came to be a second **Carausius** in every thing pertaining to his peace- and war-administration, so loved and favored that to his other offices he added that of præfect or commander of the imperial life-guard, which gave him access at all hours to his confiding master.

That friend and confidant steals like a Thug into the imperial tent or chamber, and strikes a blow which pierces **England** and **Hollandia's** heart, then rushing forth, we hear him proclaim with simulated grief and tears, compelled for the occasion, his master's sudden death and his assumption of the crown ; then see the fickle, hero-adoring soldiery, and still more fickle crowd, salute him Emperor. To him, scarce seated on the throne, a messenger arrives from **Gaul**, who brings the tidings how, with passing joy, **Maximian** and **Constantius** hailed his felon-blow—how, by the murder of **CARASIUS**, the quadrate Emperors felt their bosoms relieved of a vast weight, and breathed again secure, confident, not of their own dominions only, but the swift conquest of the British realm. Mingled and opposite emotions excite the different characters who crowd the spacious scene ; **Allectus**---striving to conceal remorse and apprehension beneath the mask of stern and dignified assurance---while,

“Horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts.”—

invokes the pride, the valor and the prejudices of his people ; bids the **Herc-byma** (war-trumpet)

——“Ring, ring the loud alarms ;
Ye drums awake, ye clarions blow,
Ye heralds shout ‘To Arms,’ ”—

speeds forth his **Bodes** to summon out the popular array ; and as the host-leaders throng the imperial seat

with feigned or interested loyalty, the scene closes with

——“a flourish proud,”
Of ‘mingled trump, and clarion loud,
And fife, and kettle-drum
And sackbut deep, and psaltery,
And war-pipe with discordant cry,
And cymbal clattering to the sky,
Making wild music bold and high,”—

which changes into a grand war-march as the stage assumes the aspect of a battle-field. Enter Allectus with his forces disordered by a hurried march, who scarcely form upon the boards, when

“fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy of soul to arms and bold
Heroic deeds,”

—announce the approach of Asclepiodotus and Romans from their fleet.

“Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony.”

“Then, with their well-known shout and the long stern trumpet blast, ‘which bids the Romans close,’ ” in rush the stout “hastati” (legionaries). The battle joins, alarums, excursions, the British forces fly before the Imperial troops, leaving the front bestrewn with dead and wounded combatants.

Final Tableau. The last scene opens and discovers in the distance London in flames, and stripped, dishonored, in mid-stage lies the usurper’s corpse, on which the Cæsar—surrounded by his army, captives and trophies, disposed in skillful groups—plants his victorious foot, amid the vivats of his legionaries, while a base populace, thronging in, shout their applause as they had shouted in the preceding scene, “Long live Allectus!” and in the preceding act, “All hail, **Carausius!** our beloved sovereign.”

Of all the monarchs we read of, Holland’s greatest WILLIAM (III. of England) seems to have been the

only one who estimated popular applause at its true value. That he despised the hollow acclamations of the people, proves his consummate understanding and appreciation of the human heart. We talk of many things as fickle and ephemeral, but of all the most fickle and ephemeral things, the most deceitful, the most heartless, and the most changeable, is the attachment of the crowd, and the applause of the mob.

“O ! breath of public praise,
Short-liv’d and vain ! oft gain’d without desert,
As often lost, unmerited : composed
But of extremes : Thou first beginn’st with love
Enthusiastic, madness of affection ; then
(Bounding o’er moderation and o’er reason)
Thou turn’st to hate as causeless and as fierce.”

When **William** had his attention drawn to the vociferous shouts of welcome which hailed his presence in public after the flight of JAMES II., he weighed them in the nice balance of his penetrating mind and cold but truthful estimate of men. To those who stood around, how true his bitter remark, “Was it not so of old ? That crowd which yesterday shouted ‘Hosanna,’ to-day cried ‘Crucify him !’ ”

Upon another occasion, entering the theatre, the audience rose and shook the building with their acclamations. Such an uproarous burst of loyalty and welcome would have proved the most grateful incense to his greatest enemy, that superlative egotist, the king of France. “The fools !” observed **William**, with his usual dryness—as the enthusiasm mounted higher and higher—do they take me for LOUIS XIV ?”

Sagacious **William** !

———“*he knew to please,
NOBLY to please ; while equally he SCORN’D
Or ADULATION, to receive, or give*”—

The affection of the people at large is like a summer’s cloud, one moment it bestows a grateful shower, the

next sends forth its lightnings and scathes that which it just refreshed. In republics all power is with the people, and the ingratitude of a republic has passed into a proverb.

“I have no taste
Of popular applause : The noisy praise
Of giddy crowds as changeable as winds ;
Still vehement, and still without a cause :
Servants to chance, and blowing in the tide
Of swoln success ; but veering with the ebb,
It leaves the channel dry.”

* * * *

Although the consideration of what might have resulted from a prolonged contest between **Carausius** and **Constantius** is merely speculative and useless, a summary and comparison of their characters will not be devoid of interest. Nothing which has been preserved with regard to the former can lead us to suppose that he was otherwise than a pagan ; because, first, Christianity had made no advances at his era in the **Netherlands** ; second, all the effigies upon his coins are derived from the heathen mythology ; and third, his best troops and seamen belonged to those northern races who still clung to the simple but rude worship of **Thor** and **Woden**, whom the Anglo-Saxons held in the highest veneration, centuries afterwards, when England was recognised as a Christian kingdom. **EUTROPIUS** among the ancient, and **BERKLEY** among the modern writers, who have investigated, with the greatest care, the biographical data concerning the Menapian chief, think he was not of *low* but of *noble* birth, and add that he was a Roman although a Menapian born—which would, however, by no means preclude a Hollando-Saxon extraction, although it would imply that, like the greatest among men, St. **PAUL**, his parents, or even he himself (by his military services in Gaul ?) had acquired the advantages of Roman citizenship. This last

opinion is probably altogether founded on the names he assumed upon his coins, MARCUS AURELIUS VALERIUS CARAUSIUS, which, as has been shown, and is almost universally conceded, were appropriated by him after he became possessed of the sovereignty of Britain, when he Latinized his patronymic, and added high and sounding appellations, to rival, even in such trifles, the arrogant assumptions of Caius Valerius Aurelius Diocletianus Jovius—the original name of whose father, a *slave*, was probably Docles, lengthened into the Grecian harmony of Διοκλῆς, and finally into the Roman majesty of Diocletianus—and of Marcus Valerius Aurelius Maximianus Herculus—the son of a peasant, himself ignorant of letters, careless of laws, rustic in appearance and manners, a rude soldier, and replete with vices, which rendered him the ready instrument of every act of cruelty which the policy of a timid and artful tyrant may at once have suggested and disclaimed.

It has been conceded herein that **Carausius** was represented by divers writers as ignobly born—aye, of the meanest origin—not, however, to pander to the prejudices of the age and this country, but simply to prove that nothing is concealed or advanced in contravention of the general testimony of history.

Virtue seldom, vice ordinarily, dwells in extremes. The greatest heights of power, the lowest depths of degradation, have produced the most horrible exaggerations of crime. The unbridled physical despotism of the Cæsars, and the untrammelled spiritual dominion of the Popes, have descended into the very abyss of sin to complete the catalogues of their enormities, even as the dregs of the people have—when possessed of opportunity—climbed boldly to an altitude of turpitude which dizzies the brain of the historian, whose duty it is to chronicle their wickedness. Not one miscreant

thrown by the seething fury of the French revolution to the surface of the torrent of its brutishness and criminality, discloses features a thousandth part as revolting as very many of the popes, who—claiming to be infallible vice-gerents of Heaven—received the adoration of papists, or almost all of the Roman emperors.

Well might MICHELET exclaim—speaking of the popes of the XVth Century, but particularly SIXTUS IV—that Rome, in the time of the popes, as in the time of the emperors, has often produced perfect madmen. The idea of infallibility mounted to their brains, so that many a sensible man became a furious maniac. (See Errata, &c.) Whereas, what multitudes of exemplars of Christian virtue, political acumen, military science, world-wide influence, general intelligence, God-fearfulness, man-sympathy, have dignified that medium rank whom the higher aristocracy and enormously rich look down upon with supercilious arrogance, and the laboring classes too often, and vicious poor always, look up to with envious hatred. If CARAUSIUS was nobly born—according to the estimate of birth among the Saxo-Netherlandic races—his origin adds to, rather than detracts from, his exceeding greatness, and doubtless assisted in developing his talents. Whether innate or acquired, he exhibited all the virtues, accomplishments and intelligence which dignify a man. His male qualities rendered his soldierly abilities the more illustrious. His generalship was not surpassed by his statesmanship ; and his taste, generosity and sagacity, were worthy the pre-eminent station he attained. As long as he lived, his lion port awed, while his elephantine strength and capacity defied, the serpent wisdom and the tiger fury of the astute Diocletian and the brutal Maximian, so that even after death his renown for

nearly three years guarded the coasts and seas he had rendered inviolate.

Beyond the first moves, in which he half won the game, Providence denied to the Saxon hero—a type of the free and fearless Hollandish Saxon—the opportunity of measuring his natural and factitious powers with those of another hero—a development of the astute and matured Latin civilization.

As to the personal appearance of CARAUSIUS, although it is not known that any of his likenesses in stone or colors have been preserved, the busts upon all the medalllic issues of his reign are so sharply executed and have so marked a character, that they may doubtless be considered as portraits. This remark applies particularly to the head upon the unique gold coin referred to by HUMPHREYS, in his "*Coinage of the British Empire*"—purchased by the late Mr. CRACHERODE for about seven hundred and fifty dollars, and bequeathed to the British Museum—which conveys a perfect idea of the manly Saxon face of the Menapian sovereign, whose characteristics of courage, firmness, sound sense, easy humor, and love of good cheer, are all expressed by the features thereon portrayed.

"On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly press'd his signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth
And fiery vehemence of youth ;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire."—

The reverse presents the figure—admirably conceived—of Jupiter, whose right hand brandishes a Jovian thunder-bolt, and left sustains the celestial sceptre, while, at his right foot, stands an eagle, true to nature in expression and position, observing with attention the face of the god. Perhaps the assumption of this effigy

was a master-stroke of policy, for while in it the Roman and Romanized Briton recognized therein "the king of gods and men," the Scandinavo-Saxon and Netherlandish Frank mistook the "Thunderer and the bird for Odin and his hawk," an error common eight centuries afterwards, we are told, to many a half-converted Anglo-Dane and unconverted Anglo-Saxon in that same city, from whose mint, correlative facts assure us, the elegant NUMMUS issued, as implied by the letters M. L. underneath, signifying MONETA LONDINENSIS—"Money struck in London."

The latter CONSTANTIUS—who, to the nobility of race superadded the nobility of mind, and although the camp has been his foster-mother, had imbibed thence nothing of its vices and much of its manly generousness—was a competitor worthy to enter the lists with one who had shown himself superior to his origin, equal to his opportunities, and in advance of his time.

If the testimony of an historian, who lived two centuries since—JOHN TRISTAN—(born at Paris towards the end of the XVIth century, and died 1656)—whose erudition, considering the difficulties under which he lived is most remarkable—is to be believed, Constantius possessed so lovely a character that its delineation is worthy of preservation in our language, since very few will ever resort to the ponderous volumes whose orthography and typography are the most difficult which the writer has encountered in these researches.

The greatest virtue which Constantius possessed was his piety, not that false and criminal devotion (*piete*) to idols, which is the most notorious (signal, *insigne*) impiety, but the true, which consists in the sole, legitimate worship of the one God, the Creator of the universe. This had taught him that humility, sobriety, chastity, temperance, charity, justice, and that great

modesty in everything relating to his imperial equipage, even his very clothes, which seemed to shame the arrogant and superb superfluity of the impious Diocletian, so that we can feel assured that he was the *first* CHRISTIAN emperor.

* * * *

The Christianity of Constantius had rendered him so rich in noble and pre-eminent virtues, that EUMENIUS, pagan as he was—was constrained to style them *Divine* (DIVINA VIRTUTUM MIRACULA). But that which crowned all the others with a superlative lustre, was his fearless valor, which rendered him not only redoubtable to the enemies of the Roman empire, but feared and respected by Diocletian and Maximian themselves.

* * * *

Doubtless when, afterwards, in the greatest peril—(just before his battle with the **Allemanni**, under the walls of Langres)—he had invoked our Saviour, sovereign Refuge of those who have recourse to Him, and gained that signal victory by His assistance, just as at a later period his son Constantine the Great appealed to the Saviour when about to encounter the tyrant **Maxentius**.

Upon the basis established by Constantius, that ALL-FATHER—whom the Saxon, before he knew the ancient Roman, worshipped in untutored simplicity, even as he now worships Him in intelligent simplicity, having cast off the superstitions of the modern Roman—was about to set up the throne of Constantine, who rescued the world from the embrace of a debased polytheism, to consign it to the everlasting arms of Heaven-born Truth. Had **Carausius** lived and conquered, the auspicious event might have been stayed for long and wretched years, but knowing, as we do, that Wisdom ordereth all things right, he lived sufficient space to

act his part, and then was laid aside as a good sword when the wars are over, even as the Swedish **Onstarns** rose, ruled, fought and fell, when his great part was played.

All that an unregenerate man could do **Carausius** did for Britain. With him two armies landed; one stern in steel and *sagum* for her defence, the other mild in flowing robes of white for her enrichment; the one to guard and extend his realm, the other to adorn and civilize it; the one to harvest with the falchion, spear and bow, the other with the sickle, spade and trowel; the one to erect his trophies with the bloody spoil of foes, the other to create the monuments of taste and opulence; the one to construct quays, fleets and citadels, the other to build temples, marts and palaces; the one to dig the trenches and throw up the rampart, the other to excavate canals and raise the tow-path; the one to make him terrible without, the other to render him all lovable within. In his reign, commerce, agriculture, manufactures, art and science—attendants in the train of the Menapio-Saxon hero—strove to out-shine each other, and vied in bringing gifts to pour into the lap of that Britannia whom he had taken to his arms in weeds, with ashes on her head, that she might don the festal robes of state, adorn her garments, neck and limbs with jewels, assume the crown of empire, and flaunt like Rome herself in all the gracious splendor of wealth restored, refined by taste and mirrored by skill.

O ye doubters, search out the records of the past, and look abroad upon the English realm, where, even to this day, the wrecks of his conceptions bear witness to his genius. Pass by the hearts of oak which he found coracles of skin and quitted “castles on the sea”; turn from his heath-grown Caledonian wall, his crumb-

led forts, demolished fanes, and shattered arches, his sea-ports, throttled by the sand or swallowed by the sea, fast passing from the sight of men, or lost to every eye but that renewed by antiquarian instinct; and seek that "fenny land," that English Holland, where you can trace to-day a monument of utility, which still transmits to future times the name of him who made it. Take your stand on that high ground—thrust out into the "fenny level" like a cape, upon whose extreme spur up-rose the Chapel of St. Pega,*—a (quasi) Christian light house, as if to carry out the simile. "Here passed CARSDYKE," (Caros' or Carowe's Dyke,) so called from Carausius,—conceived by that sagacious chief, who was to the Vespasian dynasty in unsubmissive Britain all that SUCHET was to Napoleon in infuriate Spain, AGRICOLA; in part accomplished by SEVERUS, the great British-wall builder, to complete an inland water-communication between the peaceful south and the rebellious north; deepened, reconstructed, lengthened and enlarged by the Menapian AUGUSTUS, who alone transmuted the unquiet and implacable Caledonian into a peaceful neighbor and a useful ally.

This DYKE—by a combination of natural and artificial water-ways—connected *York*, the Vicarian or Roman capital of Britain—(founded B. C. 983 ?)—whereat Severus died, Caracalla murdered his brother Geta, Carausius was proclaimed and assassinated—[although some antiquaries hold the murder of our hero was committed at *Alauna*†—(Cavers-field, in Oxfordshire,

*Near *Peakirk*, three and a half miles southeast of Market-Deeping, near the Welland river, in southern Lincolnshire.

†"Just upon the meeting of *Akemanstreet-way* and the *Port-way*, from *Wallingford*, there are also some Foot-steps of that decayed ancient *Station*, by *Cumden* called *Alchester*, still remaining, which he guesses so called, as one would say an *old Town*. But I met with some *Notes* in a M S. [manu-

or Alcester, in Warwickshire)—said to have taken its name, by corruption, from that of *Allectus*, his assassin]—Constantius died, and Constantine the Great was born, with the heart of the completely subjugated Britain, the *Flavia Cæsariensis*, constituting the middle counties. Some think it took its name from CAROS (*Carausius*), others from the *Cimbric* word CAR, signifying a Fen—still retained in provincial English to designate a wood or grove, particularly of alders, on a moist soil, a marsh, and, in the Lincolnshire or Anglo-Dutch dialect, a gutter or drain. The latter derivation, however, is unlikely, inasmuch as the CARDYKE follows, alongside or near, wherever the lay of the land permitted, the meridian-line of the military road from *London*, on the *Thames*, to *Weighten*, just north of the *Humber*, and thence, through *Aldby*, to *York*—called the HERMEN STREET—*Here-man Stræt*, Anglo-Saxon?—[(STUKE-

script] that say it was the Seat of *Allectus* the Emperor, who having treacherously slain his Friend and Master, the Emperor *Carausius*, basely usurped *Britain* for himself, calling this his new Seat after his own name, *Alecti-Castrum*, since *Alcester* or *Aldcester*: but it seems by the Story that it flourish'd not long, for *Constantius Chlorus* being sent against him by the emperors *Diocletian* and *Maximian*, and by the Benefit of a Mist, landing privately somewhere on the South-shore, near the *Isle of Wight* (whether *Alectus* came to prevent it) gave him Battle, defeated, and put him to Flight towards this his chief *Fortress*, but was overtaken and slain by *Asclepiodotus*, one of *Constantius's* Captains [as this author will have it] here at *Elsfield* near *Oxford* [which he also would have a Corruption of *Alectus-field*] before he could reach it.

For the Credit of this *Relation*, it having no Foundation in the *Roman* Story, I shall wholly leave it to the *Reader's* Judgment; yet shall add thus much for its Reputation, that the *Roman Military Ways* lie very agreeable to it; for on Supposition this *Conflict* happened about *Regnum*, now *Ring-wood*; or *Clausentum*, now *Southampton*, the *Roman Ways* lie directly thence to *Venta Belgarum*, now *Winchester*; and so to *Callena*, now *Wallengford*, according to the *Itinerary* of *Antoninus*; and thence close by *Elsfield* to *Alcester*, as described in the *Map*, and in §.27. and 28. of this Chapter [10].”—[ROBERT PLOT'S "*Natural History of Oxfordshire*," (First Edition, dedicated to CHARLES II.) Second Edition, Oxford, 1705.]

LY'S *Itinerarium Curiosum*)]—equivalent to VIA MILITARIS in Latin, in the same way that **Carl** or **Karl**, unquestionably the original name of **Carausius**, and **Dic**, **Dice**, (Dyke.) would mean "Karl's" or the "Hero's Dyke."

Under or before the time of Severus, it was led from the *Peterborough* river, at the city of that name, to the *Witham* river at Lincoln, a distance of fifty miles, in a general direction north and south along the edge of the Fens. It was afterwards conducted—(constituting the [?] the present Foss-dyke)—into the *Trent*, at Torksey (a parish of Lincolnshire) below Newark, whence the transit was effected by the *Trent*, *Humber*, and *Ouse*, to York. **Carausius** restored the whole work beyond the *Peterborough*, and continued it on southwards along the borders of the Cambridgeshire fenny level, into the *Cam* or ancient *Granta* river, where he built a town,* and called it by the name of the stream, at the head of whose navigation it was founded. This vast artificial water-course, whose entire length must have exceeded one hundred and twenty-five miles, was all the way sixty feet broad, and had a large flat bank on both sides for the horses which drew the boats. It entered Lincolnshire at *East* or *Market Deeping*, proceeding upon an exact level between the high and the low grounds, through Langtoft and Baston, passing the *Glen* at High Bridge, then through Kyme to *Washingborough*, three miles from Lincoln, on the *Witham*, where there was a Roman fort to secure the navigation; likewise other defensive works at eligible, intermediate points. At Low, on the northern bank, where the *Car-dyke* enters the *Peterborough* river, an intrenched

*The "Camboritum" of D'ANVILLE; "Grantanbrige" or "Grantaceaster" (A. D. 1066) of SPRUNER, and "Grentebrige" of LIPPINCOTT; now "Cambridge."

camp, and at Horsebridge, on the southern, where it issues thence, a fieldwork protected its outlets. All along the route, brass, silver, and even gold coins of the reigns of *Carausius* and *Allectus* have been discovered.

The object of the *Cardyke* was two-fold ; first, as a canal, to obviate the dangerous navigation of the *Cimbric*, or German, Ocean by the estuaries of the *Wash* and of the *Humber* ; second, as a drain, by intercepting all the little streams flowing from the high lands, which would have otherwise overflowed the Fens, and have rendered them uninhabitable. Thus the Roman armies could move without impediment through the marshy country, while their baggage, engines and provisions would accompany them by water and in sight almost all the while.

At *Granta*—(now one of England's two renowned Universities)—where there are indisputable vestiges of a Roman city, the foundation of whose walls, twelve feet in breadth, are quite apparent, including a space of about fifty acres—*Carausius* instituted a great (the *Sturbich* or *Stourbridge*) fair, originally held at the season when the fleet of boats, laden with corn and commissariat stores, started thence to supply the garrisons stationed in the *Maxima Cæsariensis* and in *Valentia* and along the *Damnian* frontier or Caledonian Marches. This fair, held about two miles outside the holt-embosomed city—commencing on the (7th?) 18th September, and continuing for two weeks—although somewhat less important than in former times, is still one of the most considerable in the kingdom for agricultural produce, and constitutes to the learned one of the most gratifying memorials of the wisdom of the first Hollandish Saxon monarch of England.

Through the veil of ages that **Saxon Karl the Daring,**

“Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye,”

saw the path of England's glory and dominion climb up and up, to that unclouded summit whereon **Hollando-Anglo-Saxon** prowess displayed the standard of free faith and freedom in the full heat and splendor of a day which knows no twilight. In the soil of England, **CAROS**, one of the brightest orbs in the refulgent constellation of the “Light of Britayne,” planted the acorn which germinated, grew and expanded into that navy, which—boast as others may—still rules the farthest oceans. The **Saxo-Menapian Hollander** was the first to discern—this cannot be too often impressed upon the memory—the bent of Saxon genius. His Admirals first made the Anglo-Saxons “Sovereigns of the Seas,” and although the glories of **BLAKE** and **Tromp**, **NELSON** and **De Ruyter**, blaze more conspicuous, their radiance cannot swallow up the light which streams through fifteen centuries from that short space of seven years which bounds the rise, the rule, and royal life—written

“In records that defy the tooth of time,”

of

Zeeland's SAILOR-BOY ;

Menapia's KARL, the hero ;

BRITAIN'S AUGUSTUS ;

Holland's First Conquering Admiral ;

ENGLAND'S FIRST SEAMAN KING.

CARAUZIUS,

One among

“Such souls

Whose sudden visitations daze the world,
Vanish like lightning, but they leave behind
A voice that in the distance, far away,
Wakens the slumbering ages.”

Epilogue.

"Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,
 Our bending author hath pursued the story :
 In little room confining mighty men,
 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
 Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd
 This star of England : fortune made his sword ;
 By which the world's best garden he achiev'd." —

Although the exciting scenes of the preceding history and the magnificent drama, whose action embraced the dun heaths of Scotland and the cloud-piercing spurs of Mount Ararat, the boisterous waves of the Euxine, the phosphorescent waters of the Mediterranean, and the unexplored recesses of the Baltic, ended as to the Menapi-an hero and Saxo-British rule, with as sad a catastrophe as ever evoked the sympathy of a reader or the regrets of an historian, they terminated gloriously for his race—the indomitable **MENAPII**—with the triumphs of that campaign which extinguished the Romanized element of the ancient Netherlandish population—a race destined to effect greater changes through the exertions of their own influence and that of their Saxon affiliations, than any other which has been permitted to appear upon the stage of the world.

This epoch—remarkable for the rise and sovereignty of **CARUSIUS**—was one of the turning points in the history of the late kingdom of **Holland**, now known as that of the **Netherlands**. The Batavians having been annihilated almost without resistance, the historian is called upon to trace the progress of new ethnological combinations, which almost amounted to a totally new and distinct population in the Low Countries—first, an imperfect amalgamation of the **Menapioi** and **Salian Franks** within the limits assigned by **STRABO**, and **JOHN ISAAC PONTANUS** (in his *Hollandia Chorographia*) to the for-

mer or rather an absorption of the **Saxon** element of the latter, since that portion of the Frankish confederates which were essentially warlike and unsettled almost immediately assumed the same antagonistic position towards the agricultural and commercial inhabitants of the coast and low-grounds which had endured, with ever-augmenting acerbity of feeling, since the time of Drusus—one, in fact, that the original inhabitants of the high or more elevated grounds—in a word, the **Bata-**vians and the other allies of the Romans—had always occupied towards their war-(as a pursuit)-abhorring neighbors.

The **Low Countries** now contained only the free people of the Saxo-Germanic race—*free*, because the Roman ensigns had never been planted as the tokens of continuous possession or actual triumph within their territories ; and *doubly free*, because they were actuated by a large and liberal policy. The **Menapians**, soon after uniting with the noble Trans-Ems **Chancians** and indomitable **Frisons**, associated themselves together with all the kindred tribes of the coast, from the *Schelde* to the *Skager Rack*, in a **BOND** (**Bond**, **Bunde**, Ang. Sax.) or Association, which eventuated in the celebrated **Saxon League**.

The Netherlands henceforth became the scene of a contest—varying at different epochs in its activity, but always increasing in the antipathy—between the maritime races and the inland populations and the theatre on which a new system of physical ideas, inaugurated, subordinate to Christianity, an era whose effects proved the leaven which has produced, in a great measure, the regeneration of the world.

This contest, wherein neither yielded in point of courage, was one rather of intellect, energy and endurance, as opposed to those qualities which, however

dazzling, are physical rather than mental; for, pre-suppose equal courage, and then oppose brute strength to intelligence, and the latter must speedily remain the conqueror.

Here again, as in their scale of rank, the Chinese show their wisdom, by considering the military mandarins as mere representatives of force, and therefore entirely subordinate to the civil officers—machines that can only move upon an impulse given them, and must be guided by a superior intelligence.

The **Salians**—who had been expelled from *Gueldres* by the **Frisons**, and had been established with the consent, and by the assistance, of the **Menapians**, in the country of the **Batavi**, in consequence of the latter's infidelity to the obligations of nature and their subservience to the Romans—were, in turn, backsliders, and oblivious of the duties which their position and new affiliations imposed. For over half a century there was a breathing spell, one of those pauses in a combat which are the result of fatigue and not of abated animosity. About the middle of the fourth century, the opposing weapons clashed against each other anew, and the world still feels the vibration of that conflict. The **Varni**—a tribe of the same lineage as the **Saxons** of the *Netherlands* and of *England*, coming from the coast of *Denmark*—as is generally supposed—decided the contest in favor of their blood and of healthful progress. Disembarking from a numerous fleet, they inundated the island or triangular district between the *Rhine* and the *Waal* and the *Maas*, and as effectually destroyed the **Salians** as **Carausius**, at the head of his **Menapians** and **Salian-Franks**, had annihilated the **Batavi**. In vain the Emperor, Julian the Apostate, endeavored to prevent the extinction of the **Salians**. His efforts were as ineffectual to preserve the present opponents, as

those of Maximian, Constantius and Constantine had been to destroy the former associates, of the **Menapii**, who (the Salians) having been, in turn, corrupted by the luxury, battle-lures and pernicious influences of Rome, were diverted from the cultivation of the useful arts into the pursuit of arms. Even as the **Batavi** were extinguished in, so the **Salians** disappeared from, the **Low Countries**. The **Salians**, and those among the **Arboriches** or **Menapians** who had degenerated into votaries of Bellona, thrust forth by the **Saxon** confederates, became the conquerors of *France*; and the kindred of the **Saxons**, who expelled them, became the conquerors of *England*, to renew on English ground, at *Hastings*, that struggle whose progress we have contemplated between different combinations of the **GALLO-Saxon** and of the **SCANDINAVO-German** races.

Thenceforward, wave after wave of invasion rolled over the Romanized portions of the Netherlands, until every vestige of the original subdivisions, chorographical and ethnological, were obliterated; until, A. D. 490, CLOVIS consolidated the bases of the present French monarchy, which, hitherto, under **THERDOMIR**, **PHARAMOND**,—the first sovereigns of the Franks acknowledged by history,—CLODION, or CHLOJIO, the Long-haired; **MEROVEUS**, and **CHILDERIC**,—the first three kings of the *Merovingian* race,—and CLOVIS,—the fourth, prior to his victory at *Tolbiac*, A. D. 496, or of *Poitiers*, A. D. 507,—was essentially and indisputably **Netherlandish** as to its dominion and dominant people.

Nor is it by any means an assumption to claim that down to the subdivision or final dissolution of the territorial agglomeration of **CHARLEMAGNE**, the preponderating influence of the **Hollando-Saxon** people made itself manifest and felt.

Several of the earliest and most illustrious rulers of France, in entirety, claim *Menapia* as their birth place. All those renowned Mayors of the Palace—who discharged their functions under the last kings of the Merovingian race and were monarchs of France in every thing but name—were Eastern (*Clerian* or *Julierian*), or Central (Brabantian). **Menapians** by birth, lineage, and residence.

PEPIN I, (*le Vieux*), born at his ancestral castle of *Landen*, a village of Hesbaie (Hasbania), on the *Gelte*—perhaps *Landen-Saint Gertruyden*, or else the city of Landen itself (so famous for the terrible conflict between WILLIAM III and Marshal LUXEMBURG, known to the French as the battle of *Steinkirk*) on the *Becke*—was hereditary Duke of *Austrasia*, which extended from the *Maas* to the *Carbonarian* Forest, and comprised all ancient *Menapia*, east of the Schelde. INST-LAR MENAPIA was, at this time,—VIIIth Century,—a portion of *Hither Friezland* (FRESIA), south of the *Vlie-Strom* (Swift Stream). He was Mayor of the Palace under Clotaire II, Dagobert I, and Sigebert ; died at *Landen* 21st February, A. D. 640, and was buried at *Nivelles*.

GRIMOALD, Pepin's son, and second Duke, succeeded to his dignities ; to him, BEGGE, his sister, who married ANSEGISE, great-great-grandson, on the female side, of CLOTAIRE I. The last was buried at *Andenne*, between *Namur* and *Huy*, on the *Maas*, just east of *Menapii*, the farthest settlement of that name (see page 175), where his wife founded a celebrated abbey. Her son, known in history as PEPIN-LE-GROS (the FAT) or D'HERISTAL—so called from the name of his natal village and ordinary place of residence, about three miles north of *Liege*—became master of all France before his death, which took place at the castle of *Jupille*, a league north-east of (*Liege*) the Episcopal city.

His heir, CHARLES MARTEL—who saved Christendom from the yoke of Mohammed—was the son of this Pepin by his wife or concubine ALPAIDE (or ALTHAIDE,) a woman of MENAPIA, who founded the Convent of *Orp-le-Grand*, about twelve miles southeast of *Tirlemont*, in the heart of ancient TA(O)XANDRIAN MENAPIA (Brabant). CHARLES himself died at *Querci* (or CRECY) [*sur-Oise*], a village near the frontier of the Spanish Netherlands. He was *de facto* sovereign of France.

CARLOMAN and PEPIN-LE-BREF (the SHORT), his sons, were at first respectively absolute sovereigns of *Austrasia* and *Neustria*, which embraced the whole of continental and insular MENAPIA. CARLOMAN, having abdicated and retired into a monastery on *Monte Cassino*, between Rome and Naples, PEPIN became the first king of France of the Second, or Carlovingian, race.

Thus the second dynasty of the French monarchs sprang, so to speak, from the soil of ancient MENAPIA, since all the princes of this illustrious race were born or had their residence either in the provinces of *Brabant*, (♂ MENAPII, ancient “Brabanders,” or “those of Cleves”—LITTLETON) or of *Liege*, at *Landen*, *Nivelles*, *Herstal* or *Jupille*.

Nor have the Celtic French any right to claim even CHARLEMAGNE, the son of Pepin I (the Short) as one of themselves. According to FREDEGAIRE (Fredegise?)—a more ancient and veracious author than EGINHARD—CHARLES THE GREAT was, at the first, king of *Austrasia* and celebrated his Easter and Christmas festivals at *Herstal*, *Liege*, and *Aix-la-Chapelle* in Eastern and Central MENAPIA, and at *Mayence* and *Worms* in *Germania*, and held his councils, whereat he prepared his laws and regulated the affairs of his immense empire, at *Aix-la-Chapelle*, *Liege*, *Herstal*, *Thionville*, *Nijmegen*, and *Valenciennes*, all in the Netherlands. What is

more the MONK OF ST. GALL (IXth Century) asserts that he was born at *Aix-la-Chapelle* (Aquæ Grani) in ancient Cis-Rhenan *Menapia*; although some assign the honor to *Ingelheim* in the territory of the ancient VAN-GIONES, on the borders of the CHATTIAN MATTIACI—of the BATAVIAN lineage, a portion of whose tribe have been located in the island of Batavia—and others again to *Saltzburg*—ancient Juvavia or Jopia among the NORICI. Whether born or not at *Aix*, he made that city the capital of his dominions north of the Alps, and the second in his empire, appointed it as the place of coronation for the German emperors, and died and was buried there. Moreover his favorite hunting palace *Valkenhof*, was at *Nijmegen*, which divided his affections with *Aix*. But more of this hereafter.

* * * * *

But, although the **Batavi** had utterly perished, and those who succeeded them had passed away, the **Menapii** still occupied the maritime districts, where Cæsar found them. Towards the interior their bounds were set, but seaward their dominions were illimitable; and the same spirit which fired the ambition of **Carausius** planted **Dutch** colonies in every zone and in every quarter of the world,—an ambition which is that

——“spirit in the world,
That causes all the ebbs and flows of nations,
Keeps mankind sweet by action: without that,
The world would be a filthy settled mud.”

VIVAT CARAUSIUS!

M e n a p i e n B o v e n o p !

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(ROBERT of Flanders, XIVth Count of Zeeland, acquired the name of "The FRISON," by subduing the Zeelandic islands. in the latter part of the XIth Century.)

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*According to the “Memoir crowned by the Academy of Brussels, in 1770,” the PAGUS MEMPISCUS or MENAPISCUS—the canton, so called, of the MENAPIANS, (Karl-Saxons, Karlings; Franks, Flemings,) who comprised the *Flemish*, and bordered upon the *Gallic* or *Celtic*, MORINI, towards the south—was much more extensive than the *Bailiage of Thieft*, whose chief town, of that name, lies midway between *Ghent* and *Ypres*. It comprised the Quarters of

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Bourbourg [Bourbourg-ville], *Bergues St. Vinox* [Bergues], *Cassel* and *Lille*—all in the present Department du Nord, France, of which the latter, formerly the capital of French Flanders, is now the seat of government; *Tournai*—the metropolis of several monarchs, of the Franks, belonging to the Merovingian race—in the Province of Hainault; *Furnes* and *Ypres*, in West Flanders; and a part of those of *Bruges* and *Ghent*; and was bounded on the east by the *Schelde*, which separated it from ancient Brabant. The Abbey of *Tronchiennes* (Drongen, two miles west of *Ghent*, on the *Lys*)—was at the northern limit of the *Pagus Mempiscus*, beyond which commenced the *Pagus Gandensis*. Thus in the time of ST. AMAND—the middle of the VIIth century—the district which still retained the MENAPIAN name embraced the greater part of the country which has been erroneously assigned by many writers to the MORINI. To this, M. LESBROUSSART, of Brussels, adds the gratifying assurance that MENAPIA for nearly eight centuries enjoyed an uninterrupted succession of independent princes, while the *Morini* and *Attrebates* had been forced to submit to laws imposed by a foreign monarchy, and even at the time he wrote (about 1789) constituted a precious appanage of the sovereign who reigned over it, whose authority was derived by hereditary right from the illustrious Counts of Flanders. In religion, as in politics, the MENAPI were alike independent, and it required hundreds of years to win them from their ancient faith after their neighbors had been converted to Christianity, and it was not until the Xth Century (Couvrez) that they could be said to have been entirely subjected to the doctrines of Roman Catholicism.

While thus establishing the **MENAPII**—[**VLAENDREN**—(the *Menapii Seniores* comprehended the *Cortoriacenses* (people of Courtrai, in West Flanders, famous for the Flemings' victory (1302) over the French, called the (first) "Battle of the

Military operations in the Netherlands from
the time of Vespasian to the end of the
Western Empire—Very little known of the
Roman

245–248

Spurs," because among the trophies were 8,000 knightly gilt spurs); *Audereniciuni* (people of Ardres, in the Pas de Calais, renowned as the nearest town to the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," 1520 ; perhaps (?) Ardenburg or Rodenburg in Zeeland, formerly one of the most considerable Flemish maritime places) ; and *Tornacenses*, (people of Tournay,) erroneously supposed to have been Nervii—BERTIUS]—in the possession of Flanders, the celebrated DES ROCHES has shown with equal certainty that they occupied the ZEELANDIC islands, particularly *Walkeren*, which they protected by dykes and cultivated with the greatest success.

In fact, REYGERSBERG, and other chroniclers, undertake to prove that the islands of Zeeland—of which there were seven principal ones—were in old time united and solid ground, constituting one province with Flanders, from which they were separated by the fury of the sea about A. D. 918, and that a single plank was all-sufficient to span the streamlet which served as a line of demarcation.

Between the *Pagus Menapiscus* and the *Zeelandic Archipelago* lay the FRANC OF BRUGES, ancient FLANDERS (*Pagus Flandrensis*) or MENAPIA (OUDEGHERST), which is said to have taken its name from Μεναπος, (Menapos,) a prince of *Thcerenburch*, [*Therouenne* ? Roman *Taruenna*, (mediæval *Thcerenburch* or *borchte* ?) an ancient county and bishopric,] one of the ten subordinate counties comprehended by the grand county of Flanders. To the eastward, this FRANC was bounded by another canton of the maritime *Menapii*; a portion of whom were styled FRISIONES, about A. D. 646, particularly those in the neighborhood of *Breda* and *Bergen-op-Zoom* (DEWEZ). East of these again lay the MENAPISCUS AGER—(Field of the *Menapii*)—known at different epochs as *Menapia*, *Ta(o)xundria*, the *Free State of the Arboriches*, the *Campine*, and *North or Dutch Brabant*—between

MORINI—The XI, XVI, 64, 97, 110, '20, 24' 25, '26, '60,
'64, '65, '66, '68, '69, '75, '88, '90, '91, 201.

Motto—Famous Dutch—of the Order of
the Union

7

the *Wahal*, the *Maas*, the *Demer* and the *Dyle*, and the *Schelde*. Half encircling and including the south-eastern third of this territory stretched the kingdom of the FRANKS under CLOVIS (VAN LOON), which comprehended the Cis Rhenan MENAPII (as well as the Trans Rhenan, in *Guelderland* and the conterminous parts of *Utrecht* and *Over-Yssel*). In the south-eastern extremity of the former stood *Nuys* (Neuss), whose inhabitants were considered of Menapian lineage as late as the XVth century—(See pages 183-190). This must have constituted their farthest south-eastern settlement (since BERTIUS bounds them by the *Eystian* range of mountains—fifteen miles west of *Aix-la-Chapelle*, the birth-place and favorite residence of CHARLEMAGNE) and *Menapii*, in the Carbonarian Forest, their most southern. Northwards were the *Inter-Maas* and *Niers* marshes of the MENAPII, in the district known in the XVIIth century as the VOGTEI (Bailiwick) of *Guelders*, hard by *Venloo* and *Kempen*. *Kessel* on the west bank of the *Maas*, just below the former is the ancient CASTELLUM MENAPORUM (Castle of the Menapii), the only one of their locations known as a town in the time of the first Cæsars. The Head-quarters of the Menapian ALA or contingent was at *Taberna* (Zabern) in Alsace or the Palatinate.—But the HEART OF MENAPIA was MARITIME FLANDERS, including ZEELAND, if LES-BROUSSART is correct in his "Preliminary Discourse," which serves as an introductory chapter to OUDEGHERST'S "Annals of Flanders."

In the center of the vast (*Flandro-Zeelandic*) Menapian forests were numerous plains and rich pastures, amid which (here and there) necessity had constructed modest hamlets, which protected at the same time industrious men and their prolific flocks and herds, whose fleeces and flesh, after they became acquainted with the Romans, soon assured the com-

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The Dutch at the North Pole
AND
The Dutch in Maine.

New York Historical Society.

3d MARCH, 1857.

2

The Dutch at the North Pole

AND

The Dutch in Maine.

A

P A P E R

READ BEFORE THE

New York Historical Society,

8d MARCH, 1857.

BY

J. Watts de Peyster,

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

NEW YORK:

PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY.

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New York Historical Society,

FOUNDED 1804.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1857.

FREDERICK DE PEYSTER, Esq.

My Dear Sir:

In behalf of the Special Committee on papers to be read, I am instructed to express to you their desire that you will read the paper on the "**Dutch in Maine**," prepared by GEN. DE PEYSTER, which was announced for, but not read, last evening—at the next regular meeting of the Society, on Tuesday evening, March 3d. Will you allow me to add my own hope that you will be able to comply with the request of the Committee, as I regard the subject as one of unusual novelty and interest to the Society.

I remain, my dear Sir,

With great respect,

Yours very truly,

GEO. H. MOORE.

New York Historical Society,

FOUNDED 1804.

At a stated meeting of the Society, held in the Chapel of the University of the City of New York, on Tuesday evening, March 3d, 1857,

The paper of the evening, entitled "**the Dutch at the North Pole**," and "**the Dutch in Maine**," prepared by GENERAL J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, was read by FREDERICK DE PEYSTER, Esq.

On its conclusion, Mr. JAMES W. BECKMAN, after some remarks, submitted the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Society be presented to GENERAL DE PEYSTER for his able and interesting paper read this evening, and that a copy be requested for the Archives of the Society, and for such further disposition as may be advised by the Executive Committee.

Extract from the minutes.

ANDREW WARNER,

Recording Secretary.

The Dutch at the North Pole,
AND
The Dutch in Maine.

It is only recently that the people of the United States have been awakened to a just appreciation of the marvelous deeds, stirring enterprize, and indomitable spirit, which actuated that glorious little nation, the Netherlanders or Hollanders—generally, but inappropriately, styled Dutchmen—in establishing their independence. We have yet to learn how much of the world's progress is due to their example; and the practice of every manly virtue. To courage, fortitude and patriotism, they added economy, industry, integrity and intelligence; and had their territorial position and physical power corresponded with the union of such rare qualities, this combined influence would have raised them, as a people, to a height of glory hitherto approached by no other nation in the old world.

As merchants, ploughers of the sea, they rarely erred in the location of their maritime settlements; and, as colonists,—ploughers of the soil,—they never made a mistake in the selection of the lands they were to cultivate; so much so that it has passed into a proverb in some parts of this very State—where the Germans, and families from the Eastern States, came *after* the Dutch—“that there never was a good piece of land that the Devil did not open his bag and shake out some Dutchman upon it.”

Thus, early as 1575 they learned the value of the spice-bearing groves and fruitful valleys of the richest island of the globe—Java; and established their factories and trading houses wherever bounteous Nature invited Commerce with her richest stores. When Columbus made his great discovery, it is well known that he supposed it was the eastern coast of Asia, of which he was in search. The term *India* was adopted by the Greeks, who, it is said, derived it from the Persians,—for it was unknown to the natives,—and was used to signify the indefinite regions beyond the Indus, which were but partially known to them, from the vague descriptions of the Persians. Successive expeditions, in ancient times, revealed the boundaries of the countries watered by the Indus and the Ganges, and their great tributaries, and gradually developed their valuable and inexhaustible productions.

Until the close of the 15th century, Europeans obtained the precious merchandise of India, partly through Egypt, whither it came by the way of the Arabian Sea, and partly from the long journeys of the Caravans, through the interior of Asia. The doubling of the Cape of Good Hope, in 1497, opened to the Portuguese

the teeming riches of that vast mine of wealth which has enriched the various nations who successively have obtained access to it.

The Portuguese dominion in Asia was fast crumbling into ruin, when the union of Portugal with Spain, in 1580, gave the finishing blow to their commercial power in India. The Dutch had sought in the mart of Lisbon for Indian merchandize, when Philip the Second closed its harbor to this adventurous and industrious people. Thus, it became an object of paramount importance to find a passage, if practicable, to India by the Northern seas; and many fruitless attempts were made to accomplish this great object. Nevertheless, they availed themselves of favorable opportunities to enter the lists with the Portuguese; gradually succeeded in stripping them of their possessions by their stronger and better manned Navy, which pursued the latter on their own beaten track; and finally wrested from them their most important acquisitions in the famed Indies. It was in the course of the former unsuccessful attempts in the Polar seas that the Dutch, as we shall hereafter see, found their way to our Atlantic border, and thereby became aware of the advantages presented by the rich lumber districts of Maine; and although few are apprised of it, made several attempts by peaceful colonization and by force of arms, to place themselves in a position to share the prolific fisheries; the unsurpassed masting and lumbering facilities; and, at that time, the rich fur trade afforded along the coasts and upon the shores of the rivers and estuaries of Maine, then the Province of Acadie.

There, at the periods referred to, the bounties of the land actually clasped hands with the favors of the

sea ; although at the present date, in many instances the bare rocks, denuded of their stately evergreen forests, and oftentimes of the very soil itself, by the intense action of rapidly succeeding conflagrations, present, in lamentable contrast, the very image of desolation !

It is well known that the Hollanders first settled the three states of New York, New Jersey and Connecticut ; planting their colonies on the shores of two of our noblest northern rivers ; and that a few years subsequently they conquered a territory now constituting a fourth state—Delaware ; when their sway extended over the districts bordering on either side of the third great stream of that name.

Few, however, comparatively, of those best acquainted with our History, have heard that the Hollanders were likewise amongst the earliest Colonists of Maine, and at one time displayed their ensigns, victorious in all the four quarters of the globe, at more than one point of that then remote province.

The first Dutch commander, on record, who made a landing on the shores of Maine, was **Hendrick Hudson** ; he who discovered the noble estuary or river, which now bears his name. On the 17th—(18th)—of July, 1609, (on the third of September, in which year he anchored inside the bay formed by Sandy Hook,) that distinguished Navigator landed on the shores of the Penobscot, and remained in that bay for the space of a week, cutting and stepping a new foremast, and repairing his rigging, damaged by his previous tempestuous passage. He likewise had frequent and friendly intercourse with the natives ; some of whom it was even reported could speak a few words of French ; from whom he understood that traders of that nation came thither

every year to barter with the aborigines. At this period, the glory of the Dutch Military and Commercial marine had reached its zenith. East, south, and west, the ships of Holland were boldly cleaving the farthest waters of unknown seas, to crown their owners' enterprise with opulence and fame. Even to the frozen north, Dutch courage and indomitable resolution had penetrated nearer to the Artic Pole than any other people had before, or have since; accomplishing such wonders at this early stage of Artic exploration, as stand unrivalled even to the present day, unless perhaps by the recent exploits of Captain McClure. **Barentz**, whom fate denied the enthusiastic homage of his native land, was that bold seaman who from thirteen to fifteen years before Hudson landed on the shores of North America, defied the terrors of a polar winter; and planted the blue, white and orange stripes of the United Provinces on the most northern group of European Islands, known as Spitzbergen; and on Cape Desire, now Zelandia; at the almost inaccessible extremity of Novaia Zemlia.

If, then, to the English appertains the glory of a contest, kept up for centuries against cold and amid privations, crowned within the last five years by the discovery of the North-West passage, by Captain McClure; to the Hollander is due the credit of equally persevering, but less successful, attempts to explore a North-East passage to the riches of the Eastern world—less successful only because unquestionably beyond the stretch of possibility for any one expedition, unless capable of keeping the sea at least from eight to ten, and in all probability for double, that period of, years.

In proof that a passage—not navigable however—actually does exist, whales are *known* to have passed to

and fro. Thus a whale, struck by William Bastiaanz, Admiral of the Dutch Greenland Fleet, in the Spitzbergen sea, was killed in the sea of Tartary, with the Admiral's harpoon, bearing its initials, and other marks of recognition, still sticking in his back. Muller relates a similar circumstance, as having occurred in 1716. Hamel writes in 1653, that every year in the sea to the North-East of Korea, whales in great numbers are captured, in whose flesh and blubber are found harpoons, and other striking irons of the French and Dutch whalers, in the seas washing the Northern extremities of Europe; whence, and for similar reasons, navigators throughout the last five centuries were led to believe that there was, and is a continuous passage through Behring's sea and straight, around the north of Asia, communicating with the straight of Vaigatch, which separates Novaia Zemlia from Russia in Europe; nor does this testimony stand alone; it has other ample and satisfactory corroboration.

To the Hollandish mariner, the prudent, skillful, brave and experienced **Barentz**—the most distinguished martyr to Arctic investigation, until the mystery of Sir John Franklin's loss transferred the sympathy and admiration of the scientific world to a more recent, but not more deserving object—to **Barentz** is conceded the crown of having been the first to winter amid the horrors of the Polar cold; deprived of every comfort which could have ameliorated the sojourn; dependent even for vital warmth on the fires which are kindled in an indomitable *heart*; and uncheered from the beginning to the end by the sight of, or intercourse with, any human visitors, such as enlivened and varied the winter-life of our most distinguished, able, and accom-

plished explorer, Dr. Kane. Few readers, comparatively, have turned their attention to Arctic geography and discovery; but to those who have fully examined the subject, the name of **Barentz** is a household word; and we find Dr. Kane, imprisoned in the frozen North, comparing his position, and its probable result, with that of the Chief-Pilot of Amsterdam.

It is wonderful,—and I shall return to the subject again,—how the journal of the Hollander seems to embody almost every incident which lends peculiar charms—charms which invest it with an awful interest—to that of every subsequent Commander. Closely observant, **Barentz** must have handled his pen with the same practical ability with which he guided the helm and adjusted his nautical instruments; for all those phenomena—those astounding, terrible attractions—which enlist the sympathies of the brave in favor of a Polar journey, and rise in more than gigantic proportions to deter the timid from enlisting in such an undertaking, find place in that old Log which survived its composer; whose leaves of paper, by a metamorphosis not uncommon with authors, became changed into those of laurel, to crown the brow of him who lay interred beneath the ice of Nova Zembla. His journal resembles in many respects the collection of antiquities, disintombed from Pompeii and its vicinage, in which we discover beauties unexceeded by more recent efforts, and many things which are looked upon as modern discoveries, although well known and in common use among the ancients.

“Two hundred and fifty-nine years ago,” writes Dr. Kane, “**William Barentz**, Chief-Pilot of the States-General of Holland,—the United States of that day,—had

wintered on the coast of Novaia-Zemlia ; exploring the northern-most region of the Old Continent, as we had that of the New.

His men, seventeen in number, broke down during the trials of the winter, and three died, just as of our eighteen three had gone. He abandoned his vessel as we had abandoned ours, took to his boats, and escaped along the Lapland coast to lands of Norwegian civilization. We had embarked with sledge and boat to attempt the same thing. We had the longer journey and the more difficult before us. He lost, as we had done, a cherished comrade by the way-side ; and, as I thought of this closing resemblance in our fortunes also, my mind left but one part of the parallel incomplete—*Barentz himself perished.*"

A little further on we shall see that this parallel holds good with regard to other circumstances.

Whoever has enjoyed in his cozy library chair, (beside a blazing fire, by the brilliant light of an argand lamp,) a trip to the Arctic regions in the graphic relations afforded us by Dr. Kane, and contrasted their and his comforts and luxuries, must have noticed, (if they read with any attention,) the compliment which he pays so cheerfully and gracefully to the early Dutch Arctic navigators. When we remember the immense improvements, not only in the art of navigation, but the construction of vessels ; the vast advances in medicine, remedial preparations and surgery ; the perfection of armament, provisioning, and every other branch of the naval service, which relates to the safety and comfort of sailors, and the preservation of their lives, under the most disadvantageous circumstances ; as well as the attainment of the results sought, which have been made

within the last century, our astonishment will be still more increased, when we examine upon the map the extreme northern point attained by the Dutch Arctic explorer **Barentz**, two hundred and sixty-one years ago, with his small and frail vessels.

He pressed boldly towards the North, and from his log-books it has been conclusively demonstrated that he passed the most northern point of Spitzbergen. How much farther he penetrated to the north at this time, we cannot learn with any certainty; but Dr. Kane says: "An open sea near the Pole, or even an open Polar basin, has been a topic of theory for a long time, and has been shadowed forth to some extent by actual or supposed discovery. As far back as the days of **Barentz**, in 1596, without referring to the earlier and more uncertain chronicles, water was seen to the eastward of the northern-most Cape of Novaia-Zemlia; and until its limited extent was defined by direct observation, it was assumed to be the sea itself. The *Dutch* fishermen, above and around Spitzbergen, pushed their adventurous cruises through the ice into open spaces, varying in size and form with the season and the winds; and Dr. Scoresby, a venerated authority, alludes to such vacancies in the floe, as pointing in argument to a freedom of movement from the north, indicating open water in the neighborhood of the Pole."

Scoresby, the elder, infers that it was **Barentz's** intention, in 1596, to make a *trans*-polar voyage in pursuance of the scheme suggested, in 1527, by Robert Thorne, of Bristol; which was immediately attempted by two ships, fitted out under the sanction, and, perhaps, under the patronage, of Henry VIII.

Wonderful, we may say, as were the results attained

with such inadequate means; they are still more wonderful when we compare them with the very little, if any, more important, compassed during the present century, with all the superior advantages already enumerated, without considering the immense facilities afforded by the auxiliary aid of steam. "It is remarkable that two centuries of extreme activity should have added so very little to our knowledge of the Arctic regions;" and it is still more mortifying to consider how little progress has been made in geographical discovery, since the earliest adventurers intrepidly explored the Polar Archipelago with their humble barks, which seldom exceeded the burden of fifty tons. "The relations of the earlier navigators to these parts,"—is the testimony of the scientific authors of the volumes entitled "Discovery and Adventures in the Polar Seas and Regions," "possess an interest which has not yet been eclipsed."—"The voyage of MARTENS, from Hamburg to Spitzbergen, may be cited as still the most instructive. But the best and completest work on the subject of the Northern Fisheries, is a treatise in three volumes, (octavo,) translated from the Dutch language into French, by Bernard de Reste, and published at Paris in 1801, under the title, "Histoire des Peches, des Decouvertes, et des Etablissements des Hollandais dans les Mers du Nord."

On the 17th of June, 1596, **Barentz** discovered land in the latitude of 80 deg. 10 min. with his little ships or vlieboats,—fast sailing vessels with two masts, and usually of about 100 tons burthen,—so called, say various authors, because built expressly for the difficult navigation of the Vlie and Texel. In 1827, with all the appliances and resources of the British Government

at his command, and stimulated by the prize of national reward, PARRY made his way by the aid of boats and rude sledges, over the ice, less than three degrees farther north—82 deg. 40 min.

In the same years (1596-'7,) the bold Amsterdammer passed a Polar winter on the shores of Nova Zembla, and experienced all the privations, dangers, and intensity of suffering, without any resources except those arising from his own indomitable resolution ; much less than which, amid a comparative abundance of luxuries, prepared without regard to expense, and at the utmost exertion of science, have conferred a world-wide reputation on more than one officer connected with subsequent Artic expeditions. When we read in the accounts of those determined men, the perils to which their fragile vessels—scarcely, if ever, exceeding the burthen of 100 tons, and generally from 10 to 35 and 50 tons measurement—were exposed ; the dangers from climate and disease ; from the savage beasts of the Polar circle, against which they had to wage war with fire arms the most imperfect, and weapons still more primitive and ineffective, their escape would almost seem miraculous, and their success a special Providence vouchsafed in consideration of their deep religious trust in the Almighty ; and their child-like faith in His power to guard them against all perils, even when cut off from the rest of the world by impassible barriers of ice-mountains and ice-bound seas. What modern sailors credit to "luck," "chance," and "fortune," the "old salts" of former days attributed to Providence, that superintending Providence which watched over and delivered them.

Dr. Kane seems to dwell upon *Barentz* as the Patriarch

of Artic explorers; and as he was the first of the Hollanders, of whose voyages of discovery within the Artic circle we have authentic accounts; with him commences the narrative of the expeditions of the Dutch to those regions, and in fact all others in search of the north east passage.

But the audience may already have remarked, What have the Dutch Expeditions to the Arctic regions, or the **Dutch at the North Pole**, to do with the **Dutch in Maine**? Much. The connection is complete, and the transition easy and natural. In 1609, **Hendrick Hudson**, on his third voyage—his first under the Dutch flag—in the famous “Half Moon,” in search of the North East Passage into the Pacific, finding his farther progress arrested by the ice, and other impediments resulting from its presence; suddenly put his helm up, and bore away for the shores of North America; where he made his first landing on the coast of Maine, having come to an anchor in Penobscot Bay.

With this explanatory clause, we leave the shores of Acadie, to revisit those of the frozen North.

As was remarked before, the parallel drawn by Dr. Kane between the details of his own winter sojourn and that of **Barentz**, in the extreme Arctic regions, holds good with regard to other circumstances—“a parallel,” the Doctor adds, “which might verify that sad truth of history, that human adventure repeats itself;” and another noted work on the Polar Seas and Regions observes, that “all the changes of the Polar ice are periodical, and are again repeated at no very distant interval of time;” nature, as it were, thus lending her aid to complete the cheerful or harrowing resemblance.

The Hon’ble Daines Barrington, in the two first pa-

pers of "Instances of navigators who have reached high northern latitudes," "produces four examples of vessels having sailed to latitude 81 1-2 deg. ; seven to 82 deg. or upward ; three to 83 deg. or more ; six vessels in company to 86 deg. ; three examples to 88 deg. ; two ships in company to 89 deg. and one to 89 1-2 deg. besides several others brought forward in his latter papers."

He gives due credit to the reports of Dutch whalers, and it seems very evident to any but envious or incredulous rivals, that those who have penetrated nearest to the northern pole have been Dutch or Hollandish vessels, whose masters claim no credit to themselves—that is to their individual exertions, physical or mental—for their remarkable approximation to that extreme point, except that they were up North at the nick of time, and taking advantage of favorable winds and currents, made their way through openings in the icy barrier as far north as 88 deg., and even 89 deg. 40 min. latitude, only twenty miles from the Arctic pole itself. Mr. or Captain Scoresby in his "Arctic Regions," and other English writers in their publications, attempt to discredit these wondrous achievements of Hollandish shipmasters, while he admits that no people on the meridian of the Nova Zembla—or more properly speaking, perhaps, on the meridian of Europe—have penetrated as far to the North as the Dutch ; on the meridian of Asia as the Russians ; and of America as the English ; if they have not lost their chaplet by the late expedition under Dr. Kane. The same author fully endorses the adventurous spirit which actuated the Dutch whale-fishermen, and eulogizes the ability, frugality and endurance, which characterized all their operations.

"The Dutch"—says the younger Scoresby, no mean

authority, for he had been a prosperous whaling-master himself—"have been eminently distinguished for the vigor and success with which, for the space of more than a century, they prosecuted the whale-fishery at Spitzbergen." When, after the competition between the Dutch and English had gone to such lengths, and the former had been compelled to resort to arms, against the unjustifiable aggressions of the latter, both nations sent armed fleets to the fishing grounds, whose broadsides, reverberating from the ice-mountains and snow-clad rocks, ought to have delighted the whales, walruses, and other denizens of the deep, could they have comprehended that the roar of human conflict, emulating the din of their own elements and zone, betokened the mutual slaughter of their most inveterate enemies!

This naval warfare, in which the Dutch Whaling Navy were ultimately successful—defeating, in 1618, the English in a general encounter, and capturing one of their ships, which was carried as a trophy into the port of Amsterdam, resulted in the districting of Spitzbergen, the head-quarters of the European whale fishery, in which the Dutch played such a conspicuous part, whose enterprise, says Forster, "was in the fulness of its splendor from 1614 to 1641;" and according to De Reste, "in its most flourishing state about the year 1630." To the Dutch was assigned the northern portion of the island, where, on Amsterdam-Island, upon the shore of Hollanders'-Bay, they built their Arctic metropolis, appropriately entitled "Smeerenberg,"—Grease- or Fat- [i. e. Blubber-] Town; or, according to the best authority, the Dutch "Description of the Whale Fishery," "Smeerenberg"—a compound word, derived from "Smeer," Fat, and "Bergen," to preserve, i. e. put, or barrel, up.

Such, indeed, was the bustle produced by the yearly arrival of two or three hundred vessels, containing from twelve thousand to eighteen thousand men, being doubly manned, that the haven, with its boiling-houses, ware-houses, cooperages, ropewalks, and other appropriate erections—not to mention shops, dwellings and places of public entertainment—presented the appearance of a commercial or manufacturing town; and of such importance was this settlement, that the incentive of a lucrative traffic attracted numbers of transient merchants and salesmen, and even bakers, and other mechanics. When storms, thick weather, or any other accidental cause, drove the vast fleet of fishing vessels into port, the naturally sterile and desolate shores of Spitzbergen assumed the appearance of a thickly settled country. And such was the flourishing aspect of Smeerenberg, that it was compared by the Hollanders with their famous embryo metropolis of Java, which was founded about the very same time; and proudly pointed out upon the map—within but a few miles more than ten degrees of the Pole itself—as their Arctic Batavia.

Let us now examine, as concisely as the subject will permit, the results of some of the early Arctic voyages, as far as regards the latitude attained preparatory to the consideration of those directed to the North Eastward, and peculiarly Hollandish or Dutch.

In 1587, Davis ascended the strait, which bears his name, as high as 72 deg. 12 min.; in 1607 Hudson made his way through the Greenland seas to the latitude of 81 deg. and saw, as he believed, land as high as 82 deg.; in 1616 Baffin penetrated the bay named in his honor, as high as 78 deg.

Here a long blank occurs in the authentic journals of

Arctic voyages until 1751, when Captain McCallam, taking his departure from Hackluyt's Headland, on Amsterdam Island, off the north west point of Spitzbergen, sailed into an open sea in latitude 83 deg. 30 min. and with such propitious weather, that nothing but his responsibility to the owners for the safety of the ship—his own timidity perhaps—prevented him from carrying his vessel farther on. In the last days of May, 1754. Mr. Stephens, whose testimony is endorsed throughout by the late English Astronomer-Royal, Dr. Maskelyne, was blown off Spitzbergen by a southerly wind, and driven as far north as 84 deg. 30 min. Throughout that drift he encountered but little ice and no drift wood, and experienced a by no means excessive degree of cold.

About the end of June of the same year, Captain Wilson made his way through floating ice from 74 deg. to 81 deg. and thence sailed on over an open sea, quite clear, as far as he could discern, to 83 deg. when he lost heart and returned to the south. Captain Guy, after four days of fog, likewise found himself at the same latitude, about the very same time.

It is curious how the English, while they tax our credulity to its utmost extent in favor of their own people, are willing to concede but little credence to the honest assertions of successful individuals belonging to any other nation, even when those relations seem, to all impartial investigators, indisputable. Here we have three English Captains corroborating the narratives of Hollandish schippers, and admitting that they might themselves have gone much farther, had their hearts been as stout as the opportunities were auspicious. We Knickerbockers have every reason to put implicit faith in the statements of our ancestral race, whose in-

tegrity and truthfulness are proverbial. Let us place on record, stamped at all events with our belief, that Hollanders have made their way, as they claim, to 89 deg. 40 min.,—within twenty miles of the North Pole itself!

But to resume: in different subsequent years, certainly in 1766, the Greenland whalers attained the latitude of 81 deg. or 82 deg.; in 1773, Captain Clark sailed to 81 deg. 30 m.; Captain Bateson to 82 deg. 15 m.; in 1806, the elder Mr. Scoresby to 81 deg. 30 m.; and in 1811 the higher latitudes were again accessible; likewise in 1815–16–17. This brings us down to expeditions, whose narratives are to be found in every public library, and it is sufficient to add, that although Parry made his way *over* the ice to 82 deg. 40. m. and Dr. Kane in like manner to 81 deg. 23 m., no ship has ever succeeded in rivalling the achievement of more than one of the Dutch and English whalers, although the palm remains with the first—the Dutch.

Let us now turn back again, and examining the chronological list of Arctic voyagers, confine ourselves to those of the Dutch in that portion of the Arctic Ocean to which they seem to have directed their whole attention; as well as those of the English, for the discovery of a North East Passage; or, as some say, of a *trans-polar* passage. The first on record is that of the English, which dates from 1527, when two ships (one bearing the cheering name of “*Dominus Vobiscum*,”) were dispatched in the reign of Henry VIII. for discoveries in the direction of the North Pole. This expedition was void of results, and one of the ships did not return. The second, in 1553, was that of Sir Hugh Willoughby and Richard Chancellor—of which, more anon; of their three ships and crews, but one returned: that immedi-

ately commanded by Chancellor, whose furthest northern and eastern limit was the discovery of the White Sea. The third, in 1556, was that of Stephen Burroughs, in a small vessel, the "Searchthrift," who visited Novaia-Zemlia, most probably the southern coast, and discovered the island of Vaigatch, at the entrance of the strait of the same name. The fourth, that in 1580, when Arthur Pet and Charles Jackson, in the "George" and the "William," sailed from England in search of the North East Passage; one of the ships made its way through the Strait of Vaigatch, but of the other no tidings were ever received, except that it had wintered in a Norwegian port. The fifth, in 1594, was the first voyage of **Barents**, Cornelis Cornelison, and others. The sixth, in 1595, was the Dutch National Expedition, in which **Barents** acted as Chief-Pilot. The seventh, in 1596, was that in which **Barents** discovered Bear-Island and Spitzbergen, and lost his life. The eighth, was in 1608, when an English vessel under **Hendrick Hudson**—our Hudson—made its way as far as the coast of Nova-Zembla, but prematurely returned. The ninth, was in 1609, when Hudson, having transferred his services to the Dutch, started a second time, ostensibly to explore a North East Passage, while his heart was fixed on that to the North West. He sailed to the eastward as far as the Port of Vardoehuus, in Norwegian Lapland, when, pretending to have been arrested by fog and ice, he repassed the North Cape and steered across the Atlantic for America. Scoresby, in his narrative, says: "The design of this curious navigation is not known"; Hudson may not have communicated his design, but his reasons are evident without explanation: he was, no doubt, satisfied that **Barents** had done all that man

could towards solving the question of a North East Passage, and had failed. To the North West and West, many maintained that a transit was no less certain than that to the North East was uncertain. This he determined to assay, and supposed that he had succeeded when he entered the bay of New York.

The tenth was in 1611, or 1614, when a Hollandish ship is said to have accomplished one hundred leagues to the Eastward of Novaia Zemlia.

This was an extraordinary achievement, and must have brought the Dutchman, (taking into consideration the enormous difference between a degree of longitude at the equator and in this high latitude,) within sight of, if not up to, Cape Severo Vostochnoi. At all events, this triumph for the tri-color of Holland is not without authority; for Scoresby enumerates the voyage in his Chronological List.

The eleventh, was that of Jan Mayen in 1611-'12 or '13, when that enterprising Dutch navigator discovered that lone island, which now bears his name, although once known as Mauritius, or St. Maurice Island, in honor of the Stadtholder, Prince Maurice.

The twelfth and last, was the abortive attempt, in 1676, of Captains John Wood and William Flawes, who were sent out with two ships by the English Admiralty. As Wood, and his ship "The Speedwell," alone are mentioned, Flawes may have been re-called, or detained on the way. At all events, the Speedwell was wrecked on the west coast of Nova Zembla; and Wood brought home such a gloomy impression of the dangers that were to be encountered in that quarter, that the idea of sailing around the North of Asia into the Pacific

Ocean was abandoned, upon his return, and report, at once and for ever.

And now once more let us return to **Barentz**.

There would seem to be some races of men who will not bow to or acknowledge any superior but the Lord; and in the consciousness of His assistance display a fearless energy in combating not only the oppressions of stronger and more numerous peoples, but even the utmost terrors of nature. Such are the Dutch or Hollanders, concerning whom no testimony can be deemed more reliable than that of the Germans, at once a cognate and a rival race. And what say they?

“Rectitude, candor, honesty, constancy, patience, equanimity, temperance, cleanliness, carried almost to excess, plainness in their manner of living, fidelity to their word, are particularly prominent attributes of the Dutch. They are reproached, however, with avarice, greediness of gain, and inquisitiveness. Their confidence in their own powers, which has often the appearance of cold indifference, their imperturbability, and their circumspectness in answering and in judging, have brought upon them the reputation of sluggishness; although no one can deny that they possess industry, courage, and contempt of every danger, particularly in undertakings considered likely to result in profit to themselves.”

Having in a great measure freed themselves from the ferocious tyranny of Spain, the people of the United Provinces no sooner found themselves relieved from immediate danger, than they turned their eyes towards the true source of their power and wealth, the Ocean; that element which surrounded and penetrated their country on all sides, which towered as it were above

them, and which, when roused to fury, menaced their very existence. Still there was a kindliness mingled with its enmity ; and the Hollander might say—as the Dane—that the salt sea was his friend, whose jealousy brooked no other proud invader ; and held itself in readiness to drive forth the foreign foe, who dared to contest with it the prized possession.

To the merchant of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the eastern realms of Asia were the Alembic, which was to transmute his enterprise into gold ; to him the countries and islands, gold and gem-encrusted, spice-scented, and silk and tissue draperied, known under the general name of the East—were the Philosopher's stone which should change to power and prosperity the toil and sweat of his laborious days, and vigils of his wakeful nights. Unable as yet to defy the mighty Armadas of Spain, those “castles on the deep,” which guarded the approaches to the sources of those golden streams, which alone and so long had enabled the Spanish Monarch to continue the contest for the subversion of their rights and liberty, they determined to attempt, as we have seen, a north-eastern passage, and bearding winter in his pene-tralia, arrive at the wished for goal, by a new and un-explored channel. With no other countenance than the bare permission of the States General and their high Admiral, the Prince Maurice of Nassau, a “private society” of merchants equipped at Amsterdam, Enchuy-sen, and Zealand, a squadron of three vessels and an attendant yacht. Whether he enjoyed the supreme nominal command or not, the actual guidance of the whole was entrusted to **William Barnt**, commander or Pilot of the Amsterdam ship—or, as Dr. Kane styles him, Chief Pilot of the States General of Holland,—who

approved himself one of the most expert nautical men of the age, prolific in able and adventurous Navigators.

Thus an Arctic voyage of discovery, the offspring of private enterprise, was the first grand undertaking of the greatest Free-state of the Old World, scarcely yet emancipated from the shackles of Spain.

There were noble-hearted GRINNELLS in those days, and the History of Holland teems with instances of individuals actuated by like generous sentiments.

This expedition sailed from the Texel on the 5th of June, 1594 ; and on the 23d of the same month reached the island of Kalguez, at the mouth of the broad channel which contracts into the Strait of Vaigatch, through which one division of two ships, under Cornelis Cornelison, made their way into the Karskoe Sea, or sea of Kara, in which they proceeded forty leagues, or one hundred and sixty miles, to the eastward ; when, finding a wide, blue, open expanse of water before them, with the coast trending rapidly to the southward, instead of pursuing the discovery, they determined to hasten back and communicate to their countrymen the joyful news of their imaginary discovery of the North East Passage. In fact, however, they had only opened the Gulf of Obi, and a few days' farther progress would have brought them in contact with the shores of the Samojedes country ; thereby proving that the land which they deemed the eastern shores of Asia was nothing in reality but those of the Tobolsk Peninsula. **Barentz**, however, steered a bolder course, and examined the whole western coast of Nova-Zembla ; designating all the remarkable points with appropriate names, from Latitude 77 deg. 45 min. down as far as 71 degrees. By the first of August, the intrepid navi-

gator had actually reached the northern extremity of Novaia-Zemlia, in Longitude 77 deg. east ; but beyond that distant point he encountered so much tempest-driven ice, that he abandoned all hope of more successful progress further at that time ; and, sorely against his will, retraced his homeward course. On the coast of Russian Lapland, he met the returning Cornelison ; and, thus strangely reunited, the two divisions arrived in the Texel, on the sixteenth of September.

One incident of this voyage is so amusing, that it is well worthy repetition here. Although beaten in a pitched battle against the sea-horses or sea-cows, at the Orange isles, the Hollanders appear to have had but little conception of the ferocity and power of the polar-bear ; one of which, having been wounded, they succeeded in noosing, in the idea of leading him about like a dog ; and eventually carrying him back as a trophy to Holland. They found, however, they had caught a *tartar* ; for the furious animal not only routed the party, but boarded and made himself master of their boat. Luckily for them, his noose became entangled in the iron work about the rudder ; and the crew, who had been actually driven over the bows, preferring to trust themselves rather to the mercy of the icy-sea, than to the jaws and claws of the monster, finding him caught, mustered courage, fell upon him in a body, and dispatched him.

The reports of this expedition, although their conclusions were erroneous, could scarcely have been more glorious, as far as regards the reputation they have won for Barentz. Unfortunately, the mistaken views of Cornelison excited the most exaggerated hopes in the Gov-

ernment and people of Holland. Led astray by this false confidence, Prince Maurice, the States-General, and the whole country, contributed ample funds, with which a fleet of six large vessels, and an attendant yacht, were fitted out; not as for adventure and discovery, but for the prosecution of a certain lucrative trade with the golden regions of the East.

Of this magnificent Commercial Armada, **William Barentz** was constituted the Chief Pilot and Conductor; but all his abilities could not avert a speedy and unhappy failure. Nothing could have been more unsuitable to narrow, winding, ice-encumbered seas, than the lofty, deeply-laden, and unwieldy ships which now adventured in them.

Beset by more than usually abundant ice, and driven from their course by a continual succession of contrary winds,—of all the Arctic undertakings, none proved so abortive as this; which, prepared without regard to expense, resulted not only in immense pecuniary loss, but in deterring the Hollandish government from affording further assistance to efforts in the same direction.

This National Expedition—for so it may be justly styled—which sailed from the Texel, on the second of June, 1595, having thus proved so unfortunate in every respect, it would have been almost reasonable to suppose, that it would have put an end, for a time at least, to such efforts. Not so, however. Although the States-General refused to subsidize those who wished to renew the experiment, they nevertheless offered a high reward, to stimulate their countrymen, in attempting the discovery of the earnestly-desired North-East Passage. The Town Council of Amsterdam prepared two

small vessels, and equipped them for the purpose of discovery alone. Of these, one was placed under the command of the experienced **Barentz**; the other, of one **Jan Cornelis Ryp**. Some historians, however, assert that one vessel was commanded by **Jacob Van Heemskerke**, and the other by **Jan Cornelis Ryp**; both able, resolute and enterprising Captains,—**Barentz** acting as Chief Pilot and Ice-Master. Be this as it may, **Barentz** exercised the supreme direction; he only is known to fame, and justly so. He was the master spirit, and immortalized himself: of both the others, we hear little. At all events, no account was ever given of what **Ryp** actually accomplished; and no important discovery has ever been attributed to his exertions, in the second vessel. As experience has subsequently demonstrated, this expedition, which left the Port of Amsterdam, on the tenth of May, 1596, sailed too late for successful Arctic exploration; yet, notwithstanding, accomplished sufficient to demand the utmost efforts of near three hundred years to rival the extent of its results.

The English have endeavored to rob the Dutch of the honor of their discoveries, during this voyage—(even as in the New World, native historians have striven to deprive the Hollanders of much similar credit due to them on the Western Continent)—in this case, however, unsuccessfully.

On the ninth of June, **Barentz** discovered a long, high and rocky island—shaped somewhat like a saddle, i. e. high at either extremity and low in the middle—erroneously supposed to have been first seen by the English **BENNET**, in 1603—whose horrible repulsiveness invested it with every attribute appropriate to the home of desolation and despair. Above its lofty

black—wherever free from ice and snow—and almost inaccessible cliffs, broken into a thousand precipices, towered that sheer peak which still is known by the befitting title of Mount Misery. This lone and dreary spot the stalwort Dutchman, **Barntz**, named “Bear Island,” from the circumstance of having slain upon it a large bear, whose skin measured twelve feet in length—a title, which the English afterwards tried to supplant by that of “Alderman Cherie.”

Barntz next made Spitzbergen, or, as it was long called, East Greenland; and coasted its western shore, even to its utmost northern extremity. Many writers have asserted that this vast tract of Polar land, or Archipelago, was first discovered, or, rather, dimly seen—only seen—through mist and tempest, by Sir **HUGH WILLOUGHBY**, in 1553, in the reign of Edward the VIth of England; but, as neither the Commander, nor any of his mariners, ever returned, it is scarcely possible to verify what land he actually caught a glimpse of; and what countries he did not set eyes on.

Thus, the first prow which sought to cleave its icy barrier, remains to this day the trophy of the Arctic Circle; and poor Sir Hugh Willoughby was the Sir John Franklin of the XVIth Century. It is very questionable if the first English expedition to the North-East ever saw, much less discovered, in the real sense of the word, or landed on the most southern shores of, Spitzbergen; whose very name attests its Dutch sponsors, being derived from two words in their language—“**Spitz**,” signifying Sharp, or Pointed, and “**Berg**,” Mountain.

Barntz, however, made his way to its extreme northern point, through waters studded, in mid-summer, with field-ice, which his look-out reported from the mast-

head as multitudes of snowy swans ; an error not unlikely to have been made, since our own coast affords, in summer, opportunities of witnessing acres upon acres of white gulls ; whose thousands, swimming, can be likened to nothing but an ice-field ; and rising to a vast and dazzling fleecy cloud. This, the writer himself has seen at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy.

How much further to the *northward* Barentz made his way, the fog and clouded skies (forbidding observation) prevented him from ascertaining, and posterity from learning from his log or journal. That he made the lofty Hackluyt's Headland—the extreme N. W. extremity of the Spitzbergen Archipelago, which lifts its snow-crowned and lichen-clad eminence 1041 feet above the level of the sea, we *know* ; also, that he reached and discovered land in the latitude of 80 degrees 10 minutes, on the 17th of June, 1596.

Then, impressed with the idea that a rocky barrier stretched onward to the very Pole, Barentz headed to the south ; examined the coast, hastily, as far down as latitude 76 degrees, 50 minutes ; passed Cape Look-out, whose coast lines, with those of the adjacent land, resemble intimately the outline of the tail and hind parts of many species of fish—and sighted Bear Island again on the first of July.

At this juncture, Barentz, who had hitherto deferred to the wishes of Cornelis Ryp, determined to allow his own experience and resolution to be no longer embarrassed by the views of his associate : and, bidding him adieu, bore away alone, to the E. S. E., and made Nova Zembla at midday on the seventeenth of July, observed in latitude 76 degrees 15 minutes ; and is reported to have reached, at least, 77 deg. north,

in doubling Orange Isle, which forms its northern extremity.

Here, however, *Barentz*, it is said by some, realized the evils of his late departure from the Texel; while others endorse the practice of the Dutch and Baltic mariners, who began, and still begin, their northern voyages somewhat later in the season than was subsequently customary among the English fleets destined for Arctic expeditions, for whaling, sealing, and discovery.

After doubling what was then known as Cape Desire, but now as Cape Zelandia, the icebergs presented themselves in such numbers, and in such close array, that *Barentz* became satisfied that if he wished to escape and seek a more hospitable climate for his winter sojourn, he must make all sail to the southward, and strive to escape through the Vaigatch Strait. No sooner, however, had he turned his prow, than it seemed as if the icebergs had been transformed by some "Wizard of the North," into pursuing demons—which, as is the case with other fell spirits—having been hitherto held in check by that lofty courage, with which the Dutch mariner defied them; now, on the first sign of irresolution on his part—mustered courage, and united in the pursuit of his flying bark.

How often has it been remarked that "truth is stranger than fiction," and so it proved on this occasion; for, fast as *Barentz* flew before the favoring gales, still faster flew the icy giants, which actually drove his vessel into a small haven, since known as Icy Port, in northern latitude 72 degrees and eastern longitude 70 degrees, and there blockaded him. His dreadful sufferings would occupy too large a space for this occasion, were

we to attempt to give them in detail; sufficient be it to quote the remarks of an old author in regard thereto:

“To attempt any description of their proceedings, their observations, or their afflictions, during this severe trial, would, within the limit of a few lines,—to which it is my wish to confine my remarks in this place,—but spoil a most interesting and affecting narrative.” “The journal of the proceedings of these poor people,” as Mr. Barrow beautifully observes, “during their cold, comfortless, dark, and dreadful winter, is intensely and painfully interesting. No murmuring escapes them in their most hopeless and afflicted situation; but such a spirit of true piety, and a tone of such mild and subdued resignation to Divine Providence, breathe through the whole narrative, that it is impossible to peruse the simple tale of their sojournings, and contemplate their forlorn situation, without the deepest emotion.”

Thus, “cabined, cribbed, and confined,” we discover other parallels, as interesting and remarkable, between the incidents of *Barentz’s* log, in 1596, and *McClure’s*, in 1850–’1. Let us examine two incidents, which seem to be, in the language of the latter, a mere echo of the records of the former.

No sooner was the Hollandish bark within the jaws of that harbor, which they deemed a place of security, than the pursuing ice closed up the entrance, and even followed them within it, and lifting up the one end of the beleaguered vessel, threw it into an almost perpendicular position, with the other extremity nearly touching the bottom, so that it was partially submerged. From this critical and extraordinary attitude, they were providentially rescued, the very next day after it occurred, by changes in the ice-fields, brought about by the influx of

fresh masses, driven in by the pressure of the outer bergs, which soon formed a complete encompassing bulwark; and precluded all hope of ever being able to rescue the vessel, even if the crew should survive to the ensuing spring. Gradually, by jamming in of successive cakes of ice, over or under the original field, first one side and then the other of the vessel was raised by the insertion of these ice wedges beneath the bilge; until, first canting to port, and then to starboard, the groaning and quivering ship was raised to the top of the constantly-increasing ice-elevation, as if by the scientific application of machinery. While, thus, their minds were agitated by the ever-present dread of the instant and complete destruction of their frail bark, the noises of the ice without, not only that immediately around them, but throughout the harbor and upon the adjacent shores, together with the thundering crashes of the icebergs—hurled against each other by wind and tide, mutually crushing their mighty masses, or toppling them over with a din, as if whole mountains of marble had been blown up by some internal explosive force—almost deprived them of hearing—likewise the cracking and groaning within of the ship itself, was so dreadful—although merely arising from the freezing of the juices of the timber and liquids in the hold—that the crew were terrified, lest their ship should fall in pieces, with every throe, which seemed to rack it from deck to keelson.

Thus far *Barentz*. What now of *McCLURE*? "These preparations" for wintering—where the winter (1850-'1) overtook them, only thirty miles from Barrow Strait, where four days more—four days, denied their prayers and hopes—would have solved the problem of a North-

West Passage—"were made under circumstances that might shake the nerves of a strong man."—"As the ice surged, the ship was thrown violently from side to side, now lifted out of the water, now plunged into a hole."—"The crashing, creaking and straining," says Captain McClure, in his log, "is beyond description; the officer of the watch, when speaking to me, is obliged to put his mouth close to my ear, on account of the deafening noise."

Both of these statements, however startling, are corroborated by the recent narrative of Dr. KANE. After that tremendous gale, "a perfect hurricane," which burst upon him on the 20th of August, 1852, battling whose fury he parted his three most reliable cables, lost his best bower anchor, and finally was wildly dragged along by "a low water-washed berg," which he figuratively styles "our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us," his brigantine experienced the same fearful "nippings," and the same gradual but rough uplifting, which have been already described in connection with the "vlie boat" of Barentz, and propeller of McClure. The language of KANE's Journal is so beautiful and appropriate that to do the scene full justice it must be quoted entire; and whoever will pause to contemplate the position of the mariner of Amsterdam and that of our own country's Arctic hero, will be struck, if not astonished at the close resemblance of their situations, although at epochs centuries apart,—a resemblance heightened by the similarity of their vessels and crews, both as to burthen and number,—a parallel more perfect than that presented by any other recent polar expedition. Under the lee of a lofty cape and an anchored ice-berg, the staunch little "Advance" brought up at last in comparative safety.

"Now," says the Dr., "began the nippings. The first shock took us on our port-quarter; the brig bearing it well, and, after a moment of the old-fashioned suspense, rising by jerks handsomely. The next was from a veteran floe, tongued and honey-combed, but floating in a single table over twenty feet in thickness. Of course no wood or iron could stand this; but the shoreward face of our iceberg happened to present an inclined plane, descending deep into the water; and up this the brig was driven, as if some great steam screw power was forcing her into a dry-dock." * * *

"As our brig, borne on by the ice, commenced her ascent of the berg, the suspense was oppressive. The immense blocks piled against her, range upon range, pressing themselves under her keel and throwing her over upon her side, till, urged by the successive accumulations, she rose slowly and as if with convulsive efforts along the sloping wall. Still there was no relaxation of the impelling force. Shock after shock, jarring her to her very centre, she continued to mount steadily on her precarious cradle. But for the groaning of her timbers and the heavy sough of the floes, we might have heard a pin drop. And then, as she settled down into her old position, quietly taking her place among the broken rubbish, there was a deep breathing silence, as though all were waiting for some signal before the clamor of congratulation and comment could burst forth."

In a note (17) at the end of Volume 1, Dr. KANE instances another case of similar peril reported by Captain CATOR, of H. B. M. steamer "Intrepid." "His vessel was carried bodily up the inclined face of an iceberg, and, after being high and dry out of water, launched again without injury."

Barentz was now completely enclosed within—to him—impermeable walls of ice; and there, in a hastily constructed hut, short of provisions, fuel, every thing which could make their existence hopeful, an Arctic winter and a Polar night closed in with all their horrors upon that feeble company. In the last days of August, 1596, their dungeon shut upon them. On the 4th of November, no sun uprose again to cheer them; and three long, dreary months elapsed before his returning rays, on the 27th of January, 1597, gladdened the hearts of the survivors.

“In all the relations of this voyage, we meet with an instance of the extraordinary elasticity of spirit, and of the predilection for their national customs, peculiar to the Dutch people”; which it would be an injustice to them to omit.

The fifth of January, the eve of the Festival of the Three Kings, is one of those periodical seasons consecrated by the Hollanders to amusement and exemption from labor. In the very midst of their sufferings, from the extraordinary degree of cold—for the cold of the winter of 1596–’7, was one of the most terrible on record—they earnestly besought their Commander to permit them to celebrate that great Dutch Festival; “philosophically observing that because they expected so many sad days, was no valid reason why they should not enjoy one merry one.” Permission being granted, they chose the Chief Boatswain, or Gunner—for books disagree as to the individual—as their King; a potentate with like authority and functions with the Lord of Misrule in the old English Christmas revels. The little wine which they had saved was now exhausted in pygmy bumpers, to the health of the new Sovereign of Nova-

Zembla ; and with their only remaining two pounds of flour, they fried in oil and tossed the pancake—"de rigueur," on such occasions—with the prescribed ceremonies ; and startled the multitude of bears, prowling day and night about their hut, and made the dreary realms of the dread ice-king re-echo for the first time with the sound of human jollity and happiness. One chronicle even ventures to assert that the evening passed as merrily as if they had been at home, around their own native tile-cased *kagchel* or huge stoves, in that dear Fatherland, so fondly cherished, which they bravely hoped they would yet revisit—hoping against what seemed almost desperate hope !

Blockaded by the ice, beset by bears, whose growls and hungry cries, both at the door and chimney-top, seemed fiend-like, amid the howling of the Arctic gale, the calm, religious faith, and innate resolution of that glorious Hollander, the fearless **William Barentz**, seemed to burn brighter and more cheering with every fresh accession of calamity. On the eleventh of the ensuing June, engaged in constant combats with the bears, the survivors, fourteen in number, who had buried three comrades in the ice, dug out their boats from beneath the superincumbent snow, cut a way through the vast piles of ice which resembled the houses of a great city, interspersed, as it were, with towers, chimneys, lofty gables, and aspiring steeples ; and, on the fourteenth, launched their two frail boats, and set sail, running before a westerly breeze. By the seventeenth, they had passed the Cape of Isles, Cape Desire, the Orange Islands ; and, working their way through the besetting ice, found themselves once more off the Icy Cape, in the latitude of about 68 degrees north, and about two degrees west

of Cape Desire. On the following day the boats were again involved in ice, and so beset and crushed that every one took what he deemed a last adieu of his unfortunate comrades.

Barentz—broken down by long and severe illness, and the extraordinary exertions he had been called upon to make—feeling the fatal hour at hand, while off the Icy Cape, desired to be lifted up, to look once more upon that terrible boundary, which, to him, indeed, had been the *Ultima Thule*, both of his labors and of his life. Gazing upon it, long and wistfully, he seemed to be taking his last look of earth. Rallying, however, he, together with the rest of the sick, was landed, on the ensuing day, upon that shore he was destined never to leave again alive.

There, the severe illness of Claes Andriz or Adrianson was reported to the dying Ice-Master, who simply remarked in reply, that he himself was likewise not far from his end; intimating that they who had encountered such dangers together were about to enter the Port of Eternity in company. Still, conversing and looking on a chart drawn by Gerard De Veer, none dreamed that he, so cheerful and undaunted, could lie, as it were, upon the very threshold of his fate; when he suddenly and gently moved aside the map, desired a drink of water, and instantly expired.

After the death of **Barentz**—an inexpressible blow to the survivors, who had relied upon his fearlessness, experience and attainments in navigation, to extricate them from the manifold and terrific perils which beset their further progress—the two boats, with their crews, now reduced to thirteen men, broken in health and spirits, made good their escape from this dismal

country ; and, after a perilous and painful voyage of eleven hundred and forty-three miles, arrived in safety at Kola, in Russian Lapland : others say, Vardoehuus—from an hundred to an hundred and fifty miles further west—the most northern fort and port in Europe, in the Norwegian Island of Vardoe, off Finmark—where they met with their consort, commanded by Jan Cornelis Ryp, which they supposed had long since perished,—and, with gratitude unfeigned, in the “Merchants’ House” of that seaport, deposited their shattered boats as “a sign and token of their deliverance,” therein to be preserved as a simple but touching memorial of their own sufferings and the extreme goodness of God, as evinced in their preservation.

Cornelis, or Ryp, having joyfully received them on board his vessel, set sail for Amsterdam ; “where,” says Davies, “they were received as men risen from the dead, the failure in the object of their expedition being wholly forgotten in admiration at the surpassing courage and patience with which they had endured their sufferings.”

Words cannot do justice to the perseverance, courage, energy, and capacity of **William Barentz**, or **Barentzson** ; and, be it remembered, that a greater portion of the southern coast of Nova Zembla, which the Dutch left unexplored, at this era, remains so ; and is so laid down upon the maps even of the present day.

His memory is one of the Fatherland’s most glorious possessions ; and two centuries and a half of unremitting enterprise and rivalry have not eclipsed the maritime triumphs he achieved for Amsterdam, and the States-General.

It is somewhat remarkable that hitherto no great

national enterprise has accomplished more astonishing results in maritime discovery, than those which have rewarded the perseverance and courage of individuals. **Barentz**, with his single vessel, surpassed every thing which has since been attempted in that quarter; in the same manner that Captain **WEDDELL**, a private trader, in a "frail bark of 160 tons," fitted out for the seal fishery, made more wonderful discoveries, and penetrated nearer to the colder and less accessible Antarctic Pole, in latitude 74 degrees 15 minutes, in 1823, than any previous navigator, clearing the track, and paving the way, as it were, for subsequent and more elaborate attempts. Our own gallant Dr. **KANE**, whom the country may well honor, both living and dead, with his little hermaphrodite brig of 144 tons, is another remarkable instance. Great is their glory, immortal their renown! But, even yet, the palm remains with **Barentz**; for, to the first in any dangerous expedition, belongs, or should belong, the maximum of credit. He who leads the way deserves the unfading coronal; provided he is not too far outstripped by those who avail themselves of his experience, and follow in his wake. To **William Barentz**, it would seem to me, the words of Horace will apply, more justly than to any other seaman whose keel has ever ploughed the Arctic Seas, or whose prow has ever "bored" the Polar Ice:

"Illi robur et æs triplex
Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
PRIMUS,"

"In Oak or triple Brass his Heart was cas'd, who first to bellowing Seas entrusted the frail Bark."

How apposite the whole, particularly "the frail bark," and the term "bellowing," as applied to the Polar Seas and their denizens!

However brave and successful subsequent explorers have proved themselves, his be the laurel who the peril first assayed; and even as the Latin poet celebrates in undying verse the resolution of the first mortal who dared the tempestuous waves, the Knickerbocker's heart should cling to *Barentz*, the Patriarch of Arctic navigators, with scarcely less affectionate remembrance than that which warms his bosom toward *KANE*. A three-fold cord should bind the New-Netherlander's sympathies to *Barentz*, whose corpse, bedewed with manhood's burning tears, sleeps, tombed within the Arctic Circle—his trophy, obelisk and sepulchre, the undissolving glacier and the eternal iceberg; his dirge, the howling of the polar bear and roaring of the fearless walrus, the thunder-tones of the ice conflict, and the wild music of the Arctic gale, amid the monumental ice—the first, a common origin; the second, his success; the third, his fate: a victor, to whose very bones Fortune denied a fitting obsequy.

And here, a short digression seems admissible, whose sombre interest must excuse a farther tax upon the reader's time and patience. *Barentz* and his fellow Dutchmen were not the only Hollanders who dared affront the Winter King by trespassing upon his frigid realm, and wintering amid the polar ice, two centuries and a quarter since. Dutch sailors were the first human beings who ever *voluntarily* passed a winter on the inhospitable, ice-bound shores of Spitzbergen. The forlorn hope consisted of seven volunteers from the Dutch fleet, in 1633, all of whom were restored to their country in safety. This was a regular attempt to establish a settlement. The following year—1634—a second party of seven voluntarily assumed the place

of their fortunate predecessors, all of whom perished. Thus terminated all hopes of colonizing this northern region with success. The bodies of the last seven were found twenty years afterwards, in a perfect state of preservation—three enclosed in rude coffins, two in their beds, and two on the floor, “not having suffered the slightest degree of putrefaction.”

Again: In addition to the honor of its discovery, the Dutch likewise attempted to colonize Jan-Mayen Island, latitude 70 deg. 29 minutes north, longitude 7 deg. 31 minutes west, whose lofty peak, Beerenberg, 6,870 feet above the level of the sea, was seen, ninety-five to one hundred miles, from the deck of the ship “Fame”; while a volcano, the Esk—named after the *Esk* whaler, of Whitby, whose master, WILLIAM SCORESBY, Junior, was the first to explore its desolation,—is occasionally active, and enjoys the reputation of being the most northern burning mountain ever witnessed in eruption. Seven Dutch seamen are, without doubt, the only human beings who ever wintered on this island. They were volunteers from the Dutch Whale Fishing Fleet, whose fearlessness the “Greenland Company” availed themselves of, to make a most dangerous but interesting experiment in colonization. It is conceded that the journal of these mariners furnishes a better account, both of the wind and weather, from the 26th August, 1633, to the 1st May, 1634, than almost any published record of observation made in so high a latitude. Every one of them survived the perils and severities of the winter months, but perished miserably from the attacks of scurvy, induced by their inability to provide themselves with fresh provisions. The first death occurred on the 16th of April, and on

the first of May their journal terminated. When the Dutch fleet returned, on the fourth of June, they found the corpses of the seven, mummified by the frost, lying within their huts, at once their dwellings and their tombs.

From **Barentz**, and this succinct but loving tribute to the Dutch, within the Northern frigid zone, let us resume, once more, a topic nearer home—that of

The Dutch in Maine.

We, Americans, neglecting both the surpassing magnificence—nay, often sublimity—and the rare loveliness of various districts of our own Continent, wander forth across the seas, to seek, at great expense, and amid physical and moral dangers, scenery in foreign lands, which falls short of the attractions of much we possess at home. Thus, how few are alive to the glorious and varied beauty of that zone of islands, which, commencing with the perfection of Casco Bay, terminates with the precipitous, seal-frequented shores of Grand-Menan, at the entrance of the Bay of Fundy. Of all the Archipelagoes sung by the poet, described by the historian, and depicted by the painter, there is none which can exceed, in its union of charms, those two hundred miles of intermingling land and ocean, where, lost in each other's embrace, the sea seems in love with the land, and the shore with the foam-frosted waves!

At two points of this interesting and beautiful coast the Dutch planted the honored flag of the United Provinces; and, at several other points, they themselves were located by their English conquerors; who, desirous of availing themselves of their thrift and industry, transplanted them thither from the shores of the Hud-

son—(where they had already achieved a partial conquest over Nature, by their energetic industry, and had entirely [?] conquered the barbarous instincts and enmity of their savage neighbors, by their stubborn integrity and sober diligence)—to renew the encounter with a more inhospitable climate, and more savage tribes, for the benefit of a bigoted and unscrupulous despot!

In compiling the present article, much time and labor has been expended in the investigation of old records, which, to their want of interest and grace, added a barrenness unusual and repulsive. So that, after all, the greater portion of the facts embodied have been derived from Sullivan's History of the District of Maine, published in Boston, in 1795; and Williamson's History of the State of Maine, published at Hallowell, in 1839. Every work, however, which promised farther or corroborating testimony, and was available, was eagerly sought and carefully examined, as far as time and opportunities permitted. In all these investigations, nothing appears in any of the works consulted, with regard to the Commission issued to **Cornelis Steenwyck**, as Governor of Nova Scotia and Acadie, given by the Directors of the Privileged General West India Company of the United Netherlands, at Amsterdam, on the 27th of October, 1676; or, of their Ordinance, dated the eleventh of September, of that year,—presented at the November meeting of the New York Historical Society. Still, there is scarcely any question, but that the frigate "Flying Horse," commanded by Capt. **JURRIAEN AERNOUTS**, from Curacoa, was the one whose crew captured the Fort Pentagoet, or Pemtegeovett—the name originally given by the French to the Penobscot—in the very year mentioned in the Ordinance.

Although the Commission to *Steenwyck*, granted by the General West India Company, is too long to insert in this connection, its examination will repay the reader, inasmuch as it will remove all doubts as to the reality of the conquest effected by the Dutch, which could not be considered a mere temporary occupation, since it was still looked upon as an unquestioned possession after the lapse of two years. In fact, it must have been a conquest as entire as their recapture of New Amsterdam, or New York, about the same time (1673-'4), when, even yet, the tricolor of Holland floated gloriously over every sea, and only seven years before (1667) had displayed its folds almost within sight of the startled population of London, while the hoarse resonance of the Dutchmen's cannonade sounded a grim accompaniment to the glare of England's burning fleet and naval preparation.

It is by no means surprising that the English were able to render nugatory all the efforts of the Dutch in this quarter, for the vicinity of their settlements and the advances which they had made in population, exerted the same influence with regard to a conflict with the Dutch, as that which rendered the subjugation of the Thirteen Colonies impossible to the whole power of Great Britain. The chief difficulty which the Hollanders had to overcome, was the distance which they had to transport their "*personnel* and *materiel*," to contest and retain possession of a country to which both French and English laid claim, and had partially occupied; to the East and North of which the former had already established themselves firmly, and to the West and South-West the latter; while another formidable obstacle existed in its very midst, in the presence of

the Indian tribes, strongly attached to their Roman Catholic allies, both by the potent bonds of religion and interest.

Almost midway between the mouth of the lovely Kennebeck, and of that main artery of the lumber-trade, the Penobscot, on the line of Lincoln and Hancock counties, the ocean forms a deep and spacious—appropriately styled—Broad Bay ; which is so laid down on ancient maps, and is now known as Muscongus Bay ; embraced between Pleasant Point on the east, and Pemmaquid Point on the west. At the head waters of this Bay, once known as Broad Cove, as early as 1632 (?) the Dutch landed and made a settlement ; of which many interesting vestiges are still in existence ; and, it is said, that to this day, the Dutch language is perpetuated in the township of Bremen, lying on the west side of Broad or Muscongus Bay ; maintained by the constant accession of German settlers, invited thither by the sympathetic kindred ties of speech and lineage. At this time, or subsequently—although it is generally supposed that it was much later, towards the end of the XVIIth century, 1665 or 1680—Dutch families settled on several of the adjacent streams. At all events, at Woodbridge-Neck, on the eastern bank of the Sheepscot River, a mile above Wiscasset Point, or Village, there are appearances of a very ancient (Dutch?) settlement, where the cavities of many cellars are now manifest ; though there are trees in some of them of a large size. At the moment this is prepared, it is but honest to state that the authority is forgotten on which the date of 1632 is based for the first Dutch settlement in Maine ; but whether it was earlier or later, Sullivan, who is often quoted, and apparently regarded as excel.

lent authority by subsequent writers, admits that in the year 1642, the Colonies of Massachusetts, New Plymouth, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, formed a Congress of Commissioners, "for the ostensible purpose of guarding themselves against the Dutch, who had taken possession of the Territory on the south of them."

It is reasonable to suppose that these Colonies were aroused to more decided measures, by the appearance of such sturdy enemies on the north likewise; and the actual establishment of a settlement in that quarter. Their fears could not have been excited anew by any movements towards the south and east; inasmuch as the Dutch had been already located along the Hudson for upwards of thirty years; and on the Connecticut for the last eleven. This opinion seems also justified by the subsequent language of the same historian: "When the Dutch and French had *before* been in possession of Acadie, the people of the English Colonies were very uneasy at being destitute of the protection of the parent state; but their being Puritans, effectually prevented their having any assistance from the other side of the water. In the year 1635, the Plantations in New England appointed Edward Winslow as an agent to represent to his Majesty, that his territories were encroached upon by the French and Dutch, and to pray that his Majesty would either procure peace with those nations, or give authority to the English Colonies to act in their own defence."

What the force of the military quotas, to be furnished by the different colonies, amounted to in 1635, does not appear in this connection; but in May, 1672, the union of the three Colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth and Connecticut, was renewed by Commissioners, and

ratified by the general Court at Boston. By that engagement, the proportion of men for any general service was settled for the fifteen years next ensuing, whereby Massachusetts was to furnish one hundred, Plymouth thirty, and Connecticut sixty men.

There seems to be little or no doubt but that Broad Bay was the first point conquered or occupied by the Dutch ; the second, and certain scene of their gallantry and enterprise, Castine. This is one of the most remarkable points all along our Coasts ; which, under any other government than our own, would have long since been transformed into a naval and military fortress of the first class. The Peninsula of Castine, originally known to the Europeans as Bagaduce-point, or neck, but by the Indians styled Ma-je-big-wa-do-sook—twenty miles from the outermost island in Penobscot-Bay,—lies on the eastern side of the mouth of the river of that name, “which river was the ancient seat of Acadie,” directly opposite to the flourishing Port of Belfast. It constitutes one of the most prominent objects in that panorama of Penobscot-Bay, whose beauty, when flooded with sunlight, will rank with many of the most celebrated coast-views of the Old World. To one unacquainted with its history, almost every vestige of its military occupation has disappeared, although a soldier’s eye would readily detect their existence.

Near the water, at the extreme point, are the remains of an old American Fort ; blown up by the English when they relinquished it. This appears to have been simply a half-moon battery, with a brick revetment, resting upon a stone foundation without a ditch. Piles of brick in the rear of this work, indicate, perhaps, the location of furnaces for heating shot ; while at this time

a single rusty iron-gun, lying on the top of the parapet, is all that remains of its armament. Upon the summit of the hill, in the rear of this, the English who occupied this point throughout the Revolutionary and the last wars, and who had no idea of relinquishing a position so important, in every point of view, constructed a large bastioned fort, or field-work, now grass-grown, and undergoing gradual demolition by the action of the elements. They likewise cut a deep ditch or canal through the narrow neck beyond; and thus rendered the peninsula an island, more susceptible of defence; whose natural capabilities are such that it might easily be rendered a place of immense strength. The village itself is neat, pretty and attractive; seated upon a spacious and excellent harbor; accessible at all seasons of the year, and possessing sufficient depth for ships of the very largest class.

In 1626, or 1627, the Colony of New Plymouth, settled on this Peninsula, then, as was stated above, called Bagaduce-point, or neck, and built a fort, whose ruins, or rather some faint appearances of such a defensible work, are known by the name of Casteen's (Castine's) fort.

In 1635, Rosillan, a Frenchman, from Nova Scotia, captured the trading house and fortified position, having three years' previous, in 1632, by a stratagem robbed the garrison.

From 1635 to 1654, the country between the Penobscot and St. Croix was in the possession of the French; although in 1653, Major Sedgwick, commanding an expedition sent out by Oliver Cromwell, ostensibly against the Dutch, who had settled on the Hudson, suddenly turned his course to Acadie, and removed the

French from the Penobscot. In 1670, Charles II. having by the treaty of Breda ceded all Acadie to the French, they, thus and then, obtained a re-possession of the territory; although it is not certain that they did not maintain their military occupation of the fort of Mount Mantsell, or St. Sauveur, now Mount Desert, (*Monts-Deserts*) throughout that period, and even as late as 1696, when they had lost all their other possessions in this region.

The Dutch, however, within three years after, i. e. 1673 or 1674, expelled the French, and made themselves masters of the country; and the people of New England soon after, in turn, expelled the Dutch. "It was a very imprudent attempt," says the Puritan historian, "in the Dutch to take possession of a country so remote from the Hudson, where they had fixed their Colony." He forgot, when he made this remark, that they had prosecuted more distant and dangerous expeditions, with glorious and lastingly beneficial results.

Notwithstanding this nominal re-conquest by the New Englanders, the distresses of the Indian wars, from 1675 to 1692, rendered the country of very little consequence, whether to Great Britain or to Boston; and scarcely any settlements, for agricultural purposes, were attempted in the earlier years of this Colony.

This settlement was nearly broken up in 1676, and entirely broken up in the year 1690. "In fact the French were, with the Indians, in possession of that part of the Continent, until they were removed, after the year 1692, by Sir William Phips, the first Governor of the Province of Massachusetts, under the charter of William and Mary."

In relation to the expedition of Major Sedgwick, in

1653, and the Dutch occupation of the shores of the Penobscot, Sullivan would lead any reader to suppose that the Dutch held them at this early date—1653—and thus must have *twice*, if not *thrice*—1653, 1674, and 1676—wrested their trading posts in that quarter from the French ; for, while at page 283, he states that the Cromwellian Commander removed the *French*, with whom the English were at peace, from the district watered by the great river of Maine ; at page 293, he uses the following distinct and unmistakable language : “In Acadie, there was another territory, east of the then county of New Castle, which was not comprehended within the Duke’s (York’s) Province of New York. This was perhaps the ancient Norumbegua. It extended from Pemaquid to St. Croix, comprehending Mount Mansell, or Mount Desert, and the territory of Penobscott.”

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“It was there, that the people of New Plymouth erected their trading-house, in 1627, which was taken by the French ; was afterwards taken by the Dutch ; and re-taken by Sedgwick under Cromwell.”

Now, in 1653, England, at peace with France, was engaged in a sharply-contested war with the United Provinces ; and, it can be readily supposed that an expedition of the former would be more likely to fall upon the positions of an enemy than those of a peaceable neighbor. However, such are the facts we possess ; and we can only draw the most reasonable inference they admit of. There—on the Penobscot—where the Dutch have left mementoes of their visits—the struggle between the French Huguenot DE LA TOUR, and his rival, the Roman Catholic D’AULNEY, attract-

ed the attention of the American Colonies ; there, that extraordinary character, by some supposed to have been a Jesuit, the Baron CASTINE, taught the natives the European art of war ; and by his own influence, and that of LE MASSE, a Roman Catholic Priest, as well as of the missionaries of that Church, in general, rendered the Penobscot Indians, savage enough by nature, still more pitiless and cruel.

Thus far, Sullivan. In this connection, some few details present themselves in WILLIAMSON'S History : "The Dutch," says he, "had manifested early and great desires to share the North American coast with the English and French." "The country was open and inviting to various adventurers. The Indian trade, mast- ing and fishing, offered encouragement to enterprise." "Commercial in their pursuits, they—the Dutch)—knew how to set an adequate value upon water-priv- ileges ; and, after their treaty with England, A. D. 1674, being still at war with France, they dispatched an arm- ed ship to seize upon the Fort at Penobscot. In the capture, there was a loss of men on both sides. The success was not pursued—the enterprise offered no considerable gains ; and the possession acquired was not long retained."

Even without further information, can there be any doubt whatever, that the armed vessel referred to above was the "Flying Horse," which, in the commis- sion of the West India Company, mentioned in the pre- ceding portion of this paper, is stated to have "con- quered and subdued the coasts, and countries of Nova Scotia and Acadie ?"

In this expedition "was also present, and assisted with his advice and force, JOHN RHOADE," who was em-

powered, by the Ordinance, dated 11th September, 1676, to take possession of and colonize, cultivate and trade along the whole of the adjacent coast; and which invested him, in fact, with full powers, to protect and maintain himself thereupon.

Williamson subsequently goes on to say: "Such was the peculiar intipathy generally entertained towards the principles and manners of the French, that any seizure of their dominions, it might be well supposed, would excite gratitude, as well as pleasure, among the English Colonists. Possibly influenced by this motive, certainly by a perpetual desire of possessing a fine unoccupied region, the *Dutch* again, in the spring of 1676, sent a man of war to Penobscot, and captured the French fortification there; determining now to keep possession of the country. But, as this was a part of New England, and within the Duke's (of York's) Province, and as anticipations were entertained of its returning, amid some future events, to the English, or their Colonists, either by purchase, recession, or reconquest, two or three vessels were dispatched thither from Boston, which drove the Dutch from the peninsula." "To the French, this must have afforded the greater satisfaction, because the English captors did not tarry, but immediately abandoned the place."

In connection with the first of these expeditions, HUTCHINSON furnishes, as a note to his History of Massachusetts Bay, a manuscript account of a message from Hartford to New York, which gives the following interesting incidents:

"May 28th, 1672, war was proclaimed against the Dutch in Boston, in consequence of the King's declaration of war, published in England. This was the first

instance of any public declaration of war in the Colony. In the Dutch wars, in the time of the Parliament and Cromwell, and in the former war, after the restoration, until forces came to reduce the Mahadoes (Manhattan), correspondence and commerce continued between the Colonies, notwithstanding the war in Europe."

"In August, the same year, 1672, advice came to Boston, that the Dutch, after taking several ships, at Virginia, had possessed themselves of New York; whilst Colonel Lovelace, the Governor, was at New Haven; and that the Dutch force was bound further northward. This intelligence caused a great alarm in the Colony. The Castle having been destroyed not long before, Boston was less capable of defence. The best preparations were made. The Dutch fleet returned to Europe."

"This acquisition was accidental, according to the account given by the Dutch at New York." "Four Hollanders"—sent to sea, by the Admiralty of Amsterdam, under the command of Commodore *Jacob Binkes*,—"and three Zealanders"—under Capt. *Cornelius Evertson*, son of the Vice-Admiral of the same name, dispatched by the States and Admiralty of Zealand—"met off Martinico; one side with French, the other with English, colors; and prepared to fight—until, by hoisting their proper colors, they better understood one another. They then joined together, and agreed upon an expedition to Virginia and New York. The Dutch Guinea Fleet was intended for the same service; but these other ships saved them the trouble."

Besides their first settlement at Broad Bay, and their conquests on the Penobscott, Dutch Colonies were planted on several points between the Kennebeck

and Penobscot; along the important estuaries, which, penetrating deeply into the land, afforded such facilities for intercourse, when land-travel was almost interdicted.

“Settlements,” says Sullivan, “from the year 1665, were increased in Pemaquid—settled before Boston—about thirty miles west of Penobscot Bay. There were a number of people who came down from the Dutch settlements at the Manhatoes, or New York. The Duke of York had the New Netherlands, or what is now New York, granted him in the year 1664.” “The settlements increased until the year 1680.” “His Governor, named Dungan (Dongan), was over this eastern grant, as well as that on the Hudson. The Government under the Duke erected a Fort at Pemaquid, near the remains of which is the ruin of a town; there is yet, under the rubbish, a paved street, and the cellars of nearly thirty, or perhaps forty, houses. The lands there were granted under the Duke of York’s title; and many Deeds, made by his Governor, have been exhibited in the contests in that country, within thirty years past.”

During his administration and agency of five years—which terminated with the month of March, 1688—particularly about the year 1687, Dongan, who was both Governor of the Province and private agent of the Duke, removed many Dutch families from the banks of the Hudson to his [James’s] new Province, on Sheepscot River. They remained there, and at Pemmaquid, until the settlements were broken up by the wars, which were soon afterwards commenced with the savages. But these devastations of the French, and their barbarous allies, were not the first wrongs which the unfortunate Dutch Colonists had experienced.

All Governor Dongan's "measures in this region were rendered extremely unpopular, by the cupidity and arbitrary procedure of his agents, Palmer, West, and Graham; for they placed, and displaced, at "pleasure"; and some of the first settlers were denied grants of their own homesteads; while these men were wickedly dividing some of the best improved lands among themselves."

Thus terminated in misfortune the last settlement effected by the Dutch upon the coast of Maine: and I should remark that yet slight mementoes of the race and language in that region are among the best proofs of the fearless and stubborn perseverance of the self-reliant Hollander.

Here ends the result of these historical investigations, as to the Dutch in Maine, with the exception of a few remarks relative to the opinions entertained by the English towards the Dutch. The former appear to have set the highest value upon the natural advantages of the regions now embraced within the limits of the state of Maine. According to Hutchinson, President Danforth held, "that it were better to expend three thousand pds. [sterling] to gain Canada itself"—which included Acadie—"than that either the French or the Dutch should have it; such is the value of the fishery, masting, and fur trade." This Governor Danforth, a man of integrity and wisdom, was elected Deputy-Governor in 1679, and in the same year first President of the Province of Maine. He held both these offices until the arrival of Governor Andros, at the end of the year 1686. Of this Governor (Andros), it is said that he "feared the Dutch," the more particularly as he supposed that "if they again

seized upon the open country, between the Penobscot and St. Croix, which were both in his Commission, and in the Duke of York's Patent, they might, with the present temper of the (English) nation in their favor, be permitted to retain possession of it." We must remember, that at this date the British nation were looking to William, Prince of Orange, and his Protestant subjects, the Hollanders, as their only means of deliverance from spiritual and political tyranny. The Dutch, however, appear to have been the only enemies whom the New Englanders really feared in this quarter. This is readily explained. As seamen, the Dutch stood unrivaled; and this coast afforded not only materials for a navy, but various sources of wealth to a commercial people; moreover, the French never appear to have succeeded as Colonists, while the Dutch seem to have scarcely ever met with failure.

On the sea, the British encountered an equal foe in the Hollander. With the Frenchman, on that element, not his own, every engagement insured an almost certain and glorious triumph. Hence, the commercial enterprise of the former, and their skill and bravery in action, aroused the latent spirit which has marked the rivalry which time and circumstances are lessening; because, whilst the valor of the Dutch has suffered no diminution, their physical power has decreased. Like causes produce like effects. The power which of old directed its efforts, and those of the English Colonists, to expel the Dutch from North America, has seen another nation there arise to contend with it for the mastery of the seas—having the expanding stature of a giant, the numerous sinewy arms of Briareus, and the keen eyes of Argus; of which, if the assertion of Ovid

be true, only two of the one hundred are asleep at a time!

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And so, for the present, with an anecdote of a Dutchman's gallantry in New England, we bid adieu to the

“Dutch in Maine”:

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, a British naval Commander was sent to cruise upon the coast of Spain, with instructions, however, to confine himself within certain limits, under penalty of death in case of any transgression of his orders. Having received intelligence that some Spanish vessels lay at Vigo, beyond the bounds of his cruising ground, he resolved to proceed at once to attack them, although he periled his life by so doing.

Fortunately, a complete success rewarded his gallantry, and no doubt saved his life. On rejoining the Admiral, to whose fleet his vessels belonged, he was immediately placed under arrest, and asked if he was aware that by the articles of war he was liable to be shot for his utter disregard of the orders issued for his guidance? His reply is so honorable and patriotic, that it is much to be regretted that the author's name is not recorded: “I was perfectly aware of the penalty incurred,” said he, “but I felt that the man who is afraid to risk his life *in any way*, when the good of his country requires it, is unworthy of a command in her Majesty's service.”

This officer had several of the strongest incentives to influence his course of action: not only the hope of personal distinction and glory, but national pride and intense hatred of the enemy. Still, none of these detract from his credit.—But Hutchinson, in his History,

records a much more remarkable parallel case, where gallantry, and a mere sense of duty, induced a Dutch sailor to run an equal risk, with a much greater certainty of suffering the penalty. And if the ships of the United Provinces were manned with men cast in such a mould, and animated with such a spirit, it is not to be wondered that, with this and no doubt other similar examples before them, the jealous fear which the English felt towards the Dutch, as to a naval and commercial people, should have extended to New England, and rendered the Pilgrim Fathers exceedingly uneasy at every appearance of a Dutch frigate or squadron upon their own or the neighboring coast. It is in this connection, that the following anecdote does not seem inappropriate to the subject:

It appears from a letter dispatched from Massachusetts Bay[•] to London, in 1675, that one **Cornelis**—a Dutchman—who had been captured and sentenced to death for some offence against the real or imaginary maritime rights of that Colony, was pardoned on condition of enlisting in the forces destined to act against the celebrated Indian King, Philip, who had, in the very year above mentioned, commenced that terrible war which desolated the settlements in New England. On one occasion, **Cornelis** pursued the celebrated Sachem, and pressed him so hard, that he obtained possession of his cap or head-dress, and afterwards wore the trophy himself. The Commandant of the Provincial troops, finding him so brave a man, promoted and sent him on a certain occasion at the head of twelve men, “to scout,” with orders, for some particular reason not stated, to return within three hours, on pain of death in case of disobedience. While scouring the

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country, he came suddenly upon sixty Indians, who had just landed, and were hauling up their canoes upon the shore. Of these he killed thirteen, captured eight, and followed the rest as far as he could, until debarred farther pursuit by swamps and other natural obstacles. On his return march he burned all the canoes belonging to the routed party. This exploit occupied eight hours. On rejoining the main body, a council of war was summoned, and Cornelis, although it is scarcely credible, instead of promotion and high reward, was sentenced to death for breach of orders. Had he been an Englishman instead of a Dutchman, his gallantry would, doubtless, have been amply recompensed ; but as it was, the Puritans held that they acted justly in pardoning him a second time. The dauntless Hollander seems to have been a true son of the Fatherland (Vaterland), feeling that

“The path of Duty
Is the way to Glory”!

and a short time afterwards, having been detached on another scout, brought in twelve Indians alive and two scalps.

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Although the theme selected for this evening might here be drawn to a close, it is difficult to lay aside the pen, with the enterprise and resolution of the Hollanders so vividly impressed upon the mind, by the examination of the records of their voyages, of their discoveries, and of their triumphs. The influence of the Dutch upon the progress of the Middle States, has never been sufficiently considered in any history of that region, which embraces the “Empire” and “Key-Stone” States, whose possession by the British and emancipa-

tion by the Patriot armies of the Revolution, decided the fate of that contest which made us what we are. Without solidity of character, no bulwark, however wisely planned, and theoretically constructed, can resist the assaults of corruption, or the gradual aggressions of time. A bulwark deficient in the main principle—solidity—resembles the painted screens set up by the Chinese and Japanese, in the hope of imposing upon an enemy, by such fictitious representations of fortresses and entrenchments. The solidity of character which distinguishes the population of the “Empire State,” is due, in a great degree, to the Dutch elementary ingredient, which met and repulsed the encroachments of French ambition. No province furnished troops throughout the long wars with France and the Mother Country, so susceptible of discipline, so patient of fatigue, and so determined in combat, as that of New York. The fiercest battle which characterizes our Revolutionary history, the bloody struggle at Oriskany, where the opposing troops lay locked in the death gripe with their weapons sheathed in each other’s bosoms—was decided, in its very centre, by the Dutchmen of Mohawk, as yet almost without admixture of any other leaven.

That victory, which was among the first—and in many respects the very first—that opened the eyes of the European governments to the reality of the power of the American Colonies, and the probability of their ultimate success; that victory which delivered into the hands of the Americans, Burgoyne’s carefully prepared, ably officered, and splendidly appointed army, was due, in common with the other gallant soldiers there collected, chiefly to the Dutch troops, marshalled by the activ-

ity, energy, capacity and patriotism of an Americo-Dutch General, who *had* decided the question by masterly dispositions and dogged resistance—taking advantage of natural obstacles, and combining the defences furnished by nature with the stubborn courage of the people—before the forces from other States had concentrated their numbers, or an English General, through the influence of New England, had assumed the command.

On the 6th of December, 1828, the late Chancellor KENT, then President of this Society, delivered the Anniversary discourse; in which, in clear and forcible language, he pointed out the distinctive merits of the many eminent men who, in their several spheres, had nobly sustained the well-earned fame of this, their native State, by their talents, their zeal, and patriotic devotion; the most conspicuous of whom were of Hollandish descent. In a well merited and animated eulogium, he bore testimony to the transcendant abilities and characteristic virtues of that General, PHILIP SCHUYLER, whom Gates superseded, and who fell a sacrifice, according to Chief Justice Marshall, to prejudices—the influence of which, as above stated, unhappily for himself and his country, on that occasion prevailed.

No matter how strong the Dutch ingredient, a greater numerical preponderance of the English almost conceals its actual existence; and this vast numerical aggregate of the descendants of Englishmen, is sufficient, in itself, to account for the comparatively small influence exhibited by those of the Hollanders in these United States. We say, comparatively small; yet, it is wonderful, with all the efforts which have been made to conceal and decry the influence of the Hollandish blood, to find to what a degree it has nevertheless made itself felt,

and compelled unwilling acknowledgment. That very fact,—its existence—the growing investigation of its origin, and the development of its forces—is the proudest monument which can be reared to Hollandish ancestry. Year by year, justice has been, and will be, more and more accorded to it.

New England enterprise and its results are justly the boast of New England historians, orators, politicians, and divines. Both have been wonderful—greater, by far, than those of the New Netherlanders. But why? Every honest investigator of history, while willing to admit that the New Netherlanders have not grown to like stature, has likewise attributed it to the just cause—the monopolizing efforts of the Dutch West India Company, whose jealousy of individual profits contracted all the operations of the Dutch settlements on this Continent. But a New Netherlander has no need of defence, when he can carry the war into Africa, and win an historical and *Christian* Zama under the very walls of his opponents' Carthage. The New Netherlander can go forth to the moral battle—leaving his household treasures secure within the safeguards, of which an honest purchase of the soil laid the foundation, and persevering thrift and stainless integrity built up the towers. New Amsterdam and its dependant towns and villages had laid the corner-stone of their institutions, upon the principles of universal brotherhood and religious toleration, and built up each successive course with that impermeable cement which alone can bind the human race together—peace and good will towards men! Except during the administration of one bad Governor, Willem Kieft, the authorities of New Amsterdam cultivated the friendship

and co-operation of the Indian tribes, with such success that the fierce Indian became, under their influence, comparatively amicable; admitting that the Hollanders' tongue was not yet "forked," like most of the other white men's tongues, with whom they had been brought in contact. Undoubted historical facts attest the influence exercised over the neighboring tribes by the brave and honest *Corlaer*, whose name the Indians held so honorable that they conferred it as the most fitting title on all the New York Governors; and of that stout-hearted, true, and generous "Quidder"—as the Iroquois pronounced the Christian name of *Peter Schuyler*—whose word was law to the celebrated Five Nations. The latter's peaceful laurels no bigoted and prejudiced historian can displace, even as they were torn from the brow of his illustrious son, to crown the undeserving, vapid, and defeated opponent of Cornwallis at Camden.

Again: How many authors, who have devoted their pens to the history of our country, have been seduced into the error of countenancing the statement, that the only colony on this Continent which proclaimed religious toleration, with the first display of its ensigns, was that of Maryland! This error is worse than a common error; since it is an injustice to a people who, at home and abroad, have been ever tolerant—so tolerant, that in Holland alone, of all other nations on the face of the earth, prior to the middle of the preceding century, even the Jews became fixed and patriotic citizens.

When the people of the eastern settlements were depriving the Dutch of their choice lands along the Connecticut, fugitives from thence, for opinion's sake, had

resorted to New Amsterdam, where they were received with a hospitality only equalled by that offered by the parent country to the Protestant refugees from the tyranny of France. It was not until New Amsterdam had become *de facto* New York, and the English elements had predominated over the Batavian and Knickerbocker, that anything like intolerance was admitted into the administration and councils of the Colony. Even the Jesuits found in the Dutch not only a sympathetic and tolerant but a practical Christianity, which, more than once, at great risk, interposed between them and their captors, the Indians, in the interest of the Anglo-Saxon settlements.

When the aged Charles IX., of Sweden—with difficulty maintaining, by the superiority of his sagacity, as well as the force of his arms, his rights and the integrity of the Swedish realm, against a union of potent and inimical neighbors—was gradually lapsing into a state of physical debility, he felt his powers, as it were, rejuvenated, and the future of his country assured, in contemplating the goodly promise of his great son, Gustavus Adolphus; and, thus comforted and sustained, the warrior-politician sunk into his grave with a prophetic “*ille faciet*” on his lips and in his heart. Even so, men of Hollandish blood can afford to hope and wait. The Anglo-Puritan history of the New Netherlanders *has been* written, and ably written; but that of the Saxon-Knickerbocker remains *to be* written. The historian is yet to arise, who, rich in the fruits of faithful and laborious research, and endowed with graphic power, commensurate with his subject, will mingle with his theme the fidelity and ardor of a matured judgment. “*Ille faciet!*”—He will accomplish

it! Meanwhile, let us content ourselves with the aphorism of Montesquieu: "*Tot ou tard, tout se sait*" Sooner or later, everything is known. The good time must come, when truth will be made manifest! Light is breaking in upon a people who now judge for themselves; who not only read the books of other nations, but publish, read, and multiply their own. We have learned to see with our own eyes, and to form our own conclusions. In this march of mind, the gifted author of "**THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC**," has nobly placed himself in the van; and in glowing language has happily and truthfully described the race which chained the tyrant Ocean, and his mighty streams, into subserviency—a race, which engaged for generations in stubborn conflict with the angry elements, was unconsciously educating itself for its great struggle with a still more savage despotism, in its successful and immortal struggle for the rights of men!

Even as with fabled brilliancy and flashing rays, those monster carbuncles, set on high in the front of the Church at Wisby, which bears the time-honored name of the "good St. Nicholas," once served as guiding stars to the wave-tossed mariner, inward and outward bound, in his perilous voyage across the angry deep; so the radiance which emanates from the chronicles of the land of **William THE SILENT**, the Father of *his* Country; of **Maurice** the Warrior, renowned in every branch of warlike art and science; of **William**, England's Liberator, great in all qualities which ennoble man; of **De Ruyter**, one of the most perfect—if not the most perfect—characters which history records; of **Duyvenvoorde**; of **De Zotte**; of **Klaaszon**; of **Piet Heyn**; of **Obdam**; of **De Witte**; of **Cromp**; of **Erertsen**; of

Heemskerck ; of Zoutman ; of Koehoorn ; of Sinkell ; of Van Botzelaar ; of Chasse ; of Van Sppk ; of Van der Aa ; of Barnaveldt ; of De Witt ; of Grotius ; of Sagel ; of Heinsius ; of Van Diemen ; of Bentinck ; of Beverninck ; of Van der Capellen ; of Van de Spiegel ; of Schimmelpenninck ; of Erasmus ; of Boerhaave ; of Huygens van Zuplichem ; of Ruyssch ; of Brugmans ; of Hemsterhuyss ; of Katz ; of Vondel ; of Bilderdyk ; of Brandt ; of Wagenaar ; and of a host of other eminently gifted warriors, statesmen and scholars, will illuminate the pathway which leads to the establishment of correct and liberal principles throughout all lands ; where the example of our own immortal WASHINGTON, and of the patriot sages of the Republic, has not yet produced its vivifying effects.

In the desperate conflict which marked the revolt of the United Provinces, Holland achieved her civil and religious liberty. This taught her English neighbors a lesson, which **WILLIAM** OF ORANGE enabled them to improve with similar success.

When England, forgetful of the past, would trample on the rights of her American Colonies, these followed the same example, adopted, like the Dutch, a Federal Union, and making themselves independent, built up the glorious fabric of the American Republic.

Like another Pharos, may the light which beams from this lofty pinnacle, reflecting its rays upon the declared principles of that independence, irradiate every dark spot on the earth's surface ; and may political aspirants, both here and every where, learn that this light is the safest guide, under Providence, to the only secure anchorage of virtuous success !

NOTES.

[No. 1.—Lines 7,—'8, page 8.]

The Dutch (Hollanders) discovered the region now known as the State of New York in 1609; erected a fort in 1612-'8; and established a permanent settlement in 1614. They settled in New Jersey shortly after their arrival in New York, particularly at Bergen, between 1614 and 1624. They erected a trading house at Hartford on the Connecticut in 1631; and subjugated Delaware in 1655.

[No. 2.—Line 4, page 15.]

PARRY, on the 22d [?] July, 1827, had *certainly* reached 82 degrees 40 minutes, and on the 23d *probably* had gained 5 minutes—i. e. 82 degrees 45 minutes. As the author furnished BARENTZ's *certainly*, he likewise stated PARRY's farthest attainment by observation.

[No. 3.—Lines 13 to 26, page 24.]

If any of our readers admire the Dutch (Hollanders), let them examine Topographical Descriptions, with Historico-Political and Medico-Physical Observations, made in Two Several Voyages, through most parts of Europe, by JOHN NORTHLEIGH, LL., M. D., London 1702; and he will find 14 pages (108–122) almost entirely devoted to praises of the Dutch nation, which, considering that their author is an Englishman, and their date a century and a half since, is pretty conclusive evidence of their truth. The whole book is quaint, but well worthy perusal.

[No. 4.—Line 5, page 29.]

In the *Oude Kerk*, (Old Church) of Amsterdam, lies interred **JACOB van REYSBROECK**, who commanded one vessel of the Squadron of which **Barentz** was the Chief-Pilot, Ice-Master and actual Conductor. He afterwards rose to the rank of Admiral, and distinguished himself by his bravery and enterprize. His monument bears "this old inscription and historical account of his life and actions," for he lived to wear the

palm and the laurel which belonged to that daring navigator who sleeps his last tombless sleep in the far North, which he was the first to explore :

Honori et Aeternitati

Jacobo ab Heemskerck,

Amstel-Redamensi,

Viro forti et optime de patria merito.

Qui

Post varias in notas, ignotasque oras navigationes, in Notam Zemblam sub Polo Arctico duas ; in Indiam Orientalem versus Antarcticum totidem : Indoque optimis Spoliis. An. CIO IO CIV., reversus victor.

TANDEM

Expeditionis maritimæ adversus Hispan. Profectus, eorundem validam Classem Herculeo ausu aggressus in Fretum Herculeo sub ipsa arce et urbe Gibraltar VII. Kal. Maii, An. CIO IO CVII. fudit et profligavit.*

IPSE IBIDEM

Pro patria strenue dimicans, gloriose occubuit, Anima Cælo quædet, Corpus hoc loco Jacet. Ave Lector, famamque viri ama et virtutem.

Cujus ERGO

Illustriss. et Potentiss. Fæderat. Provin. Belgicæ ORDINIBUS, P. P.

H. M. P.

Vixit Annos XL. Mensem I, Dies XII.

[No. 5.—Line 12, page 81.]

HACKLUYT'S HEADLAND, takes its name from a distinguished naval historian of England, who was born about the year 1553, and died on the 23d September, 1616, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, London. It is the most northern and western point of Amsterdam Island, once the headquarters of the Dutch whale fishery, and likewise the most northwestern of the Spitzbergen Archipelago, in Latitude 79 deg. 47 min. north and Longitude 6 deg. 5 min. east. Its "eminent" and rocky, snow-crowned front defies the unbroken violence of every gale which sweeps across the Arctic Ocean, while against its rock-strewn base, and jutting reefs, the ice-fields, urged across the open sea from Greenland, are crushed into a yeasty "brash," or, in severer seasons, grind and groan and pile themselves, until they emulate the lofty point "perpetually covered with a mourning veil of black" rock moss or "lichens."

*Vid. This History and HEEMSKERCK's character. Erat omnino non tam pecuniæ quam gloriæ avidus, hoc quoque Studium nulla sui jactantia prodens, quippe civilem invultum habitamque compositus alte absconderat animum militarium. HUG. GROT. *Histor.*, Liber. 16.

This HACKLUYT, with his Hollandish name, and doubtless Hollandish origin, but English parentage, gained the highest esteem and honor, from mariners of all ranks, in the most distant nations, no less than his own. DRAYTON, a contemporaneous English poet, apostrophizes the naval historian, whose spirit animated his countrymen to maritime adventure, thus :

“Thy voyages attend
Industrious HACKLUYT;
Whose reading shall inflame
Men to seek fame,
And much to commend
To after-times thy wit.”

When HENDRIK HUDSON, in 1607, in a voyage towards the North Pole, re-discovered Spitzbergen—*first* discovered in 1596, by *Barentz*—he distinguished its north-western “*eminent promontory*” by the name of HACKLUYT’S HEADLAND, by which it is still known ; and, seven years afterwards, an English crew, sent out by the English Russia Company, planted there-upon the banner and erected the arms of England ; thus assuming the rights of possession and the honor of discovery which belonged to *Barentz*, and the Dutch nation.

[No. 6.—Lines 15 to 21, page 40.]

“The survivors appeared before the people of Amsterdam in the dress they wore at Nova Zembla. Curiosity was awakened everywhere respecting them. They were taken to the Ministers of foreign States, at the Hague, to relate their perils and give an account of the frigid land, which none of the southern natives had visited before. Their treatment on their arrival home must, in those days, have been an ample compensation to the survivors for their past sufferings.”—*Arctic Adventures*, by Sea and Land, &c. &c. ; Edited by EPES SARGENT.

[No. 7.—Lines 25 to 27, page 40.]

Nova-Zembla or *Novaia-Zemlia*.—A vast insular territory of the Arctic or Northern Icy-Ocean—belongs to European Russia, constituting a dependency of the Government of Archangel, district of Mezen, and lies between Latitude 70 degrees 35 minutes and 77 degrees north, and Longitude 45 degrees 25 minutes and 75 degrees [77 degrees ?] east. This ice-bound region is divided into two islands by the narrow Strait of Matotschkin-Shar, is separated by the Strait of Kara from the island of Vaigatsch, and is washed on the south by the Sea of Kara and on the west and north by the Northern Icy or Arctic Ocean.

The southwestern and western coasts are tolerably well known ; the

northern, even yet, imperfectly—but little, if any, better than when ~~Marentz~~ first examined them; while the eastern, defended by impassable barriers of eternal ice, have never been explored. On the western shore, an arm of the sea, in Latitude 78 degrees north appears to penetrate deeply into the country.

The extreme length of these islands, measuring from Cape Zelania—Zhelania, Jelania, Jelanii, or Desire—Latitude 76 degrees 58 minutes [77 degrees ?] north, Longitude 74 degrees 20 minutes east [76 degrees 40 minutes]—the most northern point of Europe—to Cape Tchernyi, their southwestern extremity, is a little over two hundred leagues, say six hundred miles. Their mean breadth from the northwest to the southeast may be calculated at about seventy leagues, say two hundred and ten miles.

Between Capes Zelania and Severo Vostotchnoi, the most northern extremity of Asiatic Russia—and consequently of Asia—in the Government of Jeniseiak, Latitude 78 degrees 25 minutes north, Longitude 102 degrees [98 degrees] east, extends an open sea, almost invariably, however, encumbered with icebergs and ice-fields, but said to have been sailed over, in 1611 or 1614, by an adventurous Dutch Captain [*See Scoresby's Arctic Regions, Vol. I., Appendix III., page 60*] to the eastward of Nova Zembla, for the space of one hundred and forty leagues.

The coasts as yet explored are extremely broken and precipitous; the southern low and flat; the western bristling with gray sandstone cliffs, which, although not very high, are almost perpendicular. No anchorage may be said to exist.

Even in the southern districts the country is hardly known beyond a distance of five leagues from the western shore. This part is watered by fifteen small rivers, which empty into the sea between the Straits of Vaigatsch and Matotshkin-Shar; besides these, it possesses numerous lakes.

The aspect of this country is perfectly horrible. Nothing but the gloomiest vegetation meets the eye, and the mountains present no other apparel except an eternal robe of snow and mail of ice. Excessive cold reigns throughout the greater part of the year. The interior abounds with reindeer, blue and arctic foxes, ermine and white bears, while the coasts swarm with various species of fish of the largest size, (whalea, dolphins, porpoises, sharks, &c.,) seals, sea-cows, and "vast flights" of marine-birds.

This desolate country is without fixed inhabitants, and only frequented by Russian hunters and fishermen.

APPOINTMENT OF THE INSTALLATION OF
Cornelis Steenwyck,
 As Governor of Nova Scotia and Acadie.

*The Directors of the Privileged General West India Company of the
 United Netherlands.*

ALL those who shall see or hear these presents, GREETING :

KNOW, that we, being convinced that the wealth of this Company would be greatly increased by the cultivation of those lands and places under the jurisdiction of our aforesaid grantees, and that it will be useful that these aforesaid lands and places should not remain uninhabited, but that somebody be duly settled there, and populate the country ; and afterwards thinking on expedients by which the navigation, commerce, and traffic of the aforesaid Company, and of all others who belong to it, may after some time be increased and augmented ; so is it that we, wishing to put our useful intention in execution, for the aforesaid and other reasons, by which we are persuaded ; following the second article of our aforesaid grant, and by the authority of the high and mighty States-General of the United Netherlands, and upon mature deliberation of the Council, have committed and authorized, and we do commit and authorize, **Cornelis Steenwyck**, in the name of, and for, the High and Mighty and the Privileged General West India Company, to take possession of the coasts and countries of Nova Scotia and Acadie, including the subordinate countries and islands, so far as their limits are extended, to the east and north from the River Pountegouyoet ; and that he, **Steenwyck**, may establish himself there, and select such places for himself, in order to cultivate, to sow, or to plant, as he shall wish.

MOREOVER, to trade with the natives of the country, and all others with whom the Republic of these United Netherlands and the aforesaid Company are in peace and alliance, to negotiate and to traffic in the goods and merchandizes belonging to them, send them hither and thither, and fit out ships and vessels for the large and small fisheries, to set the cargo ashore, to dry and afterwards to sell them, so as he shall think it best ; and, generally, to sustain and to maintain himself and his family, by no other than honest means.

MOREOVER, that he, **Steenwyck**, in the name of the High and Mighty, and of the General West India Company, will be admitted to make contracts and alliances and engagements with the natives of that country ; also to build some forts and castles, to defend and to protect himself against

every foreign and domestic force of enemies or pirates; and also to admit and to protect all other persons and families who wish to come under obedience to the Company, if they swear due faithfulness to the much esteemed High and Mighty, as their highest Sovereign Magistrate, to his Highness, My Lord the Prince of Orange, as the Governor-Captain and Admiral-General, and to the Directors of the Privileged West India Company.

THAT MOREOVER, the aforesaid **Steenwyck**, with the title and power of Manager and Captain, will provide, deliver and execute every thing that belongs to the conservation of these countries, namely:—

The maintenance of good order, police, and justice, as would be required according to the laws and manners of those countries; and, principally, that the true Christian reformed religion is practised within the limits of his district, after the usual manner, that **Steenwyck**, according to this, may place some one—if he is a free-born subject of our union—in his office; who, in name and authority, moreover, with the title and a power as aforesaid, may take possession of the aforesaid countries to establish himself there; and further, to do and execute all those things whereto **Steenwyck**, himself, in aforesaid manner, is authorized; all those things, nevertheless, without expenses, charges, or any kind of burdens to the Company; and with the invariable condition that the aforesaid **Steenwyck**, or the person whom he might place in his office, will be obliged to execute the present Commission and authorization within the next eighteen months, or that by negligence or failure thereof it will be in our faculty and power to give such a Commission and authorization to other persons than **Steenwyck**, or his Lieutenant, without any reference to this present one.

MOREOVER, we have the aforesaid **Steenwyck**, or his Lieutenant, so soon as they establish themselves within the limits of that particular, privileged and conceded district; and we do privilege and concede freedom and immunity of all rights and recognizances for the time of six years successively.

At last, and to conclude, that the aforesaid **Steenwyck**, or his Lieutenant, within the limits of the aforesaid district, will have the right to distribute to others such countries and places for Colonies and farms as he shall think best; and that the managers and principals of those Colonies and farms, for the time of six years, shall be entirely possessed of the aforesaid rights and recognizances.

WE command and charge also our Directors, Managers, Captains, Masters of ships, and all our other officers who may belong to them, that they will have to acknowledge, to respect, and to obey, the aforesaid **Cornelis Steenwyck**, or his Lieutenant, as Manager and Captain, within the limits of the aforesaid district; and, to procure, to give, and to afford him every

help, aid, and assistance in the execution thereof,—seeing that we find it useful for the service of the Company.

Given in Amsterdam, October 27, 1676.

(Signed)

Gaspar Pellicorne.

For Ordinance of the aforesaid Directors.

(Signed)

C. Gaurine.

Most Honourable, Valiant, and Honest Beloved, Faithful:

In answer to the remonstrances of your brother-in-law, **Nicolaas**, the Governor, we have thought convenient to send your Honor, the enclosed Commission and authorization, being the permission to take possession of the coasts and countries of Nova Scotia, and Acadie, so far as its limits are extended from the river Pountegouet, to the east and north, in the name and upon the authority of the High and Mighty States-General of the United Netherlands, and the Privileged General West India Company, confirming all such conditions as your Honor will see himself, by reading the aforesaid Commission.

But, our intention is not to prejudice a Commission of the 11th Sept'r last, given to **JOHN RHOADE**, a native of England, who was helping to conquer and subdue the aforesaid coasts and countries in the year 1674, under the direction of Capt. **Jurriaen Aernouts**. A copy of that aforesaid Commission is herewith, as witness for you:

We have commended the aforesaid **RHOADE** to give your Honor, from time to time his advice in regard to the state of affairs, and as to what could be done for them by virtue of our aforesaid Commission, and we hope that it will be observed by him.

Moreover, we ask and desire eagerly, that as soon as your Honor shall have taken possession of the aforesaid lands, or may have sent somebody there in his name, you will tell us the state of affairs there, and also what kind of business could there be practiced with gain and advantage; also, to let us know all those things which you may think advantageous for us to know.

If, afterwards, there should be found any minerals on any place there, we wish that your Honor would send us some samples, with, and besides, your opinion and advice, in order to decide upon it. Finally, we command your Honor to do all that which may increase the wealth of our Company.

Wherewith finishing, we commend you to the protection of God.
Amsterdam, October 27, 1676.

(Signed)

Gaspar Pellicorne.

For Ordinance of the aforesaid Directors.

(Signed)

C. Gaurine.

The Directors of the Privileged General West India Company of the United Netherlands.

To ALL THOSE who shall see or hear these presents—GREETING:

KNOW, THAT WHEREAS, in the year 1674, Captain *Jurriaen Aernouts*, Master of the frigate "The Flying Horse," from Curagao, and charged with a Commission of his Highness the Prince of Orange, has conquered and subdued the coasts and countries of Nova Scotia and Acadie, in which expedition was also present and assisted, with advice and force, JOHN RHOADE:

THEREFORE, WE, after consulting the demand of aforesaid RHOADE, to establish himself in the aforesaid countries, and to remain there, and to maintain himself, have consented and permitted, and do consent and permit hereby, that the aforesaid RHOADE, in the name and by the consent of the General West India Company, shall take possession of the aforesaid coasts and countries of Nova Scotia and Acadie, in whatever place of that district it may please him, to build houses and to establish, to cultivate, and to keep in repair, plantations; that he may trade and negotiate with the natives, and all others with whom the State of the United Netherlands and the aforesaid Company is in peace and alliance; in the first place, to send hither and thither his own goods and merchandize, after paying the duties to our Company; in the second place, to defend and maintain himself against every foreign and domestic power of enemies. Also, we charge and command our Managers, Captains, Ship-Masters, and all other officers in the service of our Company, and we request all persons who do not belong to our Company, not to trouble, or to disturb the aforesaid RHOADE; but, after shewing this Commission, to assist him in the execution thereof, and to give him all help, aid and assistance.

Given at Amsterdam, Sept'r 11, 1676.


(Signed)

Gaspar Pellicorne,

For ordinance of the aforesaid Directors,

(Signed)

C. Canine.

 The foregoing, furnished through the politeness of GEORGE H. MOORE, Esq. Librarian of the New York Historical Society, are copies of the translations accompanying the original documents, presented, with a portrait of *Cornelis Steenwyck*, to the New-York Historical Society, at the stated meeting in November, 1856, by Mrs. ELIZA M. CLARK, of the *Locusts*, near *Shrewsbury, N. J.*, through GEORGE DE HAERT GILLESPIE, Esq. and JOHN McMULLEN, Esq., Librarian of the New York Society Library.

March, 1857.

The CORNELIS STEENWYOK, invested with more than Gubernatorial authority over this conquest, was a rich and prominent merchant of New Amsterdam, its third Mayor, and a long time associated with the ancestor of the writer, in the city administration, particularly at one of those crises which have never occurred without affording additional proof of the fearless and unselfish patriotism of the Dutch. They belonged to that Commission who rivalled the resolution of the Muscovite in the conflagration of Moscow—so often cited as an illustrious example of patriotic sacrifice—without evincing any of the ferocity which characterized the act of Rotopschin. To make good New Amsterdam against a threatened attack from the English, in 1673, by the orders of that determined Commission the suburbs, villas, smiling boweries and gardens, were all laid waste in ashes, so that they could neither impede the fire of the Artillery of the Fort and Bastions of the place, nor afford cover and lodgment to the enemy. But in one respect their example has scarcely ever been imitated: they not only destroyed for the good of the public, but they also paid for what the public good required to be laid waste.

The grandest passages of the history of the Hollanders upon this continent remain to be brought before the public eye—a grandeur unsurpassed by the records of any other Colony which has ever been established since the beginning of the world.

[No. 9.—Lines 5 to 8, page 53.]

Examine account of the Roman Catholic Missions in Maine, in the *Collections of the Maine Historical Society*, pages 323 to 340.—“BIART,” “MASSE,” “DREUILLETES,” “RAILLE.”

[No. 10.—Lines 20 a 22, page 67.]

The monster *carbuncles*, alluded to in the preceding pages, are said to have been displayed in the upper part of the front of the Church of *St. Nicholas*, at WISBY,* where the ornamental roseworks or circles in which they were set still remain.

So lustrous were these gems, it was averred, that their resplendency could be discerned at such a distance to seaward, as to serve in guiding mariners in the Baltic. “It is possible,” says LAING, “that some glittering *spar* may have been inserted in these circles, which are constructed

* See LAING's *Tour in Sweden*; MURRAY's *Hand-Book* for Northern Europe, Denmark, Sweden and Norway; MURRAY's *Hand-Book* for Northern Germany; the *Konversations-Lexicon*; &c. &c.

of brick upon the stone front, as if intended as a frame to some relic or ornament." When WALDEMAR, King of Denmark, made an onslaught upon *Wisby*, in July, 1361, slew 1800 hundred of its inhabitants, and plundered its shrines and treasures, he loaded two ships with the booty and valuables delivered over as the ransom of the spoliated city. The vessel, however, freighted with these treasures, was not allowed to reach its destination and grace the triumph of the pirate-monarch of Denmark, but was wrecked on the *Carl Isles*, lying off the S. W. point of *Gothland*.

The *ST. NICHOLAS CHURCH*, from which they were torn, is a large edifice, built in 1097, altogether in the Norman style, with long windows, and all the arches, which are very beautiful, painted. *Wisby* was the mother of the *Hanseatic cities*—the most extraordinary place in the north of Europe. A seaport of the middle ages, it exists unbroken and unchanged in a measure to the present day—having undergone less alteration from time, devastation, or improvement, than any place of the same antiquity. Once the depot of all the merchandize of the Baltic, the period of its foundation is unknown, but in the tenth and eleventh centuries, two hundred years before the establishment of the Hanseatic league in 1241, it was one of the most important commercial cities of Europe. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it was a principal factory of the Hanseatic league, and it is moreover famous for the Code of Marine laws transferred to France by St. Louis in the eleventh century. The foreigners were so numerous in this emporium, that each nation had its own church and house of assembly, which is very evident from the remains of so many places of worship within a few yards of each other. There are no less than eighteen ruins of churches within its walls, among which that of *St. Nicholas* dates from the eleventh century. According to some historians, the Hanseatic league embraced upwards of eighty cities or towns, (while others fix the number at 60, and others again at 85,). Deputies, however, from 85 towns assembled in their Representative Hall in *Lubeck*; and there was scarcely any commercial city in Northern Europe but was admitted into this Confederation. From this fact it is reasonable to suppose that as many of the Dutch ports—(*Boldward* in *Friesland*, *Elsburg*, *Groningen*, *Hauderwyck*, *Nimwegen*, *Ruremonde*, *Staboren*, *Venlo*, *Zutphen*, *Zwoll*)—belonged to it, it is more than likely that merchants of Holland contributed to the construction of, and worshiped within the walls of, this very *St. Nicholas Church*. What "*Porto Venere*" is to the Western Mediterranean, *Wisby* is to the Baltic, both mediæval gems, perfectly preserved in their original strange but artistic settings; links, which, with *Pompeii*, nearly a thousand years apart, connect the present with the anti Christian eras.

In conclusion: With regard to the fabled light-evolving properties of the Carbuncle, CHARLES EDWARDS discusseth thus agreeably and learnedly in his "*History and Poetry of Finger Rings*."

“There was supposed to be a gem, called a Carbuncle, which emitted, not reflected, but native light. Our old literature abounds with allusions to the miraculous gem. SHAKESPEARE has made use of it in *TITUS ANDRONICUS*, where MARTIUS goes down into a pit, and by it discovers the body of Lord BASSIANUS, and calls up to QUINTUS thus :

‘Lord BASSIANUS lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughtered lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.’

QUINTUS:

‘If it be dark, how dost thou know ’tis he?’

MARTIUS:

‘Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man’s earthy cheek,
And show the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus
When he by night lay bathed in maiden’s blood.’

LUDOVICUS VARTOMANNUS, a Roman, reporteth that the king of Pege (or Pegu), a city in India, had a carbuncle (ruby) of so great a magnitude and splendor, that by the clear light of it he might, in a dark place, be seen, even as if the room or place had been illustrated by the sunbeams. St. or Bishop EPIPHANIUS saith of this gem, that if it be worn, whatever garments it be covered withal, it cannot be hid.

It was from a property of resembling a burning coal when held against the sun, that this stone obtained the name *carbunculus*; which, being afterwards misunderstood, there grew up an opinion of its having the qualities of a burning coal and shining in the dark. And as no gem ever was or ever will be found endued with that quality, it was supposed that the true carbuncle of the ancients was lost; but it was long generally believed that there had been such a stone. The species of carbuncle of the ancients, which possessed this quality in the greatest degree, was the Garamantine or Carthagenian; and this is the true garnet of the moderns.”

J. W. DE P.



A U T H O R I T I E S .

- BRODHEAD's History of the State of New York.
 O'CALLAHAN's History of the New Netherlands.
 NEW YORK HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS, New Series.
 North American Review, No. OLXVII., April, 1855.
 KANE's Arctic Explorations in the Years 1853,—'54—'55.
 Polar Seas and Regions—Harpers' Family Library, No. XIV.
 LIPPINCOTT's Pronouncing Gazetteer of the World—and older native
 and foreign publications of a similar nature.
 Encyclopædia Americana.
 Iconographic Encyclopædia, Vol. III., History and Ethnology.
 Ethnology of the Present Day.
 DAVIES' History of Holland and the Dutch Nation.
 W. SCORESBY, Jr.'s, Account of the Arctic Regions, with a History
 and Description of the Northern Whale Fishery.
 HUTCHINSON's History of Massachusetts Bay.
 HACKLUYT's Collection of Voyages and Travels.
 JAMES SULLIVAN's History of the District of Maine.
 WILLIAM D. WILLIAMSON's History of the State of Maine.
 &c. &c. &c.

E R R A T A

REQUIRING NOTICE.

- Page 18, Line 29.—After "*Smeerenberg*," insert "*or rather Smeerenburg*."
 " 84, " 5.—Between "*by*" and "*jamming*," insert "*the*."
 " 84, " 5 to Line 28.—The sentences need remodeling; the original manuscript having been improperly copied, and the punctuation, &c., altered.

Proofs Considered

Erratum.

Page 84, Line 12 to Line 28.—Instead of the present sentence, beginning: "While, thus," &c. read:—While thus the minds of the crew were agitated by the ever present dread of the instant and complete destruction of their "frail bark," they were stunned and deafened by the noises made by the ice without, around them, throughout the harbor, and upon the adjacent shores. The thunder of the icebergs, hurled against each other by wind and tide, mutually crushing their mighty masses together, or toppling over with a din as if whole mountains of marble had been blown up by some explosive force—together with the creaking, cracking and groaning of the ship itself, arising from the freezing of the juices of the timber and liquids in the hold—all this created such a churme of confusion that the crew were terrified, lest their ship should fall to pieces with every throe, which seemed to rack it from deck to kelson.

to sources of information no longer in existence when his uncle took up his pen.

Proofs, however, are by no means wanting, that the Dutch were in Maine prior to 1632.

Let us examine them in order:

The French claimed as far west as *Pemaquid* or Bristol, and the Dutch were continually interfering with

their claims, and WINSLOW went to *England* to complain against both of those nations as early as 1635.

In 1607, GEORGE, brother of Lord JOHN POPHAM, Chief Justice of England, founded *Sagadahoc* colony, on the *Kennebec*. This failed, but WILLIAMSON records "that the coasts were never afterwards, for any considerable length of time, entirely deserted by Europeans, until the country became settled." (I. 203.)

HUBBARD'S New Ed. 37, says, "the *French* were here (1608) soon after POPHAM'S party left the place."—*Gorges' Hist.* 19,---5 *Purchas*, 1828,---*Princess' Ann.* 25. These references are from Williamson. (I. 203.)

And we know that the **Dutch** did not leave the *French* in quiet in these waters, for, in the same year, 1607, the French commandant, or governor, and council at *Port Royal*, now *Annapolis*, in *Nova Scotia*, received intelligence (WILLIAMSON, I., 204,) "by an early arrival in the spring (1607), of a transaction which proved *fatal* to the colony. This was an official report that the **Hollanders**, piloted by a treacherous Frenchman, had obtruded themselves into the Canada [i. e. Acadie or Maine] fur trade."

A *Frenchman*—highly distinguished for his virtues and accomplishments—the DUKE DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULT LIANCOURT, in the IId Volume of his *Travels*, at pages 465-6, (4to, London, 1799) says: "Some attempts to settle a colony in this place, in the vicinity of *New Castle*, were made by the **Dutch** in 1625, and even at the early period of 1607, but without effect." Williamson (I. 228. §) also refers to HUBBARD'S Narrative, p. 250, but the writer having examined all this author's works on New England, can find no mention of these events. Williamson, however, may have seen an original manuscript on this subject.

A Frenchman, in this regard, is a most reliable witness,

for he has no partialities of race or religion to gratify by conceding any achievement creditable to the Dutch. This renders their presence in Maine an absolute certainty, since all that was required was to substantiate the circumstantial evidence by the slightest reliable records.

These are the first *definite* announcements which are to be found at this day in print, of the arrival of the Dutch upon the coast of Maine.

CYRUS EATON, in his "*Annals of the Town of Warren, with the Early History of St. George's, Broad Bay, and the neighboring settlements on the Waldo Patent*." Lowell, 1851, page 17-'8, ¶ 1623," &c. reads—

"Fishermen and settlers also established themselves about this time at *Sagadahoc, Merry-Meeting, Cape Newagin, Pemaquid, and St. George's*, as well as at *Damariscove* and other islands; though at *St. George's* it is believed there were not as yet any permanent residents. Adventurers from other nations also frequented the coast; and it is said that the Dutch, as early as 1607, and again in 1625, attempted to settle at *Damariscotta*. Cellars and chimneys, apparently of great antiquity, have been found in the town of *Newcastle*; and copper knives and spoons, of antique and singular fashion, are occasionally dug up with the supposed Indian skeletons, at the present day, indicating an early intercourse between the natives of the two continents. Similar utensils, and the foundations of chimneys, now many feet under ground, have also been discovered on *Monhegan*, as well as on *Carver's Island* at the entrance of *St. George's River*, where are said to be also the remains of a stone house."

Among the remarkable *Oyster Banks*, on both sides of the *Damariscotta River*, (according to E. ROLLINS and M. DAVIS,) cited by WILLIAMSON, [I., 56—Text and Note,*] "skeletons and bones of human beings are

found," "yet no tradition about them has come to the present generation."

All this goes to render the French Duke's remarks a certainty.

Let us examine these matters in order:

First, when the English made their first settlement at *Pemaquid* or *Bristol*, which was planted before that at *Boston*, (SULLIVAN, p. 164,) in 1623-'24, they found vestiges of a previous attempt at colonization, which, taking everything into account, points to the **Dutch** as their authors. Wherever they settled, their first labor was, if practicable, the construction of canals and the assimilation of their new homes to the dear ones they had left in the Low Countries. Even in *Java*, at the risk of introducing, in their company, the deadly jungle fevers, they intersected their infant metropolis with canals.

Grant that this is in a measure conjectural; EATON'S investigations alone (without what has gone before and without de la Rochefoucault Liancourt's assurances, transmute it almost into a certainty.

"The earliest settlements seem to have been on the western banks of the *Pemaquid River*, in 1623 or '4.
* * * A fort was built there, the year before the date of the patent, and rifled by pirates in November, 1632. Formal possession was given and taken under the same instrument, May 27, 1633. * * * * The visitants, as well as inhabitants, were highly pleased with the situation of *Pemaquid*. A smooth river, navigable a league and a half above the point, a commodious haven for ships, and an eligible site for a fortress, at once filled the eye. Here was a canal cut 10 feet in width, and variously deep from 6 to 10 feet, on the east side of the river which passes the first ripples."—
("It was 20 rods in length; and passed down a smooth

inclined plain [plane]. No water runs there at present.")—"an enterprise devised and finished, at a time and by hands unknown." (WILLIAMSON, I., 242.)

"Below the Fort" (*Frederic* or *William Henry*, previously *Fort George*), "was a handsomely paved street, extending towards it, northwestwardly from the water, 60 rods. It is still to be seen; and like the canal, it is the work of *unknown* hands." (WILLIAMSON, I., 57.)

Patient investigation of all the concurrent circumstances, and cool reflection, lead the writer to assign these labors to the **Dutch**.

"The History of *Georgetown*,"—(originally situated on both sides of the river, but now divided thereby into *Georgetown* and *Bath*)—is "the history," says SULLIVAN, page 169, "of the river *Kennebec*."

On an island, already spoken of, called *Stage Island*, was the landing place of POPHAM's party, in 1607. Governor WINTHROP says they came in 1609. OGILBY, in his collection, which he made in the year 1671, says, that they landed on the west side of the river, on a peninsula, and there began a plantation. HUBBARD—(whose book is very rare and costly)—says, that a party came from England, and settled at *Kennebec*, in the year 1619. Soon after POPHAM's party left the river, in 1608, *the French took possession of it*. In the year 1613, Sir SAMUEL ARGALL went from *Virginia* and removed them. *On the island are the remains of a fort, several wells of water, and several cellars; the remains also of brick chimneys have been found there, and it is very clear that the bricks which were used in the buildings must have been brought from Europe.* On the west side of the river are the remains of a fort, made of stone and earth: there are also eight old walls now to be seen, and the ruins of several houses. *Whether these buildings were erected by the English, or by the*

French, is uncertain ; but the probability is, that the former were the erectors of the works." (SULLIVAN, pages 169-170.)

"Stage Island, in the District of Maine, lies south of Parker's and Arrowsike islands, on the North side of Small Point, consisting of 8 acres, not capable of much improvement ; and is only remarkable for being the first land inhabited in New England, by a civilized people. It is not now inhabited." (MORSE'S *American Gazetteer*, Boston, 1797.)

Why should it be more probable that the *English* were the architects than that the *Dutch* were the fabricators ? It is well known that the *Dutch*, in this country, were large importers of brick for building purposes, and may have ballasted therewith vessels fitted out for discovery. SULLIVAN tells us, in a note, at page 170, that he saw these remains, causing the ground to be opened, in 1778." *Now, had the bricks been English, he could have easily recognized them by comparison.* The *French* resorted to the materials at hand for their constructions ; whereas the *Dutch*—besides coming from a land destitute of stone—were exceedingly partial to brick, and *their own* brick. All these things considered, the probabilities are far greater in favor of the *Dutch* than of any other people.

Second, *Carver's Island*, near the west bank of the mouth of *St. George's River*—which flows up to famous *lime-producing Thomaston*—offers for the investigation of the antiquarian some very interesting remains. There are said to be the appearances of a very ancient settlement. *Monhegan* or *Manhegin*, at the extreme western mouth of *Penobscot Bay*, has also unexplained vestiges of former occupancy. This was, without exception, two hundred and sixty years ago, the most famous island on the seaboard of Maine. "The island

of *Matinicus* was inhabited very early, and "remains of stone houses are still apparent, generally supposed to have been built by French or Dutch fishermen," "though unknown." (WILLIAMSON, I., 63-'4.)

Finally, to sum up, consider the "Appointment of the installation of *Cornelis Steenwyck*, and the fact that the Dutch, according to SULLIVAN'S own admission, in 1673 or '4, expelled the French and made themselves masters of that very country, which comprehended all the settlements to which we have alluded. The same author admits that the French claimed to the *Pemaquid*, and all historians concede that they claimed between 40 deg. and 46 deg. of northern latitude, and exercised jurisdiction over the whole country generally known as *Acadie* or Maine. What took the Dutch there? They were not given to poaching upon other men's manors, but were fiercely tenacious of their own, and vindicated their rights at times, with a determination which bordered, though rarely, on ferocity. But had they not suffered too deeply from the Spaniards, and other would-be oppressors, to be called upon to suffer any longer willingly? The English, on the other hand, were apt disciples of that School which taught "conveying" into their own pockets, ship's holds and jurisdiction, any lands, &c., in the power of nations too weak or too sluggish to resist their encroachments. If the Dutch did settle the coast of Maine, 1607 to 1632, and were driven thence either by famine, the natives, the English, or the French, they had a right to seek to establish themselves in their ancient possessions, so hardly won. What was good to be taken, was also good to be retaken. This was sound English doctrine, and had a royal authority in GEORGE II., in his letter of advice to the Empress MARIA THERESA, with regard to the aggressions of FREDERIC the Great. The writer feels

assured, not only that the **Dutch** were the original settlers at different points of the coast of Maine, but also indulges his suspicions that the early Massachusetts and Anglo-Maine people knew the facts, had the proofs, and suppressed them. English historians' very avoidance of the subject, their vague intimations and "probabilities," all tend to instill such an idea. To admit the claims of the **Dutch** as the original colonists, was to invalidate their own. May the documents yet be found substantiating that *Acadie* was **Dutch** before an English eye looked upon her evergreen forests, or pressed her mossy shores!

The subsequent connection of the **Dutch** with Maine has been narrated at length in the "Paper," read 3d March, 1857, before the **New York Historical Society**.

At page 50—reference is made to the settlement of New Plymouth.

Nikkerbakkers should never forget that the **PURITAN** colonists came from **Holland** and intended to settle upon the **Hudson**. They having made a mistake in the quality of the territory where they located themselves, charged the fault upon the Dutch, whom they accused of bribing their Captain to misdirect them. Of this they had no proof, and we have just as much right to believe that they sought the shores of *Acadie*, having heard of the availabilities of the Kennebec and Penobscot as well as of the Hudson, for the Dutch had actually attempted to settle between the first two rivers before they discovered the third.

At page 56—reference is had to the cession or grant of a district of Maine to the Duke of York, afterwards James II. By this, in 1664, the County of New Castle in Maine became appendant to his Province of New York, and his governors and agents were invested with jurisdiction over the territory between the St. Croix and the Kennebec, as well as the **Dutch** settlements on the Hudson and Delaware.

EATON, Pages 21--'2, reads with regard thereto:

"The Duke caused a city named Jamestown, and fort,

called fort Charles, to be built at Pemaquid, and many Dutch families to be transported thither from New York. Considerable uneasiness was occasioned to these eastern settlements by the war declared by France in 1666, and by the recession of Acadia to France by the treaty of peace in 1667. However disagreeable, the French were allowed to take possession as far as the Penobscot ; but on their demanding the rest of the Province as far as Sagadahoc, the people of Pemaquid and vicinity, averse to the jurisdiction of France, preferred coming under that of Massachusetts."

This averseness is by no means to be wondered at when we recollect what sufferings the Dutch protestants at home had suffered at the hands of the Romanists, who, whether Spanish or French, were equally inimical to those of the *truly* reformed Saxon Evangelical Church.

"After this pacification" of 1688, resumes Eaton, (26) "till the abdication of James II^d, the arbitrary conduct of the agents sent by his deputy at New York for the management of affairs here, gave little encouragement for the re-settlement of the country ; but many Dutch families were induced to settle at Pemaquid and on the west bank of the Damariscotta, *who*, at the latter place, then called New Dartmouth, now Newcastle, *entered upon the business of agriculture with such spirit and success as to gain for the settlement the name of* "THE GARDEN OF THE EAST." In 1688 Sir Edmund Andros made two expeditions to this quarter, in the first of which he attempted to take possession of the country east of the Penobscot, but contented himself with plundering the Baron de Castine of his goods, furniture and ammunition. This affair irritating the Baron, led the tribe, over which his influence extended, to unite with the Abenagues in a second Indian war, which in August, of that year, was begun by an attack on N. Yarmouth. In September, New Dartmouth was burnt, and the inhabitants, with the exception of two families taken prisoners, saved themselves only by taking refuge in the fort. At the same time the fort and buildings at Sheepscot were also destroyed and the settlements entirely broken up. The Dutch settlers, discouraged, left the country ; and both pla-

ces, so lately and so long inhabited and flourishing, lay waste about thirty years."

At page 47. *Id.* in *Id.*, mention is made of a subsequent accession of German settlements at Broad Bay. A great many Germans were induced to remove thither and to the parts conterminous by General SAMUEL WALDO, many of whom in 1750 established themselves on what was then, and is still, known as Dutch Neck. The original Dutch colonists, of whom but few survived the intemperateness of the climate, the assaults of the priest-instigated Indians, and the other manifold vicissitudes of an exposed north-eastern frontier life, were soon lost sight of among the more numerous Germans or High Dutch who were induced to take up their abode on the Waldo patent; yet, notwithstanding, they made an indelible and honorable mark on the history and upon the map of Maine.

Some farther interesting matter with regard to the *Hollanders*, in our most eastern state, *may* be found in the "Papers relating to Pemaquid and parts adjacent in the present state of Maine, known as Cornwall county when under the colony of New York, Compiled from Official Records in the office of the Secretary of State at Albany, N. Y., by Franklin B. Hough, 1851," and the "Ancient Pemaquid, an historical review, prepared at the request of the Maine Historical Society for its Collections, by J. Wingate Thornton," both published in the Vth volume of the Collections of the Maine Historical Society; funds having been provided by the Legislature of that state to transcribe and print the same.

But, besides these, there is still a vast amount of manuscripts to be examined at Albany, which should throw a flood of light upon this interesting subject. The following, an extract from a letter of HENRY ONDERDONK, Jr., Esq., of Jamaica, Long Island, is too important not to be made public.

"Hardly one in a thousand would have dreamed that the Dutch ever had any thing to do with Maine. My attention was called to it by two documents relating to the claims of Denis Hegeman (Hegeman? a Knickerbocker name) for injuries sustained during his mission to Pemaquid. This wa,

some years ago, and I had to enquire where Pemaquid was, and wondered what in the world the Dutch had to do there. I found one of the papers in the U. S. Collection of our Colonial Documents in the State Library at Albany, at the end, or nearly so, of Vol. 47. (There is no Index.) "Lucretia Heyenan, widow of Denis, petitions Governor and Council for relief. Her husband was sent by Gov. SLOUGHTER with letters to confer with the Indians at Pemaquid, who had sided with the French in the war of 1691. He reached *Penobscuid* and was persuaded by the French to come on shore, when he was seized and sent to Canada and kept a prisoner there 2 years, then sent to France. So that it was 3 years and 3 months before he returned home. £50 was paid her.

Vol. 39 has a petition from Denys Heyenan himself (1694) in which he states his wife is a Prisoner in Canada.

Vol. 45 has affidavit of *Jno. Cornelisse* who was deck hand on board the vessel that took Heyenan to Pemaquid.

Vol. 47 has affidavit of *Daniel Remsen* to same effect. The names are all Dutch.

I have abridged the above very much, but could (write) them (out) more at length if they were of any use. The originals are more full than the abstract I made.

Perhaps the preceding refer to too late a period for your purpose. It is the winding up of the Dutch Colony I should think."

It would seem from all these that the Dutch who were even at that time experiencing so much injustice and persecution at the hands of the French in Holland, were not to be exempt, in a measure, from the same suffering in their new homes on this continent, and that the ocean was to prove no barrier to the woes which the ruthless hand of war made so fearful wherever the industrious and the enterprising sought, however distant, to worship, cultivate and dwell in peace.

At home about this time horrors were multiplied.

Between *Wården* and *Leiden*, on the Old Rhine, in Noord Holland, the road passes the beautiful villages of *Zwammerdam* and *Bodegrave*, together with the first city, so fearfully "memorable as the scenes of the atrocities committed by the

French army, under Marshal Luxemburg, in 1672. Their cruelty, as described by Voltaire, is not exaggerated : so great was the hatred which it inspired in the minds of the Dutch who were witnesses of their conduct, that descriptions of the war, called "*Fransche Oijtranijs*," were written and printed as school-books for their children to read, calculated to hand down an inheritance of hate for their enemies to future generations."

EUGENE SUE, in his "*Histoire de la Marine Française*" (11. 286-'7), Frenchman as he is, cannot resist transcribing from the "*Annales des Provinces Unies*" the account of these monstrous horrors, the natural and inevitable consequences of the invasion of Holland by Louis XIV.



"The two villages of Zwammerdam and Bodegrave, comprising six hundred dwellings, were reduced to ashes ; but one remained, which escaped by accident the fury of the soldiers and the general conflagration. The destruction of the heretics churches was made a religious duty ; not one was spared. The public buildings where justice was administered experienced the same fate. The soldiers who had conceived this cruel design issued forth from Utrecht armed with matches and other combustible materials. They shut up the father and mother with their children in their own home in order to destroy a whole family at one blow, and when the ashes and ruins of the houses were removed a quantity of half consumed corpses were discovered, as well as infants burnt in the arms of those who had given them life. A mother whom decrepid old age had rendered blind, and an object worthy of compassion, was murdered in the presence of four children who supported her, and had, with them, one tomb amid the flames which reduced them all to ashes. As if cruelty was diversified to the utmost, another matron who had reared an equal number of children beheld them murdered before her eyes, and was then immolated herself by the fury of the butchers. The Prince of Orange, who arrived two days afterwards in these places, found a number of children whose arms and legs had been cut off,

and other mutilated bodies, which he left a short time without burial, and exposed to the eyes of those who passed, that they might learn from this frightful spectacle what they might expect from the (Roman Catholic*) French. The soldiers diverted themselves by seizing these innocent creatures by the feet, tossing them into the air and catching them upon the points of their pikes and swords, happy thus to die since some were afterwards precipitated into the flames, and new torments were devised to deprive the others of life. They violated daughters in the presence of their mothers; wives under the eyes of their husbands; and the (French) soldiers who could not find a sufficient number of objects to gratify their brutality, because they were too numerous, satisfied in turn their infamous passion on one and the same person, even to the number of twenty and upwards, and then spared such the misery of surviving their shame by casting them into the water and the fire. Avarice joined to cruelty animated the officer as well as the soldier. They (the R. C. officers and soldiers) suspended men in the chimneys of their houses and kindled therein great fires in order that suffocated and burnt, in turn, by the smoke of the turf and the flames which burst forth afterwards, they might be compelled to discover the money they possessed, and often which they did not possess; to such a degree were they (the French) victims of an imagination equally sordid and barbarous.

Ordinary executions and cruelties not sufficing to glut the fury of the soldiery, they (the French) invented extraordinary ones. They stripped the young girls and women whom they had violated, and chased them entirely naked into the open country, where they perished with cold. ¶ A Swiss officer finding two girls, of a respectable family, in this state, gave them his cloak and some linen which he had, and, proceeding to his post, recommended them to a FRENCH officer, who, very far from protecting them, having abused them in the (open) street, abandoned them afterwards to the lust of his soldiers, who, after having outraged them to the utmost, cut off their breasts, larded (pierced) them with the ramrods

*Explanations in (—), asterisks and capitals inserted by translator.

of their muskets and left their bodies exposed on the levee which leads from Bodegrave to Woerden. ¶ They cut off the breasts of other women, whose wounds they afterwards sprinkled with pepper, salt, sometimes even gun powder to which they set fire, to make them die more cruelly. One of these wretches who, at Bodegrave, had the barbarity to cut off the breasts of a woman in the act of lying in, and to put pepper thereupon, died in the hospital of Nimwegen in a frightful state of despair of a frenzy caused by the violent remorse of an outraged conscience, which presented continually to his mind the image of this female, whose agonized cries he imagined he still heard. They attached others by the hair or under the arm pits to trees in order that they might remain exposed in a disgraceful nudity to all the inclemencies of the atmosphere. A boatman was nailed by the hand to the mast of his vessel and his wife violated before his eyes, while he was forbidden to turn them for a moment from so infamous a spectacle, under pain of death. Many other husbands experienced the same fate, and were compelled by blows of the cudgel or the flat of the sword to be eye witnesses of similar outrages. In fine they did not even respect the bodies of the dead. Two corpses on their way to burial were stripped of the shrouds which covered them; the one was thrown into the fire with its winding sheet, the other was dragged out of it and had the water of the canal for a sepulchre.



Eugene Sue then enters upon an indignant review of these infernal outrages.

“Let us recall—the writer has endeavored to translate literally—that long chain of villainies, of crimes, of sacrilegious venality, of perjuries, of corruptions, which connects those two years, 1670 and 1672; from that infamous treaty concluded in the midst of peace against the *Seven Provinces* to the devastation of that unhappy Republic; from the prostitution of *Mademoiselle de Keroualle* to the new treason of *Louis XIV.* towards England; to the massacre of the brothers *de Witte*.

* * * * *

"But that which perhaps is still more frightful, or that which in truth calls forth a smile at its air, sufficiently Homeric, is to see that from the great poet even to the grave historian, that from the prince of the church even to the vicar of Jesus Christ (the Pope), each wished to pay, upon his knees, his cowardly tribute of ignoble flatteries, of shameless and wicked praises, with regard to this frightful invasion, its disgraceful causes and sacrileges and its sanguinary results."

"Thus the severe Boileau, the great satirist, the pitiless censor, in his cold and base declamation, not content with shouting "*glory to Louis!*" grows audaciously merry again at the uncouthness of the names of "*those smoking ruins subjected by the incomparable conqueror.*" He finds nothing but silly pleasantries, unworthy of even a college pedant, in connection with those unhappy, pillaged, devastated cities, which could only extinguish the flames which devoured them by engulfing themselves beneath the waters of the sea."

* * * * *

"Then, after the satirist, comes the grand tragedian, the historiographer of France, the tender and religious Racine. A person should read his "*Precis de la Guerre de 1672*" to be able to believe ; to remain confounded at the tone of placid, ingenuous simplicity with which he exposes the griefs of the "great king" against that little republic, "*whom her riches and abundance rendered formidable to her neighbors.*" "

Listen to him :

"This little republic monopolized the commerce of the East Indies, where she had almost entirely destroyed the power of the Portuguese. She treated on equal terms with England, over whom she had gained glorious advantages, and whose ships of war she had recently burned in the Thames ; and at last blinded by prosperity she commenced to despise the hand which had so often established and sustained her. She pretended to give the law to Europe, she leagued herself with the enemies of France and *boasted that she alone had set bounds to the conquests of the king*—(always that folly about the medal of Joshua). She oppressed the Roman Catholics" (what a falsehood of Holland, of all coun-

tries ever the most tolerant) "in all countries of her dominion, and opposed the French commerce in the Indies. In a word she forgot nothing which could draw down upon her the storm which was about to overwhelm her.—The King, tired of suffering *her insolences*, declared war against the Hollanders early in the spring and marched against them."

"Then after many assertions as singular as the foregoing: *Never did a prince (Louis XIV.) keep his word so religiously.—It is a matter scarcely susceptible of belief that in the fidelity which he (Louis XIV) maintained towards his allies, he always evinced greater anxiety for (took greater care of) their interests than for his own.*"

* * * * *

"But this is not all," resumes Sue, "after the poets with their pagan allegories, after the fulsome Olympian adulations should succeed (in order) the servile Christian flatteries. After thundering Jove, after the ancient Rhine surprised among the timorous water nymphs amid his green rushes we have" (according to these exalted sycophants) "Jehovah crowning with victory the work so amorously well commenced by Mademoiselle de Keronalle; we have the god of armies mightily aiding Louvois to sadly embarrass Colbert."

"In a word it is no longer Racine, Boileau, Bossuet, those elevated master spirits of reason and intelligence, who exalt and consecrate in marvelous language the most disgraceful carnal appetites, the most horrible perjuries, the most ferocious and impious enterprises; it is now that personage, who, according to the hierarchy of the (Romanist) christian world, is just inferior to God but superior to kings, the most imposing personification of human virtues, he, who throned upon the summit of the social edifice, alone receives from God the divine and solemn mission of representing him upon earth in all his majestic purity; it is he who can bind and loose here below; it is the Pope, in a word Pope Clement X, who writes with his pontifical hand the following brief to Louis XIV, who was then resting from his conquests in the beautiful arms of Madame de Montespan, after having just exiled her inconvenient and sorrowful husband."

“To our dear son in Jesus Christ apostolic greeting and benediction !

“The universe contemplating the overthrow by your victorious arms of a power raised upon the ruins of a legitimate authority, and otherwise injurious to the interests of royalty, felicitates Your Majesty, whose youthful brow is decorated with glorious triumphs and adorned with magnificent spoils. The bowels of our pontifical charity cannot longer restrain themselves, and we behold with a joy equal to your own the augmentation of true religion combined with the success of Your Majesty, a joy which corresponds with the grandeur of those powers with which the divine goodness has invested us. In effect the churches restored to the (Roman) Catholics, the religious discipline re-established in the cloisters, the priests fulfilling the divers functions of divine worship, the inhabitants enabled to practice the truth without restraint ; such are the results which suffice to prove that Your Majesty’s mission is from on high, since it thus advances with the stride of a giant in the path of victory.

“Permit then, most Christian King, in order to consolidate the glorious results already obtained both by war and by peace, our zeal and our apostolic affection to excite even yet more your royal piety, that, thus, you may better be led to understand upon several points our nuncio, the archbishop of Florence.

“Meanwhile we will not neglect to lay at the foot of the throne of divine mercy the paternal sentiments with which our heart is filled for your preservation, and the success of our prayers for the glory of God to the end that the apostolic benediction, which we bestow upon you, may derive its confirmation and strength from that propitious source.

“Given at Rome, at St. Mary the Greater, under the seal of the fishermen, the 23d August, 1672, the 111d year of our pontificate.

Archives of foreign affairs, Rome, 1672,—Supplement.

Let the foregoing speak for themselves. Contrast the atrocities in Holland sanctioned by the “most christian king,” for had he not endorsed them he would not have justified the

subsequent devastation of the Palatinate, the persecution of the Protestants; the dragooning of his Reformed subjects; the revocation of the Edict of Nantes; the breaking on the wheel, the burning, the racking of evangelical pastors for teaching God's word in all simplicity—and the judgments which followed. Starvation, ruin, misery, invasion, humiliation, gathered like avenging furies about the last days of this "most christian king." The Almighty answered the prayers of the Romanist vice-god with curses instead of blessings. Defeat and disaster crowned the "great king" with ashes instead of laurels. The tomb closed upon the magnificent Sultan of France amid the execrations of his own people, and jests not sighs, congratulations not tears, trooped along side the funeral procession which conducted the remains of the greatest egotist in history to the resting place of his ancestors. That prince of Orange whose temporary defeat moved "the bowels of pontifical charity" lived to move those same bowels with a lively sympathy in his own behalf for the humiliation of that "most christian king" whose christianity was the christianity of despotic self-exaltation. The armies of protestant Holland and England trampled under foot those blood stained banners which had floated so triumphantly over the ruins, the ashes, the violations, the murders, the tortures, the sacrileges of their defenders, and France drank blood enough within the next century and a half to quench the most raging appetite for slaughter. The congratulations of Pope Clement X. were echoed by the execrations of Pope Pius VII.; the rejoicings of the restored Romanist priests of Holland were echoed by the wails of the priests of France beneath the axe of the guillotine, the sabre, the pike, the bayonet of their fellow citizens. The smoke of the Dutch villages was answered with an hundred fold density by the steam of the slaughter pits of France, and if such are the responses which await the papal benedictions far be those benedictions from us and ours. Clement blessed Louis XIV. and his royal sun stooped, paled and set in gloom. Childless, he closed his eyes in the full light of Holland's triumph and England's glory. His great grandson and successor died a loathsome object, desert-

ed, despairing, corruption itself even before the grave exerted its sovereignty. And that great grandson's successor and grandson swallowed the very dregs of the cup of humiliation, and then poured forth his life upon the scaffold, and his poor boy perished, when, how we know not, an object of compassion to all who hear his pitiable story, by a fate which wrenches the heart of every father who has read the narrative.

Well might my ancestor's kinsman—writing from Holland, 22d July, 1707, a few years after the horrors of the French invasion, when the ebbing tide had borne back to France the miseries it had borne on thence so proudly with its flood, but while the storm was yet abroad upon the continent, ejaculate, "We earnestly hope that God may soon exempt us from this ruinous warfare, and graciously grant us a lasting peace; but above all peace, that liberty of conscience which, in value, far exceeds all human powers of estimate."

(Johan de Peyster, in Rotterdam, to Johan de Peyster, in New York.)

Martyrs of Holland, in the old and new world, vengeance was with the Lord so impiously invoked to sanction your sufferings, and he repaid and will repay to the uttermost.

But, alas! man in all ages seems—without the *real* influences of *true* religious training and discipline—to be, and have been, the same untamed, ferocious animal. Christianity, at all periods, has found some strongholds impregnable even to its appeals, even in the midst of communities possessing the highest development of secular civilization.

A few days since has taught the world that education and the influences which are supposed to render men gentle, could not restrain an American community from imitating, or a county from applauding, conduct which—in the writer's opinion—would disgrace the most barbarous-unconverted or fanatical-converted horde of the most excitable race.

Rose Hill,

TIVOLI, DUTCHESS CO., S. N. Y.

23d September, 1858.

THE

Battle of the Sound or Baltic ;

FOUGHT

OCTOBER 30TH (O. S.), [NOVEMBER 9TH N. S.] 1658,

BETWEEN

The Victorious Hollanders,

UNDER

Jakob, Baron Wassenaar, Lord of Opdam,**Naval Generalissimus**

OF THE

Combined Fleets of Holland and West Friesland, &c. &c. &c.

AND

The Swedes,

COMMANDED BY

Charles Gustavus Wrangel,**Lord High Admiral of the Swedish Realm, Field Marshal,
&c. &c. &c.**

BY

Jr. Watts de Peyster,**Descendant of the Hollandish Race.****Poughkeepsie:****PLATT & SOHRAM, PRINTERS.****1858.**

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap!
In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom;
Or genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

But strew his ashes to the wind
Whose sword or voice has served mankind—
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
 Lifts thine on high?—
To live in hearts we leave behind
 Is not to die.


CAMPBELL..

Now joy, old "~~MOULLEN~~," raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore.

CAMPBELL..

* * * If the CONQUERING SHIPS of Holland had not guarded, in the farthest island (Vooru) of Europe, the asylum of human thought, you would have had neither SHAKSPEARE, nor BACON, nor HARVEY, nor DES CARTES; REMBRANDT, SPINOZA, GALILEO; yes! I say GALILEO, since the ~~Hollandish~~ telescope opened to him the skies.—MICHELET's *Guerres de Religion*.

* * * Holland was the bulwark, the universal refuge and salvation, of the human race.—IBID.

 AD the language of the **Hollanders** been one which, like the French, recommended itself to all tongues by its mingled euphony and power,—its conversational capacity at once appropriate to the graceful lips of woman and the bearded lips of men,—or had it, like the English, been forced upon all nations by the irresistible development of trade and action of concurrent circumstances,—we should have heard a thousand fold more than we do now of the vast achievements of the **Dutch** Nation, and the Hollanders would have divided the applause of the world with their restless neighbors, antagonistic in race, religion, and everything,—and their great commercial rivals, who have usurped or stolen much, and assumed the honor of more, without accrediting the power, the freedom, the influence, which England now enjoys, to that **William III.**, that saturnine but great-hearted Hollander; of whom the eloquent **GRATTAN** remarked that **HE** and our own **WASHINGTON** were the two greatest men of modern times.

Again: Had Holland,—the very significance of whose name, “Hollow-Land,” implies the ever-present imminence of her peril,—occupied the same aboriginal position as England, she would have breasted, without sensibly feeling, many of the shocks which shook her to her physical and moral centre.

Well might the Laureate, **TENNYSON**, pour forth his gratitude to the Almighty for England’s isolation, in language as forcible as beautiful,

“Thank Him who *isled* us here, and *roughly set*
His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers.”

Had Holland been defended on *all* sides by those seas on which she built so vast an empire, then would her wooden walls have indeed protected her against an hundred evils which rushed in vast armies over the land,—evils against which the people's energies and courage would have sufficed, even as her dykes repelled the wrathful waves.

The Norman invasion, by one battle, imposed its iron yoke on Britain. A thousand years has not emancipated the Saxon. His energies, his intellect, his common sense, still feel the incubus which Hastings imposed.

On the other hand, the Dutch Nation has never felt the foot of the conqueror upon its neck, and when dynastic changes seemed to have fettered their limbs with shackles, whose iron would have entered the soul and crushed out the spirit of any other people, they rose, they struggled, they fought, they suffered,—but, after sixty-eight years of battle and persecution, they held their freed limbs aloft to the admiration and wonder of the world. Scars and wounds there were enough upon them, but not a gyve remained. With the tyranny of Spain they threw off the tyranny of superstition. By that ordeal of over half a century, they not only emancipated their bodies and properties, but their feelings and their intellects. Even intolerance ceased to thrive under the shadow of their tri-color, and Holland was the *first* land which in *every sense* became FREE.

Dutch policy sprang, Minerva-like, matured from the brain, not of a heathen god, but of God-fearing men, and formed a perfect contrast to the policies of all other existing nations. The latter, *upas*-like, poisoned all but the rank venom-distilling vegetation which germinated meetly beneath their shade ; whereas, the umbrageous shelter of the former, tempering the heat of

foreign persecution, fostered the growth of every healthful production with its wide-extended branches, clothed with viridity.

These remarks, although in a measure foreign to the subject, will, nevertheless, serve as a fitting introduction to the narrative itself, and also expose the feelings which induced the writer to present the facts therein embodied to his countrymen.

Few readers of history but know that a great naval battle was fought between two branches of the Saxon or Scandinavian race, in the [Ore] SOUND or Strait, which connects the BALTIC with the North Sea.

Ask the names of the victor and the conquered, and without hesitation the reply of all but one in every million will be this—on the 2nd April, 1801, the English, under NELSON, beat the Danes and destroyed or captured their fleet. Who has not read, or enjoyed in hearing read, CAMPBELL'S magnificent commemorative poem?

Fickle Fortune! and still more mutable Glory! How you cling to the powerful and the rising, and hasten to transfer your caresses from true worth to that false but glittering similitude of merit which the world admires, because endowed by your sister-deity with greater outward advantages.

True! NELSON and the English did win the Battle of the Baltic or Sound, and the "meteor-flag of England" cross-emblazoned, Saxon ensign, triumphed over the white cross of Scandinavian Denmark; but one hundred and forty-three years previous, those same shores and seas beheld as great a combat, when the head and front of the Saxon family, the indomitable Hollander, displayed his tri-colored ensign, and smote and scattered the naval might of Scandinavian (Gothic) Sweden, marshalled beneath the yellow cross, which,

at that era, had been borne victorious from the sunny banks of the deep-rolling Danube to the ice-bound shores of those frigid streams which rise and empty amid the monumental ice of the Arctic Circle.

NELSON smote the might of Denmark when Denmark's sun was sinking fast to the horizon of mediocrity in Europe.

Opdam broke the naval power of Sweden when Sweden's sun was at its zenith; when the Swedish lion was fresh and lusty from his ravage in the imperial folds, and stood defiant, with one foot on the prostrate Polish eagle, the other on the Danish elephant, fearless and triumphant, the arbiter of Europe.

Then let the *Knikkerbakker* race recall for a brief space, and revel in, the remembrance of the glorious past of Holland, to whom we owe so much of our own State's pre-eminence, a major portion of our blood, our sympathies, the vindication of her right to occupy the highest rank among the naval powers which have flourished in succession from that age when Tyre's *Argi* and *Guali* (three-oared *Gauli* vel *Liburnæ*) led the adventurous way in naval glory and commercial enterprise; in which, after the lapse of thrice a thousand years our young but great and wondrous country now holds the foremost place.

By the treaty of *Roskilde*, CHARLES GUSTAVUS—better known as CHARLES X. of Sweden—one of the greatest commanders who have ever wielded the sword and sceptre, tore from Denmark her richest provinces, and exalted his own and his country's glory upon the trophies and riches won from Sweden's ancient rival, and, at one time, even conqueror and master.

On the [7th] 26th February, 1658, the Treaty of *Roskilde* was signed, and CHARLES GUSTAVUS seemed to have attained the summit of his ambition.

Not content, however, he overreached the mark, and, striving for too much, sacrificed many of the advantages he had purchased at so dear a price ; and even lost,—it may be said,—his life, dying of a broken heart when his thirst for conquest was quenched in the consequences of the mighty overthrow he sustained at the hands of that illustrious Hollander—better known by his title than his patronymic—Admiral **Opdam**, Sea-Generalissimus of the combined fleet of the United Provinces.

The hero of this sketch, **Jakob, Baron Van Wassenaer**, LORD OF **OPDAM**, Hensbroeck, Spierdyck, Wochmee, Zuntwyck, Sarvawe, Chernem, &c. ; Captain and Colonel of Cavalry ; Lord and High Bailiff of the Cities, Castles and Lands of Heusden, of the Fortresses on the Meuse ; Lieutenant-Admiral [of the United Provinces, and Naval Commander-in-Chief (*Archithalassus*)] of the Provinces of Holland and West Friesland ; and Knight of the Royal Danish Order of the White Elephant, descended from an ancient and very noble Batavian family, and born 1610, was the son of a distinguished naval officer. At the outset of his career he made several campaigns as Captain of Cavalry ; became Governor of the fortified town and citadel of Heusden, and several other fortresses ; was employed with success in many important negotiations ; afterwards entered the navy, and,—upon the death of the “immortal **Van Tromp**,”—succeeded to the command of the Hollandish fleets. Upon the ocean he made a brilliant cruise against the Portuguese, and returned home—bringing twenty-one prizes of that nation, captured at the mouth of the Tagus, on their return from Brazil. In 1658, he sailed upon the expedition in which we find him now engaged, which filled the measure of his glory. This able Admiral lost his life in the war which,

in 1665, broke out between the United Provinces and England. On the 3d of June of that year, having, in accordance with peremptory orders, under penalty of his head, given battle near Lowestofft (Lestoffe), on the coast of Suffolk, to the English fleet, consisting of one hundred and fourteen sail (137 total), commanded by the DUKE OF YORK, PRINCE RUPERT, and the famous MONTAGU, Earl of Sandwich, he engaged the former's flagship with such fury that, ably seconded by his subordinates, the contest, after lasting from day-break to 2 P. M., was still very doubtful, when Opdam's magazine took fire and blew up with a terrific explosion, and he, with his whole crew of five hundred men, including volunteers of the noblest families of Holland, perished with the exception of five individuals.

According to a French historian, traveler, and savant, this terrific loss resulted simply from a cannon-ball finding its way into the powder-room; although Dutch writers attribute it to one Captain (afterward Sir JEREMIAH) SMITH, who, feeling that the DUKE OF YORK was in danger of certain capture or destruction, made his way on board the noble old "Eendraght," and set fire to the powder: BASNAGE, however, asserts that a Dutch powder-monkey avenged some ill treatment by firing the magazine of his country's flag-ship.

Vice-Admiral Egbertus Bartholomæus de Kortenaar—intended as Opdam's successor, in case of the fatal result which occurred—having fallen early in the action, Jan Evertsen, Vice-Admiral of Zealand, upon whom the command devolved, retreated,—without striking his flag, however; although Corneliusson Van Tromp—son of the famous Van Tromp of broom-at-the-mast-head celebrity—kept up the fight until night-fall, and brought off his squadron with honor and in safety.

Two English Vice-Admirals, LAWSON and SAMPSON, like-

wise lost their lives in this engagement, so glorious and so fatal to both nations. The DUKE OF YORK, although partially victorious, suffered greatly in reputation by not having followed up his advantages. Doubtless Opdam had given him such an all-sufficient dinner of death, that he was in no condition to enjoy or digest the supper which Van Tromp set out for his entertainment. Some historians will have it that Opdam fired his magazine himself, unwilling to haul down that flag he had hitherto displayed victoriously against so many foes, when he found his ship beset by overwhelming forces, lying close around him on all sides. This statement is somewhat borne out by his epitaph in the Old Church, at the Hague :

“At length, fighting most valorously against the whole English fleet, with vastly inferior numbers, and completely surrounded, not even then did he yield to the enemy, but having first made a terrible slaughter, and his ship being enveloped in fire, he, following the example of Hercules, found a way prepared for him through the flames to the immortal gods, in the fifty-fifth year of age.”

Speaking of this epitaph, NORTHLEIGH, who copied it in his “Description of the United Netherlands,” adds certain remarks with regard to the Admiral, so just and honorable, that it is impossible to forbear quoting them, with a few additional and explanations, translated from the Abbe DELAPORTE :

“The ‘Old’ or ‘Great Church,’ originally the only Parish of the village,—now capital,—of the Hague, and dedicated to St. James, is an handsome Pile, hung all round with Escutcheons, after the manner of the Churches in Holland, and the Arms of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, which I suppose were hung up there upon some Solemnities, when the town was under the

Spanish government. * * * But what is most ornamental in this Church is the Monument of a Man, that was as much an Ornament to the State; and that is their great *Opdam*, erected in the old Church; his Effigies, in an erect posture, on a noble Base; with Fame, Crowning of him with the Laurels he had won, and all this covered with a Canopy, or rather Cupulo, of Marble, supported by four pillars of the Corinthian Order, curiously vein'd with Red and White; at the Pedestal of each stands a Statue more of Marble, viz: Fortitude, Vigilancy, Prudence, and Fidelity.—Among the allegorical figures there is one, of a child, of exquisite beauty, which, leaning upon a reversed torch, seems, weeping, to bewail with touching grace the death of the hero to whom the trophy is consecrated.

Above, in the Front, is this Inscription:

Honori & Gloriæ Herois illustrissimi & ex vetustissima Nobilitatis Bataviæ Stirpe, per continuam & legitiman Successionem prognati, D. Jacobi Dynastæ de Wassenæer Domini in *Opdam* fœderati Belgii Archithalassi, &c.

Rebus præclare terra marique gestis, non tantum in Atlantico Oceano, unde sparsa fugataque Lusitanorum Classe, magnaue onustus præda, Domum rediit; sed & in freto Baltico, ubi pulsus Adversariis & insigni parta victoria, laboranti Daniæ succurrit, & simul Majestatem Reipublicæ asseruit & stabilivit, ac tandem contra universam Regiam Anglorum Classem, cum paucis fortissime dimicans & undique cinctus, ne sic quidem cessit hostibus, sed magna prius edita strage incensaue demum præterea sua nave, Herculeo Exemplo Flammis viam sibi ad superos paratam invenit. Anno ætatatis LV.

Illustriss. & Potentiss: fœderati Belgii Proceres Viro fortiss. optimeque de Rep. merito, monumentum hoc posuere.

Anno reparatæ Salutis
MDCCXVII.

On another side this inscription is observable :

Anno Æræ Christianæ MDCLVIII.

Fæderati Belgii Classis, ductu & Auspiciis Dynastæ de Wassenær Fretum Balticum Ingreditur, afflictisque Daniæ rebus salutarem fert opem, pulsa fugataque post acerrimum prælium adversariorum classe.

On another part of the monument this is inscribed :

MDCLVII.

Classis fæderati Belgii, ductu Dynastæ de Wassenær, prope Ostia Tagi, naves Lusitanicas e Brasilia reductas invadit.

There is something more sacred to his memory on the back part of this famous piece, but the Dark place it faced did not permit the transcribing it. The Base of it is panneled with Tables of Relievo representing his Victories at Sea,—and the dreadful circumstances attending his terrible end. ‘It may suffice for us, that after all his Triumphs and Conquests, Courage and Conduct, he fell a Victim to the valor of our English.’ ”

* * * * *

In the writer's affections, SWEDEN stands second only to his native country, and ~~Holland~~, the land of his ancestors ; and it is hard to believe otherwise than that just and sufficient reasons induced ~~Charles Gustavus~~ to renew the war with Denmark. His manifestoes declare that the Dane was seeking to evade the treaty he had just entered into, and that the preservation of those advantages which Sweden had acquired, rendered an appeal to the sword unavoidable.

In his letter to the Lords of the States-General, the King wrote that he had all-sufficient warrant for the step he was about to take, since Denmark would not faithfully carry out the conditions of the peace concluded but a few months since.

Let PUFFENDORF in Latin, ~~Matthæus Merian~~ in old

and difficult German, and MALLETT in French and Danish, argue the question of the right and wrong. With that we have nothing to do here. Sufficient for our purpose, to know that suddenly, on the 23rd June, 1658, **Charles Gustavus** left Sweden, repaired to Holstein, and, having assembled his land and naval forces, again invested Copenhagen, at once to the astonishment and consternation of its monarch, government and population. This was on the 8th August, 1658.

Thereupon **Charles Gustavus Wrangel**—who had distinguished himself as Commander-in-Chief of the Swedish army at the close of the Thirty Years' War, had acquired also great renown as a naval commander, and had during the previous year excited the envy and gratitude of his monarch by his wonderful capture of the fortress of Fredericia (Fredericksode), in recompense for which he was created Lord High Admiral of the Swedish realm—laid siege to the famous fortress of Kronsborg, and captured it after only a few days of active operations, on the 6th of September, so that the whole islands of Zealand and Amach, with the exception of the Danish capital, were as much at the disposition of the Swedes as their own soil or that of faithful Pomerania.

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Denmark seemed in the supreme hour of her existence. The monarchy—great as was the courage of its rulers and the devotion of its ruled—had not sufficient strength to save itself. It lay prostrate at the feet of the invader, whose sword was at its very throat.

But **Frederic III.** had an ally, whose honor was—

“Proverbial faith, from doubt and stigma free,”

and, in his deep distress, he stretched forth his hands towards Holland. Responsive to his urgent appeal, the

din of preparation resounded in the naval depots of the United Provinces; and, within four weeks, an armament assembled, such as for eighty years the great maritime Republic had not beheld afloat.

Thirty-five ships of war of the largest class and six fire ships, constituted the fleet proper, whose flag-ship, the *Union*, *Endragt*, carried eighty-four guns. Of *Opdam's* lieutenants, the highest in rank was Vice-Admiral *Cornelis Witte de Wittesen*, who hoisted his flag at the fore-top-gallant masthead of the *Brederode* of sixty (forty-eight?) guns, mostly brass; his Rear Admiral was [Schout or Schutz bij Nacht (Flag Captain?)] *De Verhoet*, of the Admiralty College of Rotterdam. Besides these, two other Vice-Admirals' flags were flying in the fleet—that of *Peter Floris* or *Florenteson*, on board the *Joshua*, and that of *Evert Anthonis*, on board the *Countryman* (*Landmann*), sometimes translated *Landowner*, and, again, *The Man of the Land*.

Having thus designated the Flag Ships, it may gratify the curiosity or excite the interest of many readers to furnish the names of those vessels which were most distinguished in the subsequent battle, together with those of their commanders, so far as they are given in the only accessible list appended to the original account in a work published in 1693.

We are the more particular in stating the names of the *Hollanders*, who deserved well of their country on this occasion, as there are so many of the same name in this very State who may be their descendants or connections of their posterity:

The *Wapen van Rotterdam* (Arms of Rotterdam), Captain *Aert Jans van Nees*;—otherwise called the “Young Countryman.”

The *Breda*, Captain *Adrian Brunsfeld*.

The **Staveren** (Staveron), Captain **Jans Caullery**.

The **Wapen van Medenblick**, Captain **Adrian Guttevoyn**.

The **Wapen van Dordrecht**, Captain (afterwards Vice-Admiral) **Jan van der Liefde**.

The **Chaleb**, Captain **Cornelis Slord**.

The **Prinses Louisje** (Princess Louisa), Captain **Jakob Boshansen**.

The **Zon** (Sun), Captain **Dirck Verveen**.

The **Half Maan** (Half Moon), Captain **Jan van Campen**.

The **Duyvenworde**, Captain **Paulus Sonck**.

The **Groeningen**, Captain **Degeling Camp**.

The **West Friesland**, Captain **Dirck Bogart**.

The **Wage** [German; **Balans**, Hollandish,] (the Scales, Balance or Counterpoise), Captain **Claes Sybrants Mol**.

The **Rogge** (Rye or **Renn-Schiff**, or Clipper—so called from the sharpness of that grain?), Captain **Wilhelm Jan Stoffels**.

The **Kasteel van Medenblick**, Captain **Claes Valenhen**.

The **Wapen van Holland**, Captain **Claes Backer**.

The **Gulden Liew**, Captain **Keyns Cornelis Siebenhausen**.

Six vessels of war, armed in flute, served as transports for thirty-eight companies of infantry, amounting in all to two thousand one hundred and ninety-five (some historians say three thousand) men, under the command of Colonel, Lord **Puchler**; Lieutenant-Colonels **Arend** (Arent?) **Jurgen**, **Van Haersholt**, **Mannshart** and **Armeveillers**; and Majors **Jugan Nieuland**, **Van Sante** (Van Zandt?), **Ombres** and **Carry**; while a great number of transports, galliots, and other craft, great and small, eighty in all, loaded with provisions and ammunition, added magnificence to a spectacle such as had

been rarely witnessed before the enormous armaments of the present century have swallowed up the remembrance of all past naval expeditions.

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In order to understand the relative rank of the naval officers present in this action, it will be as well to translate a few passages from a work written in 1756, entitled "*Le Voyageur Francais ou La Connoissance de l'Ancien ou de Nouveau Monde*, published by M. l'Abbe DELAPORTE, printed at Paris, in 1793.

Admiralty Colleges, whose origin it is difficult to discover in Holland, existed already in the sixteenth century. The increase of commerce rendered it necessary to augment the navy, in order to afford it protection, and to impose duties on the entry and clearance of merchandise, to meet the expenses of an immense navigation. Even thus early, the commercial cities at once comprehended this fact, for the marine was not as yet subjected either to laws or fixed regulations.

They created an Admiral, who had the power of selecting a Lieutenant, of appointing Assessors or Judges, and constituting a Tribunal to determine every difference which could arise along the coasts, in the forts, or on the open sea.

This Tribunal was divided into different Colleges; the FIRST, whose department extended along the *Meuse*, had its seat at *Rotterdam*; the SECOND, which commanded on the *Zunder Zee*, was fixed at *Amsterdam*. The THREE others, those of *Zealand*, of *North Holland*, and of *Friesland*, were established respectively at *Middleburg*, at *Hoorn*, and at *Harlingen*. Each College had its Admiral, its Vice-Admiral, its Captains, its Subordinate Officers, and its Counsellors appointed for the towns of its particular department. Their jurisdiction embraced everything connected with navigation, the security of

the ports, and the efficiency of the navy. It was their duty to maintain in readiness for sea a specified number of ships to escort the merchantmen, and they were charged with all the armaments decreed by the States-General. When their **High Mightinesses** had resolved upon a naval Armament, the Council of State addressed a petition to the Provinces, and what they accorded the Admiralties were charged with collecting; and these latter in turn were obliged to report to the Court of Exchequer an exact account of what they expended, as well as what they received.

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The office of Grand-Admiral or Admiral-General was united in the House of Nassau with that of Stadtholder—to whom sometimes was applied an obsolete title, found in the old *THEATRUM EUROPÆUM*, of **Landmann**—the name of one of the ships in **Opdam's** fleet—signifying the Country's Man, the Highest Man in the Land. This officer presided over all the Colleges, and assigned to the fleets their destinations, as well as drew up their sailing orders. The majority of the naval expeditions, however, were made under the command of Lieutenant-Admirals or Vice-Admirals, of the Meuse, of the Zuyder Zee, of North Holland, and of Zeeland. Lieutenant-Admiral **Dr Ruyter**, however, presided over all the Colleges.

The States-General drew up the commissions and instructions of the officer who was to assume the command, and the Colleges delivered their orders to those who were to escort the merchant vessels. Their **High Mightinesses** sometimes vested the authority jointly in the commandant and a council selected from their own body, who discharged in the fleet the same duties as were in like manner exercised in the army."

This explains the different titles accorded in old Histories to Opdam. As the expedition he commanded was fitted out by the nation at large, the authority over it was invested in him as Lieutenant-Admiral of the United Provinces ; whereas his appropriate title was Naval Commander-in-Chief of the Sea Forces—(*Archithalassus*)—or Admiral of the Admiralty-College of Holland and West Friesland. His Rear-Admiral (Schout or Schutz bij Nacht [Commodore?] in Hollandish), however—or to express it literally, Admiral-Quarter-Master (Admiral or General-Wachtmeister, in German,) De Verhoet, belonged to the First Department, the Admiralty College of Rotterdam ; while the oldest Captain, Gerhard Jennis, was from the College of the Northern Quarter, and, as such senior, succeeded to the command of Vice-Admiral Floris, after the death of that gallant seaman, whose ship, the *Joshua*, was inferior alone to that of the Admiral-in-Chief.

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The saving and economical spirit natural to the nation, displayed itself in the smallness of the salaries accorded to naval officers. The Admiral had scarcely more than from sixteen hundred to two thousand dollars a year ; a Vice-Admiral from eight hundred to a thousand, and the other officers in proportion. They were indemnified in a measure by the right of victualing their vessels ; but for this, repayment was often delayed for a long time, and they were furnished no more than two months' provisions in advance. A Captain was compelled to provide the quantity of provisions prescribed, under the penalty of either being cashiered or of subsisting the crew at his own expense for a certain period. The Admiral had no other perquisites than his salary proper, except his proportion of prize money. It was his duty to call together on board

his flag-ship the Council-General, issue orders for the battle, regulate signals ; and if he was killed during the action his vessel still continued to display the distinguishing marks of a flag-ship as well as the appropriate standards, lest their being hauled down should occasion a panic or disconcert the other officers of the fleet.

While thus the service presented so few apparent advantages, derelictions from duty were punished with a liberality in perfect contrast to the economy with which the navy was paid. A Commander or an Admiral who disobeyed his instructions, or spared the enemy in action ; a Captain who, without express orders or the irresistible force of circumstances, separated from the flag-ship or abandoned his position in line, was subject to the penalty of death. After the anchor-watch was set, it was contrary to law to speak in a foreign tongue, to make any signals, to remain up, to go ashore without permission, intending to stay all night, to carry a light about the ship, to smoke elsewhere than in certain designated places, to furnish provisions to those under punishment, to grumble concerning the distribution of provisions, to sell tobacco or brandy, to eat elsewhere than in an individual's own cabin, to appropriate by force or otherwise, or to conceal provisions, or to bring or permit a woman to come on board a vessel of war. The ordinary punishments for the majority of minor breaches of discipline were fines, placing in irons, short rations, or flogging.

But, while in Holland the salaries were comparatively so small, pensions, considering the value of money at that period, were extremely liberal. In the United Provinces, where every citizen was born a prince and soldier of a Republic more commercial than warlike, everything was calculated, every drop of blood shed

in the service of the Fatherland was valued, and in the Collection of these Ordinances there appears a tariff of prices for each different class of wounds. Injuries received in action, or the discharge of any duty, were treated at the public expense. Every person eventually incapacitated thereby from gaining a livelihood, could elect either to receive at once a determined amount or seven francs (about one dollar and forty cents) a week—equal at least to five dollars now, without calculating the economical mode of living two centuries since in Holland, or the far cheaper price of the necessaries of life. Those who continued crippled were paid accordingly; for the loss of both eyes or both arms, seven hundred and fifty dollars; for one eye, one hundred and seventy-five dollars; for the right arm, two hundred and twenty-five dollars; for the left arm, one hundred and seventy-five dollars; for both hands, six hundred dollars; for the right hand, one hundred and seventy-five dollars; for the left hand, one hundred and fifty dollars; for both legs, three hundred and fifty dollars; for one leg, one hundred and seventy-five dollars; for one foot, one hundred dollars; for both feet, two hundred and twenty-five dollars; and for lesser injuries in proportion. These recompenses would appear to have been granted in addition to the pensions already referred to; but, as was remarked before, the amounts must not be considered as values expressed by equal sums of the money of our days, for every dollar then and there would have commanded at least as much as six if not ten dollars would now.

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The promptness with which this munificent assistance was prepared, was due to the exertions of the Hollandish Envoy at the Court of Denmark, Van Ben-

ningen, who, to a sincere affection to the Danish people, added as bitter a dislike for the Swedes.

From the first, he did not attempt to conceal his opposition to the Peace of Roskilde and his total want of confidence in the good faith of the Swedish monarch. His exhortations and assurances of prompt assistance decided the course of the Danish people, and were undoubtedly the great cause of that determined resistance which led to the ultimate triumph of the allies.

He well merited the hatred with which he had inspired the King of Sweden, who accused him of being the author of all the troubles in the north.

It was the fable of the lion in the net and the mouse over again: Van Beuningen was the mouse who freed the Danish lion. The ability, the enmity, the activity of a simple Hollander toppled down all the vast projects and achievements of a great King, who otherwise would have been the absolute master of the Baltic Sea and North of Europe, and looked forward when that was accomplished—which event was not only possible but eminently probable—to leading a powerful armament by sea and by land for the conquest of Italy; and like a second Alaric, imposing the Gothic yoke once more upon that peninsula and the papacy.

What a lesson! man's passion always at war with his judgment, overturning the noblest conceptions of his intellect. Who shall despise the day of small things?

Van Beuningen made his escape from Copenhagen, just in time to evade the blockade by sea and by land. Having inspired the people of that capital with his own indomitable resolution, he communicated a similar feeling to the Norwegians through the ship-masters of that country, whom he encountered in the harbor of Flekkerøe, near Christiansand. Thence, having returned to

Amsterdam, he exerted his natural eloquence against **t**he Swedes, animating his countrymen with a lively and **j**ust resentment, kindred to his own, and aroused them **t**o exertion by the assurances that the safety of their **c**ommerce and the unrestricted navigation of the north-**e**rn seas depended upon the preservation of the integrity of the Danish monarchy.

It needed, however, but little persuasion to convince the Dutch nation of the necessity of prompt action on their part, for the indignation of every class in the Republic had been excited by the first intelligence of the renewed invasion of Zealand by the Swedes. This was greatly increased by the announcement of the capture of Kronborg, which seemed to invest a Prince, both warlike and ambitious, with the command of that Strait through which they carried on one of their most lucrative branches of commerce. They felt that the last event almost placed their Baltic trade at the mercy of a monarch whose feelings were anything but cordial towards them, whose last conquest seemed to have given him the power of augmenting the Sound Dues at his pleasure,—a tribute which the Hollanders had always paid with great unwillingness.

Charles **G**ustavus had flattered himself all the while that in **C**ROMWELL he had a friend who would serve as a counterpoise to the power of the **S**tates-**G**eneral.

He hoped that the **P**ROTECTOR's jealousy of their aggrandizement would lead him to act as a check upon their inclinations. Vain hope ! For once the **P**ROTECTOR coincided with the **G**RAND **P**ENSIONARY, **D**e **W**itt, believing that the ruin of Denmark and the exaltation of Sweden could not be otherwise than dangerous to the liberties of Europe, the free navigation of the northern seas and the commerce of England.

CROMWELL, it is true, *seemed* unwilling to condemn the King of Sweden, without becoming fully acquainted with the motives of his enterprise. His Minister, the notorious Sir GEORGE DOWNING, subsequently so hostile to the United Provinces, was, at this time, in perfect accord with their authorities. He publicly disclaimed against the King of Sweden, accusing him of the worst designs, as evinced in his refusal to receive the mediation of the PROTECTOR, and declared that he was laboring for the ruin of the Protestant faith, by his unprovoked renewal of hostilities against Denmark, rather than the maintenance of its ascendancy, which required that he should turn his victorious arms against its implacable enemies, the Roman Catholic powers.

But England, had her counsels leaned towards hostilities, was not capable at this moment of decided action. Well might her measures lack their wonted vigor. CROMWELL was dying. On the 13th September, 1658, he closed his wonderful career, and, thus, dissipating every fear which the Hollanders could have entertained as to his secret intentions, left them to act as they deemed most consistent with their own interests.

In vain **Charles Gustavus** exhausted every influence he could bring to bear upon the **States-General**. He offered them complete exemption from the Sound Dues and a diminution of every impost to which they had ever been subjected in his recent conquests. He reiterated his assurances of his past and present friendship, his guarantees of unobstructed navigation, and asserted that Denmark, despite the peaceful protestations of her monarch, had formed another league against Sweden, and relied upon the assistance of powers at peace with her, but more particularly that of Holland, to whom he was desirous of affording every satisfaction and redress,

even for supposed grievances. Van Beuningen's representations checkmated all his cajoleries.—The king then resorted to threats, and attempted intimidation. Nor did he neglect to employ the insidious influence of bribery. Twenty thousand crowns (of gold?) were remitted to his Minister, Resident at the Hague, to use, in case that the ultimate sailing of the fleet could not be prevented, in retarding its equipment and departure until an early winter should act as an effectual drawback to any successful naval expedition to the north.

These recourses were as futile as the former. Van Beuningen convinced the States, prepared to believe his statements, that Charles was equally deficient in the power to injure and the good-will to benefit them.

“How disgraceful would it be for a powerful Republic,” were the words of the sagacious Envoy, “to abandon its ally in the hour of his extremest need, and at the same time permit the ruin of its own commerce at the hands of a monarch, himself ruined by his unbri-dled ambition.” The great De Witte, who fully appreciated his subordinate's sagacity, listened to his advice with the greatest alacrity, inasmuch as he knew that England and France looked on approvingly. As for the latter, its Ambassador, M. DE THOU, was a perfect exponent of Cardinal MAZARINE's subtlety. To the world he appeared to countenance the course pursued by Charles X. Gustavus, and even declared that under similar circumstances his master would have acted as the Swedish Monarch had done. Meanwhile, in secret, he advocated the most opposite measures, urging the States-General to put a stop to Sweden's aggressive sallies, and curb an ambition which could

not be otherwise than dangerous to all, but particularly neighboring, countries.

Thus the Dutch nation showed themselves insensible to the offers, threats and caresses of the Swedish Crown, and daily became more determined to carry out their plans. And, thenceforward, assured by avowals coincident with their own views, the **States-General** suffered nothing to delay the completion of their armament, which speedily and effectually muzzled that triple-crowned Lion, which had hitherto rent and put to flight every power that had opposed its progress.

Charles Gustavus, hero, monarch; conqueror of Poland, and victor of Denmark; worthy pupil of great **Corstenson**, master of the art of war; had deemed it unworthy of his exaltation to conciliate or respect the feelings of a simple gentleman of Holland, and the intellect of the citizen of a Republic, whose interests he represented, proved mightier than the armaments of the King.

The soul of **Van Benningen** preserved Copenhagen, and the spirit of **Opdam** dissipated the naval might of Sweden.

While the Danes were thus doing all they could for themselves, and the Hollanders were making every effort to assist them, the summer winds were fighting for the Swedes, even as the winter ice had lent its aid to further their designs.

Hindered by contrary winds, **Opdam's** Armada was detained for four weeks in the port of Flushing. At length, however, it was enabled to put to sea, the 18th (28th) Oct. came to anchor off the Schaggen (Skagen) or Skaw, that terrible northernmost point of Jutland, when it took the wind from the south, and having passed through the Cattegat on the 26th (5th November)

October anchored again (off Soburg?) at the entrance of the Sound (*Øre Sund*) on the edge of the *Lappe* bank—so called from its fancied resemblance to the horns of the iron shoe with which a pile is shod—which stretches northeasterly along the coast of Zealand, commencing at the point on which stands Elsinore.

What a joyous event for the inhabitants of Copenhagen, who were already subjected to the extremity of suffering. Not only were provisions very scarce, but fuel had entirely failed, so that the people were forced to burn the frames and furniture of the buildings injured by the besiegers' projectiles to cook what little food remained. The valor and fortitude exhibited by the Danes alone could have compensated for the delays occasioned by the hostile winds.

On the other hand, what a bitter spectacle for the King of Sweden, who, from the windows of Kronborg Castle, could easily distinguish thirty-five vessels of the first class proudly covering the numerous array of transports, laden with provisions, munitions and troops. The sight of such a threatening, and, even to the last, unlooked for apparition, rendered the hitherto indomitable *Charles* irresolute. When the news of its approach was first received, he had slackened his siege of operations before Copenhagen and led back with him, to Kronborg, two thousand of his veteran infantry to reinforce the personal of the fleet, and act thereon as the marines of the present day.

His fleet, which was composed, according to the admission of the King's biographer and eulogist, *PUFENDORF*, of forty-two or forty-five (he gives both numbers) ships of the first class—(other historians rate it as high as forty-eight and even fifty-four—which last

estimate the writer is inclined to believe as by far the most correct)—was in as effective a condition as that of the Hollanders ; and, had it desired to measure its strength in true sailor fashion, could have done so at any time for several days, since the wind which had arrested **Opdam** would have favored all its movements. Such a course was advised by the daring **Wrangel**, who exercised the office of Lord High Admiral of Sweden. This noble man—distinguished alike upon sea and land—strange as it would appear at the present day, was second only to the King in the army, had no superior in the fleet, which latter he had more than once commanded with honor to himself and glory to his country.

As a General, his services during the Thirty Years' War had placed him in the first rank of his profession. His only superiors in the art of war were **Gustavus Adolphus**, **Corstenson**, **Saxe-Weimar**, and **Bauer**, while, as an Admiral, he had proved himself a worthy opponent of Denmark's Sailor-King, **Christian IV**. On the 1st August, 1644, he saved the Swedish fleet by his decision and masterly ability, and on the 13th October of the same year, he annihilated that monarch's armada and remained the master of the Danish seas.

Thus, in its strength, efficiency, and the renown of its commander-in-chief, the Swedish naval preparation was worthy to contest the sovereignty of the Baltic Sea with the Hollanders.

As **GRATTAN** remarks, this "intrepid successor (**Opdam**) of the immortal **Van Tromp**, soon came to blows with a rival worthy to meet him."

Wrangel, and other bold and patriotic advisers, besought the King to lose not a moment, but to attack the Hollanders while at anchor upon the **Lappe** bank, urging that if the wind changed **Opdam** would be ena-

bled to slip by, impelled by a strong breeze and rapid tide, almost, if not altogether, without fighting.

What was more, if it were lawful for the Hollanders, while at peace with Sweden, to bring assistance to her enemies and succor them by force of arms, it was equally proper for the Swedes to do their utmost to intercept the Hollandish convoy and resist their interference in behalf of the Danes. Again, should the Hollanders be suddenly attacked while at anchor and not expecting decided measures, they would have to slip or cut their cables, not having time sufficient to heave up their anchors. In that case, if worsted or much damaged, even although successful, they could not make ports in Norway or Holland, with the wind blowing into the Sound. In either case, should the winter set in, Copenhagen must fall before they could again return in force sufficient, and in the meanwhile, the inhabitants would sink in utter despair at the repulse or destruction of the succor on which all their hopes of resistance were based.

Charles at first inclined to this opinion, and determined to avail himself of his numerical superiority, and endeavor, by taking advantage of concurrent circumstances, the favoring wind, calm sea and tide, to revive the naval tactics of the ancient Romans and Carthaginians, and without attempting to manœuver, to decide the question by a combat, hand to hand, on the decks of the vessels grappled and lashed together, constituting, as it were, so many little arenas or battle-fields, or, by boarding, carry the Hollandish ships, even as Wrangel had made himself master in the preceding year, 1657, of Fredericia, by one of the most daring storms which history chronicles. Had this plan been acted on, a naval battle, identical in many features with NELSON's triumph at the *Nile*, might have been fought

a century and a half sooner at the mouth of the Sound—with this difference, however, the writer believes, that the assailed and not the assailants would have borne off the palm of victory.

One project of the Swedish Sovereign had no antecedent in military expedients, except perhaps in the felicitous measures adopted by ALEXANDER FARNESE, III^d DUKE OF PARMA, at the siege of Antwerp, in 1584. This plan was, to anchor his men-of-war in a line across the whole strait, and bind them one to another, so as to form, by means of platforms, a continuous bridge or barrier almost from shore to shore, whose either extremity would be defended by the most powerful land defences. By this means he hoped to derive every possible advantage from the superiority of his land troops, whose admirable discipline and valor, stimulated by a long course of victory, could be exerted almost in as great a degree as upon land. Directed in mass upon whatever point required their presence, these iron men could board, or rather march to the assault as it were, in column, and display their experience against the Hollandish seamen, unaccustomed to such a mode of fighting. To a certain degree, this might have appeared well enough in theory; but such an idea, however feasible in imagination, was unworthy the reflection of a General or practised leader possessed of *common* sense, for a few fire-ships could have destroyed the whole arrangement, and occasioned such terror or confusion among vessels over-crowded with landsmen as would have required no farther efforts on the part of Opdam to insure their complete ruin. But, even without this expedient, the combined shock and broadsides of a small squadron, of *first-rates*, would have broken through the Swedish line, thenceforward at the

mercy of agile antagonists, who, without suffering themselves, could have destroyed their opponents, unmanageable in consequence of the very measures taken to render their resistance more effectual.

“But Heaven,”—said the French Ambassador and agreeable writer, TERLON,—“willed it otherwise, and caused the Swedes to lose this, so favorable an opportunity ; for if it should have happened that the Hollanders had been forced to put to sea, Copenhagen could not have profited at once by the assistance which they brought ; and however slight the damage their fleet might have sustained they would have been obliged to wait for re-inforcements, which it would have required a long time to bring into the field.”

“Moreover,” adds MALLETT, “this view of the case seemed so much the more reasonable, inasmuch as the Hollanders, having the wind dead ahead, could not, whatever success might have attended their arms, have found ports wherein to repair damages nearer than those of Norway, or even their own—which were [not only] quite distant [but difficult of access, unless the winds were propitious].”

When the expectant continent learned that a military genius such as CHARLES GUSTAVUS had allowed such an opportunity of attacking his opponents to advantage to escape him, it had good reasons to suppose that the most specious reasons had influenced his decision.

There can be little doubt but that he was strongly actuated by a desire to order matters in such wise that the ~~States-General~~ should be the aggressor, so that they should not be compelled, in case of a reverse, or the failure of their plans, to exert their whole strength against him.

Moreover, he feared, with good reasons, that the defeat of his navy would irretrievably injure his repu-

tation, resuscitate and exalt the courage of his enemies, and peradventure even array new and dangerous foes on the side of those already in arms.

Many of his oldest counsellors whom he had summoned to his side in this emergency, were of opinion that he should not attack the Hollanders until after they had passed through the Sound and demonstrated beyond question their intention to open the roadstead of Copenhagen by force, violate the blockade, and succor his enemies. These circumspect counsellors added that the Swedish fleet, if it awaited the attack of the enemy, would receive the most powerful support, in such a narrow strait as the Sound, from the batteries of the two fortresses on either hand, which defended its entrance, and that the roadsteads covered by their guns, likewise the sure and accessible port of Landskrona, would serve as harbors of refuge for his own vessels, in case of any disaster.

Charles, unfortunately for his reputation and success, turned a deaf ear to Wrangel's advice and the counsels of his own experience, which should have taught him that fearless and energetic action often commands success against odds and circumstancess, and decided upon following the suggestions last above expressed.

He ordered his fleet to await that of the Hollanders in the Sound. From the first, he would not be persuaded that the ~~States-General~~ would undertake such an expedition so late in the autumn, with all the terrors of a northern winter close at hand, nor adventure such unprecedented and aggressive measures against the crown of Sweden, without first attempting to bring about an arrangement or offering terms of composition. And he tried to deceive himself with the hope that their fleet, which lay so quietly at anchor, would even yet flinch from resorting to such an apparently

desperate attempt as forcing its passage in the teeth of his reputation, his batteries, his forts, and his fleet.

Nevertheless, when he became satisfied that the **States-General** had decided to thwart his projects, he determined to carry them on in face of every hostile preparation, neglecting nothing which could protect his interests. In accordance with this resolve, he made every arrangement which could secure his acquisitions and maintain his position under all the apprehended dangers. He charged his Admiral to complete the provisioning and armament of his vessels; he continued to reinforce their crews with his boldest veteran soldiers, and lined the shores of Sweden and Zealand, also those of the island of Hven, with artillery, and stationed large bodies of troops so that they might be able not only to act offensively but defensively, in case that his own ships should be forced to run ashore or anchor near them in distress. The King likewise gave specific instruction to his Admirals as to what course he should pursue in case the Hollanders undertook to force the passage, reiterating his orders to all his officers as to the conduct he expected from them, appealing to their honor, reminding them of the duty and obligations both to him their monarch, and their Fatherland (*Fæderland*); he even added that whoever had no desire to fight was at liberty to quit his post. All that he asked was, that they should make up their minds and act on the permission in time.

So everything remained tranquil for several days, except the King himself, who, full of contending hopes and fears, without ceasing, rode up and down that part of the shore off which lay floating the Armada of his enemy, so near, indeed, that he could not only count them but distinguish them one from another.

On the 26th October (5th November), **Opdam** first

anchored off the *Lappen*; the next day, 27th October, (6th November,) he drifted up from five to six miles nearer (about three miles this side of *Kol*, on the Zealand side,) not far from the King's-Inn (*König's-Krug*), and anchored again.

The rest of that day, and the next day, 28th October, (7th November,) the Hollanders kept so quiet—sending off no boats nor making any movement which could afford the slightest clue to their intentions—that COLERIDGE'S lines seem almost appropriate to their inaction. Each vessel lay—

"As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

From the 26th October (5th November) until midnight, 28th–29th October, (7th–8th November,) the Hollanders lay along the *Lappen*, obstructed by the calms or baffling breezes peculiar to this vicinity, when the wind began to blow fresh from the northwest, so that *Opdam* hoped he would be enabled to force the passage, favored by a steady breeze on his port-quarter. At daylight, 3 (to 4) P. M., as soon as the wind was in the north, *Opdam* made the signal, and each of his ships weighed anchor at once, so that they were all under way by 5 o'clock, Vice-Admiral *Witte de Wittesen* leading with his squadron under short sail, so that he would cover those astern; and thus the whole fleet, in mass, could force the passage. But the wind, which was strong at sunrise, subsequently slackened so that it was about 8 o'clock before they were up with *Kronborg*.

The Hollanders entered the Sound proper in three divisions—the first, or vanguard, commanded by *Witte de Wittesen*, in the *Brederode* of sixty guns; the second, or center, under the Admiral-in-Chief himself, in the *Union* carrying eighty-four guns; and the third, or rear, under Vice-Admiral *Peter Floris*, in the *Joshua*.

As soon as they came in sight, **Wrangel**, who was on the lookout, and ready, made sail likewise, and having divided his fleet into four divisions (**MALLET** says only three), set the signal for close action.

The first, consisting of eleven ships, was commanded by a Hollander, Vice-Admiral **Henry Gerdson** or **Geertzen**, a native of Zealand, one of the United Provinces, who, having gained his promotion in the service of **Charles X.**, now found himself opposed to his own countrymen. His flag-ship was the **Cæsar**.

The second or main battle, consisting of eleven ships, was under the direction of Admiral **Wrangel** himself, in the **Victory (Victoria)** carrying fifty iron 50-pounders, or 24-pounders, which, is not certain—[the original word, a **galbe-kartaune** or **Carthaune** (demi-cartanne or coulevrine, French), signifying either one or the other of those calibres, according to the era, more or less remote, in which it was employed—but most likely the former, since the **Victoria's** broadside, as we shall see, took such tremendous effect on a Hollandish *first-rate*, as to put it almost at once *hors de combat*]—besides other brass pieces of different calibres, an unusual weight of metal for the period of which this treats.

The third, consisting of twelve ships, under **Claud Bielkenstierna**, in the **Crown** [(**Krone**) **Corona**] or **Three-Crowns (Drey-Kronen)**.

The fourth, reserve or “ambuscade,” consisting of eleven ships, was led by another **Wrangel** [**Gustav**], in the **Hercules**.

This accounts for forty-five ships; and **MALLET** claims, while **PUFENDORF** admits, that the Swedish Admiral-in-Chief placed eight ships in reserve, behind the island of **Huen** (**Huen** or **Woen**), which makes the strength of the Swedish fleet mount up to fifty-three.

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NAMES OF THE SWEDISH SHIPS IN ORDER OF BATTLE.

First Division.

- (1) 1. CÆSAR.
- (II.) 2. APOLLO. (III.) 3. CERVUS—Stag. (IV.) 4. WESTERWYK
- (V.) 5. AMARANTH
- (VI.) CYGNUS—Swan (VII.) 7. { LUNA DIMIDIATA,
Half Moon. (VIII.) 8. FIDES—Faith
- (IX.) 9. WISMAR.
- (X.) 10. SUDERMANIA. (XI.) 11. OSTROGOTHIA.

Second Division, or Main Battle.

Centre of Second Line.

- (XII) 1. VICTORIA—Victory.
- (XIII) 2. { Lucifer, or
Morgen—Stern—
Morning-Star ; (XIV.) 3. FALCON. (XV.) 4. SWORD
Vice Admiral's
Flag Ship.
- (XVI.) 5. { CORONA—Crown or Drey—Bronen—
Crown or Three Crowns ;
Vice-Admiral's Flag-Ship.
- (XVII.) 6. PELICAN. (XVIII.) 7. MERCURY. (XIX.) 8. MARS
- (XX.) 9. LUNA—Moon.
- (XXI.) 10. SAMSON(1st). (XXII.) 11. AQUILA—Eagle

Third Division.

Forming—if, according to the Arrangement of PUFENDORF, the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Divisions were in Line—the WING on the LEFT of the CENTRE Squadron, in the same manner that the FOURTH constituted the RIGHT.

- (XXIII.) 1. DRACO—Dragon.
- (XXIV.) 2. { STELLA POLARIS
or Nord Pol ; (XXV.) 3. VENATOR— (XXVI.) 4. { SIMSON.
Nord Stern— Hunter. Swedish for
North Star. SAMSON.(2d).
- (XXVII.) 5. { CAROLUS—Charles ;
Vice Admirals' Flag Ship.
- (XXVIII.) 6. JOHANNES. (XXIX.) 7. DAVID. (XXX.) 8. LEOPOLD.
- (XXXI.) 9. FALCON (2d).
- (XXXII.) 10. DELMEN HORST. (XXXIII.) 11. { CASTELLUM— (XXXIV.) 12. RAPHAEL.
Castle.

Fourth Division.

Reserve or Ambuscade.

(XXXV.) 1. HERCULES.

(XXXVI.) 2.	{	ROSE, or Sapen (Arms) van Schagen.	(XXXVII.) 3.	{	ACCIPITER— Hawk Scepter	(XXXVIII.) 4.	{	SMALAN- DIA.
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(XXXIX.) 5. MARIA.

(XL.) 6. PHOENIX.

(XLI.) 7. ANGERMANIA.

(XLII.) 8. { CYGNUS (2d)—
Swan.

(XLIII.) 9. LEO SUEDICUS—Swedish Lion.

(XLIV.) 10. SALVATOR—Preserver.

(XLV.) 11. FORTUNA—Fortune.

The fact that there are three ships whose names are repeated in other Squadrons, may arise from an error, or from changes of place during the action. Either case would account for the discrepancy between the different statements made by the Swedes with regard to their own fleet. PUFENDORF'S great work was written under the patronage of the Swedish sovereign, CHARLES XI., and illustrated by the most distinguished engravers of Europe [among whom the celebrated NICHOLAS PITAU, of Antwerp,] from drawings made by Count DAHLBERG, Lieutenant-General of Engineers [Locum tenens supremi castrorum metatoris], and one of the best general officers of CHARLES X. GUSTAVUS. It is then but fair to suppose that PUFENDORF was perfectly acquainted with the facts of which he treated.

The foregoing List was taken from a beautiful representation of the Battle in his book. Had it been furnished by a Hollander, the Swedes might question its correctness, but, taken by a Swede, it cannot be supposed that the forces of their country are exaggerated.

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How, with these circumstances before them, the Swedes can assert they had but forty-two ships, the

writer cannot understand. If the last eight did not take any part in the action, it reflects disgrace upon their officers without detracting from the glory of the Hollanders.

This now seems to be the appropriate place to endeavor to describe the beauty and diversity of the encompassing scenery, although words can scarcely do justice to the subject, taking into consideration not only the natural features but the presence of such mighty armaments, blending together the lovely, the grand and the terrible.

“The views along the whole of the northern coast,” [of Zealand,] says **Kohl**, the noted traveler, “over the Sound, to the Kullen in Sweden, and toward the castle of Kronborg, are enchanting, and black ink, white paper, and a goose-quill, can give no adequate idea of them.”

The Sound or **Ore Sund** (so called from the fancied resemblance of the outline of its coast to that of the human ear)—a continuation, arm, or contraction of the Cattegat—connecting the Baltic with the North Sea, is in itself one of the most remarkable localities in the world. Its breadth, at the narrowest point, does not exceed a short French league, or, to estimate exactly, 1331 fathoms (*Brasses*); less than two geographical miles, although authorities in general put it at three (statute?) miles.

The marine painter could desire no more admirable ground for his studies.

On the Zealand shore, beautifully situated upon a declivity sloping to the shore, appeared **Elsinore**, quite a large place, even at this era, then, as yet, only second to **Copenhagen** in riches and importance, rising around its ancient Cathedral, and under the protection of the famous castle of Kronborg—at once a palace, fortress,

and state prison—at the extremity of a peninsular promontory, in closest proximity to Sweden.

The castle itself, a grand quadrangular structure of **white** stone—dressed and disposed in large blocks—**was** built in 1574–1584, during the reign of **Frederic II.**, **and** either under the supervision or after the designs of the celebrated **Tycho Brahe**. Its architecture is of the Gothic-Byzantine order, and in some respects would remind the traveler of Heidelberg. At either corner rose a lofty tower, the north-western or great tower serving as a light house, whence the view was unexcelled. This noble building stood within an irregular fortified parallelogram, greatly strengthened and added to in latter times.

Under the castle stretched deep and gloomy casemates, capable of holding a thousand men, in one of whose dark and mysterious vaults tradition holds that Denmark's Roland, **Holger Danske**, awaits the hour when his country's danger will evoke the giant form, to head its armies and retrieve the state. Had the winds much longer delayed the progress of **Opdam**, the truth of this wild legend would have been tested, unless the mighty **Koempe's** beard had actually grown fast, for good and aye, to the stone table before which he sits, expectant of the summons.

Opposite, upon the Scanian coast, stood **Helsingborg**, at the foot, and on the slope of a mountain, and under the shadow of its ancient castle, now in ruins. Previous to 1673 it was one of Sweden's fortified seaports, but, since that date, it has been almost entirely destroyed in the wars which devastated these coasts.

To the northward, along the Cattegat, the Swedish shores are steep and rocky, whereas they sink towards the south ; and the roofs, towers and spires of **Lands-crona** and distant **Malmö**, likewise of famous, inland

Lund—whose origin dates back beyond the Christian era—rose in a comparatively level country. On the other hand, the Danish sea-line presented, from point to point, ridges of sand. These deformities, however, constituted exceptions; for, in general, the Zealand coast was diversified with cultivated fields, luxuriant meadows, slopes and pasture lands, and was covered with shady woods, hamlets, villages and villas, while frequent palaces, the summer resort of the king and his nobility, denoted the approach to a rich and populous capital.

Eight miles south of Helsingborg and fourteen north of Copenhagen, lies the picturesque island of **Hven**, about six miles in circumference, whose single village lay scattered amid holts and groves, and fertile meads and corn lands. Its loftiest elevation rises crowned with the ruins of **Tycho Brahe's** magnificent observatory, or rather castle, which he styled **Uranienborg**, or Palace of the Heavens, in which he received princes and dispensed a princely hospitality, promoting science by his liberality as well as his labors. Upon this superb edifice, the great and generous Astronomer expended one hundred thousand crowns of his own, besides the munificent allowances of his King. Uranienborg was devoted to his observations by night, while an elegant pavilion, styled **Stelleborg**, Castle of the Stars, was assigned to those of the day.

Almost directly opposite the southern point of this island, and the Swedish shore, and in full sight of Elsinore, stood the fortified seaport of **Landskrona**, and on the Danish coast the pretty village of **Holte** or **Grosbeck**.

Beyond Hven, the islands of **Saltholm**, submerged at times, and **Amack**, one flat and teeming garden, except so much as was covered by **Christianhaven**, the third division, and the suburbs, of the capital, appear-

ed in the widest reach of the channel. The latter owed much of its productiveness to a colony of **Hollanders**, called **Armagers**, settled upon it in 1516, by **Christian II.**, whose thrift not only developed the resources of the land, but excited the industry of the original inhabitants.

Last, and farthest in the distance, to the south, but partly in full view, stood **Copenhagen**, invested with an air of grandeur, while its suburbs and dependent villages on the isle of Amack added an agreeable variety to the stateliness of the city. But little idea of the capital, as it then was, can be formed from its aspect at the present day, since, in 1728, a fire which raged for forty-eight hours, and defied the efforts of man, laid waste to the largest and finest portion of the city.

Twenty-four streets, numerous public places, sixteen hundred and fifty houses, five churches, the University, the City Hall, and a large number of palaces and imposing edifices, were razed to their very foundations. The valuable Library of the Round Tower was consumed, together with its collections of twenty thousand manuscripts, and the famous philosophical and astronomical instruments which had once belonged to **Tycho Brahe**.

This tower, whose solidity enabled it to resist the fury of the flames, is even yet one of the finest Observatories assigned to scientific discovery. From its summit—to which, in 1716, by the spiral ascent within, **Peter** the Great amused himself by mounting on horseback, and, upon one occasion, actually escorted his Empress, in a coach and four; the spire of the Church of Our Lady—destroyed during the English bombardment in 1807; and the curious tower of the Church of Our Redeemer, as well as other lofty points,—every incident of the momentous conflict between **Opdam** and the Swedes was visible to the agitated throngs upon them.

except when the smoke of the explosions shrouded the scene in its murky, surphurous canopy.

Such is the word-picture of that wonderful marine basin, whose tranquil beauty would have awakened the admiration of the dullest. It possessed, however, a double interest in the ever-changing panoramic effects afforded by the daily passage, even at this early date, of from seven to eight thousand vessels every year.

SOUTHEY, in his life of NELSON, with an Englishman's usual arrogance, asserts that the Sound had never exhibited so busy or splendid a scene as on the 29th--30th March, 1801, when the British fleet, under PARKER and NELSON, consisting of sixteen ships of the line and thirty-five smaller vessels, prepared to force that passage where, till then, every topsail had been veiled in deference to the supremacy of Denmark.

Ignorant or oblivious of the past, he forgot that the **Hollanders** and **Swedes** had both, in that same strait, contested the possession of that right. What is more, on the day we treat of, 8th (9th?) November (N.S.), 1658, the spectacle was rendered doubly as imposing by the display of two magnificent fleets, each of which exceeded in number that which England, without a declaration of war, sent forth, as secretly as possible, to plunder Denmark, comparatively unprepared.

On that dreadful morning an armament, which had roused the energies of England's worthiest and as yet unconquered naval rival, Holland, and an antagonistic preparation to which triumphant Sweden had bent her mightiest efforts, were gradually drawing together to dispute the sovereignty of a sea of momentous importance to an empire and kingdoms, and to decide the fate of an ancient monarchy in the presence of a crowned hero, whose life had been one succession of illustrious deeds, agitated, torn with emotion, about to witness

the crowning or paralysis of his fortune and his glory ; of an army, victorious through forty years of incessant combat, commanded by a company of paladins whose fame was second only to that of their supreme chiefs ; of an immense crowd of people, whom either curiosity, loyalty, fear or hope, had drawn together on either shore ; and, then, a few miles farther on, of the population of a mighty capital, their king, his family, his servitors, reduced to the last extremities, counting every moment, drinking in the confused and hoarse resonance of the distant cannonade, whose echoes, drifting to their ears upon the tide and wind, were pronouncing their sentence of destruction as a nation, or their independence as a sovereign people. Nothing was wanting which could have lent an interest to the hour and the scene. Such was the importance of this memorable day, whose result all Europe awaited with inquietude.

It was a *naumachia* on an immense scale, in a natural arena of commensurate grandeur ; the spectators were a mighty conqueror, his fire-baptized generals, officers and troops, many sprinkled with the blood of fifty years of battle, and two nations whose renown was lighted at the funeral pyre of the Roman empire ; the stake, the independence of a brave and manly people ; the prize, a crown, whose wearers had given conquerors to Rome and kings to Britain, whose swords had been the terror of every shore comprised within the limits of the *Vetus Orbis*.

Thus, all attent, between 8 and 9 o'clock A. M., the leading division of the Hollandish fleet came abreast of the outer bastion of Kronborg castle.

Immediately succeeded a perfect *coup de theatre*.

No sooner were the ships in face of the stern, old, bristling fortress, to whose ramparts the genius of

SHAKESPEARE has lent such a world-wide celebrity, than the Swedish monarch, who, thence, had watched their every movement with anxious attention, cast down his truncheon and gave the preconcerted signal for the opening of the combat.

With his own hand he applied the linstock to the first cannon fired, and ordered that a continual discharge should be kept up on the Hollanders, as well from the artillery of this fortress and the adjacent batteries, as from those of Helsingborg and of the opposite coast. But this cross-fire, from guns of the heaviest calibre, then in use—(100-pounders and 50-pounders, or 48-pounders and 24-pounders; for *Canje* and *Halbe-kartauns*—heavy pieces, remarkable for their shortness and thickness—signify both those calibres)—on which he and his counsellors had placed such reliance, produced as little effect as when PARKER and NELSON, subsequently, in 1801, forced the passage. The danger, however, to which the English boasted that they were exposed, was nothing in comparison to that which the Hollanders, had it existed in reality, defied; for, in the case of the former, the batteries upon the Swedish coast, from which the latter suffered most, were neutral and silent, so that, keeping close to the northern shore, they were almost entirely out of the range of those opposite. It does not appear that the Hollanders lost a single man by the Kronborg guns, although the projectiles from Helsingborg—over a mile distant—occasioned a few casualties: a shell discharged thence, which burst on board the ship of Vice-Admiral *Floris*, struck down three of his crew. The Swedes admit that very few of their balls took effect, whereas the broadsides of the Hollanders carried to either shore, and often made their way even into the royal apartments of Kronborg Castle, whence the Swedish

Queen, **Hedwiga Eleanora**, youngest daughter of **Frederic**, Duke of **HOLSTEIN-GOTTORP**, and the whole court, were looking out upon the battle. One ball came near taking the life of the sister of the King of Sweden, wife of the **COUNT DE LA GARDIE**. It penetrated into the private apartment of that Princess, and did great damage therein.

Working their way through, thus, between the forts, and, impelled by the wind and tide, between 9 and 10 A. M., the Hollanders came up with the Swedes, and joined battle at once.

Wrangel, burning with impatience to signalize himself by a new and brilliant achievement, had commanded his principal officers to do their utmost to board the Hollandish Admiral and Vice-Admirals, and, desirous of animating them by his example, ordered his own ship to head for them, directing his efforts with more impetuosity than prudence. His idea, no doubt, was to head them off, double upon them, and capture or force them ashore.

This result was prevented, as might have been expected, by the fact that the Hollanders had both the wind and a strong current in their favor. Nevertheless, it was so far successful that the majority were compelled to cut their way through, keeping close to the Zealand shore, and exposed all the while to the batteries thereon, as well as to the fire of Kronborg Castle.

Throughout this description, the words *tide* and *current* are used indiscriminately, although strictly speaking there is no such thing as a *perceptible* tide in the Cattegat, Sound, or Baltic. The Sound pilots use the term "tide" to express the current when it *sets in* from the Cattegat to the Baltic, and call the prevailing flow outwards the current or stream. Currents and changes in the Baltic sea-level are occasioned by strong

winds, so that mariners must always expect and allow for a lee tide. Consequently, as the wind was blowing directly into the Sound the in-draught, tide, or current, was setting the Hollanders imperceptibly but irresistibly towards their destination.

· **Wrangel's** ship, the **VICTORY**, carrying guns as heavy as the land artillery of the largest calibre, delivered its first broadside into the **Brederode**, at such short range, that he was able to follow it up by a tremendous fire of musketry, which covered the latter's deck with dead and wounded.

Witte de Wittesen—endeavoring at the very time to board one of the Swedish *heaviest rates*, which ran from his attack—was so much crippled thereby that **Wrangel**, judging from appearances, supposed that he was completely *hors de combat*, and, hailing, ordered him to haul down his flag.

The noble **Opdam**, however, was at hand. Though suffering extreme anguish from an attack of gout in both feet, and unable to stand, he had caused himself to be carried on deck and placed in a chair at the foot of his mainmast, whence he gave his orders with alike admirable coolness and precision, and directed all the movements of the fight with mingled energy and composure. Seeing the desperate position of his Lieutenant, already surrounded by five Swedes, he abandoned the pursuit of another of **Wrangel's** finest ships, and thrust the **Union** in between, working into the press or jam, so that, wedging them apart, he drew upon himself, in a great measure, the attention and efforts of the enemy.

At the same time, **Witte de Wittesen** brought his ship up into the wind, exerting such admirable seamanship that he escaped the grappling irons thrown from the **VICTORIA**, expecting every moment to lay him aboard.

Although thus relieved from the attack of the Swedish Commander-in-Chief, the **Brederoë**, already sadly shattered, almost immediately afterward received both the broadsides of Vice-Admiral **Bielkenstierna's** flag-ship, the **DRACO**, and was boarded not only by the crew of that vessel but those of four others, which, having grappled with her, forced her toward the *Lime-Kilns* on shore, in four fathoms water. After a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, the Swedes mastered **Witte de Wittesen's** vessel, cut down every one they encountered under arms, and made prisoners of one hundred and fifty men, besides sixty wounded. The number of dead could not be ascertained, for the **Brederoë** sank almost immediately after, carrying down with her the Swedish man-of-war next alongside. Vice-Admiral **Witte de Wittesen**, who had early received a mortal wound in the hip, continued to defend himself to the last. Unable to stand up, he sat with his naked sword upon his knee, giving his orders, until, convinced of the impossibility of farther resistance, when, seeing the merciless slaughter around him, he demanded "if the Swedes gave no quarter." To which they replied, "If he gave up his sword his life would be spared." Thereupon two Swedish musketeers attempted to take it from him, but he still defended himself, saying, that as he had carried it for more than thirty years for the **Vaderland**, he certainly would not deliver it up into the hands of common soldiers. Then two Captains stepped forward and received the honored weapon.

An hour and a half after the engagement was ended, according to one account. this gallant sailor expired from the effects of his wound. To the disgrace of the Swedes, the **THEATRUM EUROPEUM** informs us that, having removed his corpse from his flag-ship before it sank, and brought it on shore, they permitted it to be

stripped of its clothing, covered it with varnish, and exposed it to the public gaze in the court-house of Elsinore, where every one who desired was allowed to examine and even handle the wounds. Subsequently his body was given up on the demand of Admiral **Opdam**.

In justice to a most gallant people we rejoice to add that **M. BASNAGE**, Historian to the United Provinces, furnishes totally different testimony. He says that the Swedes had scarcely time to rescue **Witte de Wittesen's** dead body from the sinking vessel before it was swallowed up by the sea. After the action, **Charles X. Gustavus**, who had been an eye-witness of his extraordinary valor, showed him all the respect and honors which were due to so great a man. After having clothed his corpse in a suit of white satin, according to the custom of the country, it was placed in a coffin, covered with black cloth embroidered with his armorial bearings, and dispatched to Lieutenant-Admiral **Opdam**, in a galliot painted black and decorated with streamers and pendants of crape. This funereal craft entered the port of Copenhagen amid mournful fanfares of trumpets, whose lugubrious sounds announced to the world that a great King and a renowned warrior thus rendered due homage to the merit of a deceased enemy. His body was afterwards transported to Holland, together with that of Vice-Admiral **Floris**—slain shortly after his superior—and the **States-General** accorded them the most pompous funeral ceremonies. **Witte de Wittesen** was buried in a magnificent manner, under a fine and sumptuous monument, in the Church of **St. Laurens**, at **Rotterdam**.

This distinguished mariner owed nothing to fortune, but everything to his own merit, rising, grade by grade, from the humble station of a common sailor to the rank

of Senior Vice-Admiral of the United Provinces, an enviable position to which he ascended, step after step, as it were, founded upon his own resplendent deeds.

After the death of **Van Tromp**, the Elder, the supreme command of the Hollandish fleet belonged to **Witte de Wittesen**, by right of seniority. No one denied his claim to the distinction and authority, but his appointment would have occasioned a general mutiny. Such was his awful severity that neither officers nor seamen would submit to it when unchecked by the influence of a superior power. Nevertheless, no one dared to wrong him by placing an inferior over him ; and consequently, to remedy the difficulty, the **States-General** transferred **Opdam** from the land to the naval service, considering that his noble birth and ancient race, which gave him a social position far above all others, would command the respect and obedience of every individual in the navy. Moreover, while the dignity of his name carried such influence with it, his consummate prudence supplied his want of experience in maritime affairs. At the present day such reasoning would be deemed absurd ; two hundred years ago a counter argument would have had no weight.

From the King of France **Witte de Wittesen** had received a title of nobility and the order of St. Michael, as the recompense of his eminent services at the sieges of Mardyck and Dunkirk. Thus, after having passed unscathed through many battles, in all of which he displayed unquestionable ability and courage, he fell in that of the Sound or Baltic, fighting in defence of the rights of his country's ally, as gloriously as he had lived and asserted her own.

But, perhaps after all, there is no real discrepancy in these two statements. In the XVIIth century, war still retained much of its original barbarity, and the

conduct of the Swedes might have reflected the phases of the conflict. Expecting to triumph, while influenced by the idea of superior strength, their indignation at the action of the Hollanders may have found alleviation in their treatment of the body of one of the Dutch leaders—a conduct which would have been highly impolitic when his countrymen were victorious and controlled the fate of the Swedish marine.

Although a digression, the reader will here pardon a few remarks, called forth by the end of this sea-chief.

Promotion in the Dutch navy was the avenue to a certain apotheosis in the Temple of Glory. Six, if not seven Hollandish Admirals-in-Chief, in succession perished on their quarter-decks, in the embrace of Victory; and how many Vice-Admirals ceased at once to live and to conquer beneath the tri-colored flag, a genuine Dutch word, of their country, in the very act of turning the sword of the enemy from the throat of the Commonwealth. Country of our Forefathers! What generations of heroes issued from thy womb, and grew to such wondrous greatness on the bosom of Freedom!

Can any one, imbued with pride of race, forget those OCEAN-PALADINS, who, seizing the truncheon of command from their predecessors' dying grasp, inwove their exploits with their country's story, even as the incidents of Saxon *Harold's* life lend all the real dignity to that famous tapestry, which the wife of his conqueror wrought. First in the past we recognize that *Heemskerck*, whose glory is bounded by the poles alone, who dared, with *Barentz*, *Nova Zembla's* winter, and brought back royal spoils (*OPIMA SPOLIA*) from the Antarctic Seas; then *Henn*, the peasant boy, whose merit was outshone only by his extreme modesty, and who won the thanks and highest honors of his country's representatives in council; next, *Van Tromp*, the idol

of his fellow citizens, the dread of their enemies, and the terror of the ocean, whose honors, however great, were yet beneath his merit; then **Van Galen**, immortal in glory; then **Opdam**, illustrious alike in achievements on the sea and on the land, in council, diplomacy, and battle; afterwards **Van Ghent**, nephew of a warrior known as "Bellona's Thunderbolt," himself the awe-inspiring dread of Holland's opponents; and lastly, **De Ruyter**, that character so perfect as to rise beyond the measure of an ordinary mind, "immensis tremor oceani," that naval hero who made Neptune himself tremble.

But from the panorama which unrolls before the fascinated vision of the mind, its century and a half of unexceeded glory, return we to the fight in which the Hollanders were plucking laurel-leaves amid volcanic fire bursting upon them from the waves which bore them, and the shores which compassed them about.

While thus apparently victorious, **Bielkenstierna** had little cause or reason to rejoice, for his vessel had sustained such damage, in the preliminary contest with the **Brederode**, that he was unable to take any further part in the conflict, but had enough to do to keep her afloat.

Vice-Admiral **Geertzen**, likewise, had been so roughly handled, that he hauled off, completely disabled, and took refuge under the in-shore batteries.

The fate of the battle now depended on that of either Admiral-in-Chief. It had in reality from the beginning; but as yet the two flag-ships had not actually encountered.

The **VICTORY**, as was mentioned, appears to have carried heavier metal than any other in either fleet, for the first two broadsides she poured into the **Union** obliged the Hollanders, at once, to close their lowest

tier of port-holes. In return, **Opdam's** superior seamanship and gunnery enabled him to rake the **VICTORY** from "stern to stem." Thereupon **Wrangel** ran him aboard, and being full of veteran infantry endeavored to carry his abler antagonist, by dint of numbers, under cover of an incessant fire of small arms.

By this time the action, which, in one instant, as it were, became general and terrible, was at its height, and raged with one incessant blaze and interchange of fire throughout the whole width of the strait.

Discovering that their Admiral lay in such danger—for the Swedes were directing all their efforts for his destruction—six Hollanders bore down upon the **VICTORY**, and soon reduced her to a complete wreck ; so much so that **Charles Gustavus** supposed his Admiral had perished. Nevertheless **Wrangel**, although his mizzen-mast was gone, shrouds hanging loose, rigging generally cut or parted, rudder shot away, and hull full of holes, particularly from the **Union's** raking fire,—had the good fortune to extricate his vessel with the assistance of six Swedes, who nobly seconded his valor, and regained the roadstead of Kronborg, "devoured, however," says **TERLON**, "with mortal chagrin in that he was prevented, by this disaster, from taking any farther part in the action."

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BASNAGE, who is looked upon as excellent authority in every thing relating to Hollandish history from (1632) the peace of **MUNSTER**, in 1648, to (1678) the peace of **BREDA** in 1667, sums up the whole battle in one comprehensive paragraph. As he was emphatically the historian of Holland, the writer adopted his statements *cum grano salis*, and furnishes a compendium which reconciles, as far as they are susceptible of agreement, all the conflicting narratives and reports.

“**Wrangel** attacked **M. d' Opdam** with great fury. Thirty-seven dead stretched upon his main deck, likewise one hundred wounded and completely disabled, his vessel riddled with shots and reduced to the necessity of closing her port-holes, deprived the latter of almost every hope; but he delivered just in time such opportune broadsides into the Swedish Admiral that he was compelled to haul off under the cannon of **Kronborg**, and had the mortification to lose in this battle a good share of the glory which he had previously acquired. His retreat was the more vexatious in that it was made under the eyes of the King,” his sovereign and jealous rival in the art of war, “that he could not find another vessel in which to return to the combat, and that the Swedes who had fought under his immediate command accused him of cowardice, because he had not taken the Hollandish Admiral when he was no longer in a condition to defend himself. This accusation was unjust, for Admiral **Opdam** was subsequently exposed to several additional broadsides, which made such huge openings in his sides that the water rose six feet in his hold,” a very great depth, considering that the Dutch men-of-war were extremely flat-floored, to adapt them to the navigation of their shallow seas and estuaries, “yet was able to sink two of the seven vessels of the enemy which were assailing him. Captain **Van Nes**,”—who afterwards rose to be Lieutenant-Admiral of Holland, and was renowned among the bravest for his surpassing valor and conduct,—“was the first who went to his assistance, but his masts and yards were so shattered or shot away that he navigated with the greatest difficulty. **Van Campen**,” in the *Half Moon*, “also made extraordinary efforts to disengage his chief, but his mainmast was gone and towing alongside.

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"The Swedes, obliged to yield to the rapidity and destructiveness of the Hollandish fire, beat a retreat." and taking advantage of both wind and tide, ran to leeward to shelter themselves under the batteries of Lands-crona. In his magnificent offensive-defensive action Admiral Opdam was perfectly seconded by his Captain, that 'famous' Egbertus Bartholomæus de Kortenaar, who shared all his labor and anxiety, and whose valor and activity kept pace with the prudence of his General.

This was three-quarters of an hour after Wrangel engaged with Opdam, and, as far as the conflicting accounts can be reconciled, two hours after the first shot was fired.

That interval had been sufficient to dispose of three of the Swedish flag-ships, all of which, had the action occurred in rough and deep water, must have gone to the bottom; as we have seen, the flag-ship of Opdam's Lieutenant, as well as a large Swede lashed to her, actually did so.

The action was now at its hottest, and is admitted to have been one of the most bloody on record. Opdam, in his dispatch written the day after the battle, stated that for nearly two hours he was exposed entirely alone to the "most superior" vessels of the enemy, after having sustained in succession the fire of four of their flag-ships (*Haupt-Schiffe*). All this, while his own people lay drifting—helpless, we must suppose, for a brisk cannonade generally kills a light breeze—with the tide, as far distant from him as could be reached in two shots of a *Godeling* [*Berche*, Fr.] or Falconet, an obsolete species of small brass ship-artillery.] In addition to the VICTORIA and DRACO, driven off disabled, the AMARANTH and NORTH STAR, which likewise displayed the flags of Swedish Under-Admirals—appear to have come

up fresh at the moment when he was already hard beset by six of the enemy's largest rates. He added, the **Union** had her shrouds shot away, her sails in tatters, five or six feet of water in her hold, was on fire forward, had eighty or ninety (one hundred and eighty or one hundred and ninety?) killed and wounded; yet, nevertheless, beat off each successive squadron which assailed her. Lying thus battered and cut up, the very largest Swedish ships continued in succession to attack her, and the Admiral admits that he might have been boarded from the six or eight vessels immediately about him, had their courage equalled their numbers, when, from time to time, they came upon him, delivered their broadsides, and sheered off to avoid his return-fire. "We remained in their debt as little as it was possible," wrote the gallant old sailor, "until God alone helped us out, and placed us again, certainly very cruelly damaged, among our own vessels. Then we hove our own ship down on one side, and, as far as was possible, plugged all the shot-holes below the water-line, while the Swedes were yet about us, although showing evident signs of having had enough, and heading to run for their own ports, under their lee."

Thereupon, witnessing the flight and dispersion of the enemy, whom he was too much crippled to pursue, **Opdam** bent all his efforts to save his own ship, which survived, only to become his funeral pyre seven years later. While a portion of his crew, assisted by drafts from the nearest vessels, were engaged at the pumps, the remainder were occupied in extinguishing the flames which threatened to destroy them. Having fought and beaten the Swedes, they had to renew the battle and fight against still more formidable antagonists—fire and water. Thus pumping the water out of the hold and in upon the fire, repairing the rigging,

and setting what sail remained serviceable, the **Union** held her course sluggishly down the Sound towards the Danish ships, beating up slowly to her assistance. Late in the evening they came up with the flag-ship between **Saltholm** and **Høen**, and, having taken in tow the most crippled Hollanders, sailed back in company with them to the Palisades (**Busch**), at the entrance of the port of **Copenhagen**, under the guns of the citadel, where the flag-ship, even yet in danger of sinking, anchored in shoal water, and spent "night and day," making all clear and ready again for action.

Although **Opdam** found so much fault with his officers for not coming to his assistance, his complaints appear, in some measure, to have been unjust, for it seems difficult to understand how even so many were able to do their duty, inasmuch as a strong current was drifting them out of the conflict, while whatever breeze was blowing did not suffice for manœuvres in a tide way. It appeared as if it was predetermined that the Hollanders should not only vanquish every human difficulty, but while conquering the Swedes, overcome the opposition of nature herself.

In the meantime, although our narrative has hitherto been confined to the operations of the squadrons of Admirals **Opdam** and **Wrangel**, and of Vice-Admirals **Witte de Wittesen** and **Bielkenstierna**; those of **Gustav Wrangel** and **Henry Geertzen** were engaged in other quarters, and, according to the Swedes' own admission, acted with courage and energy, to the best of their ability. No history at hand or accessible, furnishes any farther intelligible details of the conflict, but, judging from the results, it would appear that the Swedes, after five or six hours of combat, about 3 P. M., took advantage of the dense smoke, the wind and the current, and made their escape as fast as they could

into their own harbors, whose fortifications, strengthened by recent field-works, and, supplied with numerous and experienced garrisons, protected them from farther injury and saved them from capture or destruction. Their excuse for permitting the transports to escape without damage or interruption, was the peremptory orders of their King, who forbade them to turn aside to molest them, but confine themselves to assailing the Hollandish vessels of war. This, doubtless, was the wisest course, for success against the latter would have insured the capture of the former, and the event proved that had Wrangel divided his forces and objects, inevitable and utter destruction would have ensued, since, even as it was, his whole power proved insufficient to cope with the inferior numbers Opdam led against him.

The Swedes, moreover, do not attempt to deny that the Hollanders not only defended themselves with consummate valor and success, but also effectually protected the vast material committed to their safeguard. This would appear all sufficient to determine which side was entitled to the palm; yet, notwithstanding, both sides, as usual, claimed the victory. They generally do so. The French assert that they beat the English at Waterloo; SANTA ANNA boasted that he beat TAYLOR at Buena Vista.

Let us sum up results. Fifty-three Swedes in their own waters, and protected by fortresses, field-works, and a numerous field artillery, disposed wherever a gun could be brought to bear, with every advantage on their side, attempted to bar the passage of the Sound to thirty-five Hollanders, of whom only twenty took part in the action;—the other fifteen, we have reason to suppose, considered it their duty, as well as a neces-

sity, to cover and insure the safe transit and arrival of their numerous convoy.

Besides their numerical superiority in ships and men, the Swedes made use of many newly-invented shells and other projectiles, in the use of which they had been trained during a half century of continual warfare with the most military nations of Europe ; so much so, that several of the Hollandish officers admitted that although they had been in actions with the Turks, Barbary pirates, Portuguese, Spanish and English, they had never before seen such accurate and effective artillery practice.

What is more, it is unquestionably true that at this time the Swedish artillery was superior to that of any other country. With all these advantages, **Charles (X.) Gustavus** could not produce a single trophy on which to predicate a triumph. His seamen did not capture one single Hollandish ship-of-war, unless we concede the **Brederode**, which was sunk rather than captured. Of all the transports and merchantmen, not a single one, great or small, but reached its port of destination. That the Swedes fought desperately, the Hollanders were willing to admit, but they added that they sullied their bravery with inexcusable cruelty, and, as a general thing, refused to give quarter.

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Farthermore, while the Swedes proclaimed far and wide that they had proved themselves the "Masters of the Sea," their eight men-of-war in the roadstead of Kronborg or Elsinore attempted, on the 31st October, (10th November,) to run across the Sound, to join their twenty-six consorts in the safer harbor of Landsrona. This movement was, no doubt, occasioned by an apprehension that the Hollanders and Danes would cut them out and capture or destroy them.

Perceiving this, but not until after four had made a sufficient run to insure their escape, **Opdam** sailed in pursuit with twenty-one of his vessels, which had suffered least the preceding day; likewise **Bielcke's** squadron of six (eight?) Danes, intending to cut them off if the wind held, and fight the main body of the Swedes should they attempt to come to the assistance of their consorts, and renew the battle. Conquerors (if they were so,) and still superior in numbers, counting twenty-six in Landsrona, eight under Kronborg Castle, and eight, we have assumed, from the statement in the *THEATRUM EUROPEUM*, at Helsingborg, why did the Swedes, with a fleet of forty-two vessels refuse the combat so gallantly offered by twenty-seven, or at the most, twenty-nine, of the allies? The only reason readily assignable is, they had been too soundly thrashed by **Opdam** in the great battle, again to venture outside of their fortified ports.

The four rearmost Swedes, finding that if they held on they could not avoid **Opdam's** leading ships, at once set every inch of canvas and under press of sail fled back towards Elsinore, so closely followed by the Danes, that the **Amaranth**, the farthest astern, was shortly in range of **Bielcke's** quickest sailor, and made a running fight with five of his squadron, two of which, the **Hannibal** and **Trinity** (*Dreifaltigkeit*, Ger.; *Greenighed*, Dan.), were superior vessels.

Had **Opdam** taken part in this engagement, the four Swedes must inevitably have been taken or sunk; and, with almost equal facility, he could have burned or otherwise destroyed the whole Swedish fleet in Landsrona, had he been at liberty to profit to the utmost by his victory; but no better evidence could be brought forward of his having been trammelled by secret instructions than his conduct on both of these occasions.

Every circumstance would lead the reflecting student of history to suppose that while the **States-General** were determined that Sweden should not acquire undue preponderance by the destruction of Denmark, yet they were equally decided not to bring about such an issue that Sweden would thereafter be unable to maintain a joint mastery of the Baltic; impossible if **Charles Gustavus** was entirely deprived of his naval armaments. Consequently, **Opdam**, while protecting the Danish squadron from the bulk of the Swedish fleet, was content to let them try their hands upon those Swedes actually under sail.

And nothing could have demonstrated more clearly the vast superiority of the Hollandish navy over the Swedish, and the Swedish over the Danish, than the present action. For two hours (**Stunden**), or about six miles—(a **Stund** is equal to six thousand paces, a half German. or, say, two and a half English miles)—Major **Speck**—(here we have another instance of an army officer in the command of a ship)—maintained a running fight with the five Danes, until, finding the others were overhauling him, he took refuge under the land-batteries on the Swedish coast, after having received the broadsides, one after the other, of the Danes, who, not daring to venture within range of the guns on shore, sent in three launches to cut this vessel out.

These *chaloupen* were received with such a tremendous fire of musketry, that they were repulsed and speedily forced to retire. King **Charles**, who was in Lands-crona, ordered a corps of cavalry to hasten to **Speck's** assistance, and ride into the water, to prevent the approach of the Danish boats. To us, at this era, this would seem a strange manœuvre, but as they must have been Dragoons, armed with long-range muskets, they were no doubt intended to augment, by their fire,

the support already afforded to the crew of the *Amaranth* by the footmen. disposed along shore, and afford them the additional advantages of their superior weapons. This would lead us to suppose that *Speck* ran his vessel into very shoal water, between Landscrona and Helsingborg. The next day, when she floated or was hauled off again, she returned to the roadstead of Elsinore.

Finding that the Swedes had no more fight in them, *Opdam* made the signal of recall, and returned to Copenhagen. This little incident tells the whole story.

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Another version of this affair is, that when the greater part of the Swedes had escaped into Landscrona, and three had taken refuge in the roadstead of Kronborg or Elsinore, the Allies cut off the retreat of five, steering for the former harbor of refuge. Of these, three were forced to fly to Helsingborg, and two ran upon the sand-banks which line the shore. 'At night the latter, by great exertions, were floated off again, and profiting by the deep and protracted darkness of the region and the season, likewise made good their flight to Landscrona. *Opdam*, however, set fire to and destroyed a large Swede, which had been dismasted and lay aground at the north end of the island of *Hvøu*. Upon his return to Copenhagen, he found that his men had captured another large Swedish ship, mounting twenty guns and laden with deals, ship-stores, and iron ; likewise a man-of-war, *armed in flute*, coming from Riga, having on board, among other persons of distinction, an Envoy from the Duke of Courland. If "Masters of the Sea," the Swedes permitted strange liberties to those defeated enemies, who, they vaunted, had fled before them.

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Now let us take into consideration, and sum up, what **Opdam** actually did accomplish.

He did remain, as he stated, the indubitable “Master of the Sea”; conducted his fleet and convoy, with the exception of one vessel, in safety through that strait, alive with enemies, and vomiting forth death from either shore; he brought three prizes, viz: 1, the **Pelican**—which the Swedes had captured in a former engagement from the Danes—forty-two guns—actually taken by Captain **Jan (JOHN) Van Campen**; 2, the **Wapen van Schagen**—(the Arms of Schagen—a town of North Holland—whose commander was a native of the United Provinces, and hailed from the North Quarter of Schagen, being the second officer of high rank in the Swedish fleet mentioned as a Hollander)—formerly the **Rose**—thirty-two guns—the prize of Vice-Admiral **Evert Anthonis**; and, 3, the **Delmenhorst**—(so called from a town of North Germany, in Oldenburg)—thirty-two guns—the spoil of Capts. **Claes Valenhen** and **Claes Baeker**,—with him into the harbor of Copenhagen; he sunk five more; forced another, **der Morgen-Stern**—Morning-Star, a wreck on shore—or, as some say, shattered it so that it foundered—making six sunk; and chased twenty-eight into Landscrona, one of which, the Rear-Admiral’s flag-ship, (**der Schwerdt**—the SWORD?) of **Wrangel’s** Division, caught fire and another sunk just off that harbor—and eight under the guns of Kronborg Castle. Almost all the Swedish vessels which escaped were so shattered that they were incapable of keeping the sea any longer, and found safety only in precipitate flight. In mid ocean the majority must have foundered. As it was, shipmasters and travellers of the times reported, as a certainty, that, after the battle, they counted the masts of ten sunken vessels rising out of the water, among which were those of the **Brederode**,

and, near by her, those of two others, which would answer to the two Swedes engaged with her. This agrees with the manly admissions of the veracious **Opdam**.

The honest Admiral-in-Chief of Holland does not attempt to conceal that the Commander of the **Rosa** was his compatriot, but mentions that he yielded only after a fair fight. The Swedes, however, do not hesitate to declare that he betrayed his trust, and surrendered to his countrymen without resistance. Their report goes on to say that they burnt three Hollanders, grounded (sunk ?) four, chased two on shore, the **Bredcrode** and the **Breda**, and that they took four hundred prisoners ; so that between the prisoners and the slain the Hollanders lost about one thousand men. Scarcely any of these boastings are corroborated by any foreign writer, nor are they borne out by the reports of the Danes, who must have been aware of all the facts, and had no object in falsifying the truth, or misrepresenting what their allies had suffered in their behalf.

Of the eight ships which Admiral **Wrangel** placed in ambuscade behind the island of Hven, all that can be said with any certainty is, that they appear to have made their escape, without fighting, into the convenient harbor of Helsingborg, too happy to get off unscathed. The Hollanders claim, and the same will be found in the German account, that one of their number chased three Swedish men-of-war into that port. They were probably part of this Hven division, and thus ran from a single ship, because they saw that a squadron of six (eight ?) Danes, under Admiral **Georg Bielcke**—(which had been shut up in and beat out of the harbor of Copenhagen as soon as the withdrawal of the blockading vessels afforded them an opportunity)—were also approaching. All reliable, even their

own, authorities admit that the Danes had no share whatever in the action, but only joined **Opdam** when all the fighting was ended ; or, to quote M. BASNAGE, Admiral **Bielcke** made his appearance with a few ships at the close of the combat, extremely mortified at not having been able to share in the honor or the peril of the Hollanders.

The Hollanders had four hundred killed—who were buried with every possible honor by the Danish monarch, whose Royal Life-Guard, together with the Hollandish troops, escorted—with reversed arms, and drums shrouded in black—the corpses to their last resting-place in foreign soil—about two hundred wounded—the greater part very severely—who were brought on shore, and received every care and attention by the orders of the grateful **Frederic III.**—and lost a few taken prisoners, from the **Brederode** before she sunk.

The Swedes had at least one thousand killed, and lost five hundred prisoners.

According to the Nurnberg "Biography of Illustrious Sea-Heroes," 1681, **Opdam** mentioned in his dispatches of the 17th November that a Hollander, (captain?) who had been made prisoner by the Swedes, and had come to him from **Elsinore**, was willing to swear as many oaths as he had hairs on his head, that the Swedes had a force of fifty-four ships-of-war, great and small, in the action, and that over one thousand of their dead had been brought on shore.

Wrangel himself was slightly wounded in the head by a splinter ; Vice Admiral **Geertz** was shot through the left shoulder ; three Captains, **Otto von Nussen**, **Ensen**, and **Crabel**, and an ensign, were killed, besides others of lesser rank.

There is no doubt that the Hollanders suffered the greatest loss in distinguished officers. This, far from

detracting, adds to their glory. Vice Admirals **Witte de Wittesen** and **Peter Floris** died like heroes on their quarter decks, likewise the latter's chief officer. Captain **Brugnsfeld**, perished in the **Breda**, with him almost the whole of his officers and crew,—and four other post captains, besides a number of inferior rank. Of the Hollanders who fell, fifty belonged to the crew of the **Joshua**, the flag-ship of the gallant **Floris**. The majority of the losses were on board the three flag-ships; some of the other Hollanders sustained trifling, some no loss at all.

Out of the crew of the Admiral's ship, thirty-seven were killed in action, and over one hundred mortally or severely wounded. Of the latter many lost their arms and legs, and few eventually survived. Out of two hundred and ten, captured on board the **Brederode**, sixty were grievously wounded. All the rest of the crew were slain, or went down in the ship.

One very remarkable fact is noticeable in connection with this famous naval engagement. The ships of the two Admirals and of the four Vice Admirals highest in rank, were all disabled and sustained the greatest losses in killed and wounded. **Wrangel**, it was said, took comparatively but little part in the contest, on account of the damages his vessel sustained at the outset, and his mortification was so lively that it was absolutely necessary for his Royal Master to exert himself, and spare no pains in order to assuage his grief, and afford him any adequate consolation.

There is no doubt but that **Opdam** was dissatisfied with his triumph, great as it was, and complained of the backwardness of some of his captains, alleging that **Witte de Wittesen's** disaster was owing to his division deserting him, even as **Opdam's** failed in their duty to himself. The Hollandish Admiral, the very day af-

ter the battle, condemned two of his captains to be hung, in pursuance of the code already cited, and threatened a searching examination into the conduct of all. He even wrote home that "if the others had been willing to endure only the sixth part of what he and **Witte de Wittesen** endured, not a single Swede would have got off, or escaped capture." He intimated that, from the trifling losses reported by several of his subordinates, he was satisfied they could not have been very much exposed in this heat (**Hitze**), or rather bear-hunt (**Baren-hatz**): that is, they might have been following up the game without venturing the meanwhile within the reach of his claws, teeth, or hug. Such was his quaint manner of expressing it. What is more, he reproached fifteen commanders with not having fought at all, and added that in his judgment, the victory was altogether due to the stern fidelity with which eight of his subordinates discharged their duty to him and their country. But it must be borne in mind, and the fact cannot be too often repeated, that the whole Swedish fleet concentrated their attack upon the flag-ships, and barred their advance, while the strong current bore away the rest, deprived of the power of working back into the hottest flight, by the winds slackening, and perhaps dying away, under the influence of the fierce cannonade, until, like "Jupiter in the poet—all in thunder and light, all in fire and tempest," **Opdam** burst forth, scattered and overwhelmed his antagonists, and sailed onwards, exultant and triumphant.

The three Swedish flag-ships, riddled with our shots, fled before us," the Hollanders wrote home, "we silenced the enemy's fire, and we were borne against our will from the field of battle by the force of the wind and tide, which it was impossible to resist and overcome. Thus, and thus only, the enemy escaped."

Doubtless in many respects it appeared to Opdam that his subordinates were wanting in energy ; their courage he could not have suspected, for the majority had been tried in the fire and proved sterling metal. But how seldom do we meet in history with such stout hearts as beat in those bold Admirals' bosoms ! Well may he have said, *Witte de Wittesen* was a brave soldier, and how deeply he lamented him ; and well might the King of Denmark thank the States-General, in like quaint but manly language, for sending to his assistance *an Admiral so dear and acceptable, worthy ALL his singular renown, were it for only HALF his bravery.*

EXTRAORDINARY characters are never satisfied with ORDINARY service ; and it is sufficient for us at this day, to look at the immediate and ultimate consequences of the conflict, to admit that Opdam saved the Danish Monarchy and broke the might of Sweden by his *Victory in the Sound or Baltic.*

All the English historians who have been consulted concede the greatness and decisiveness of the triumph. They admit that Copenhagen must have fallen had it not been relieved by the Hollanders. "After an obstinate contest," is the remark of WHEATON, "memorable among the naval achievements of that age, the Swedish squadron was completely defeated." PUFENDORF, against his will, is forced to allow that the Swedes had enough, and were immediately afterward shut up in the port of Landscrona."

GRATTAN says "a brilliant victory crowned the efforts of the Dutch Admiral." And DAVIES reads, "Both sides did their duty to the utmost ; when, after six hours of sharp fighting, the victory declared itself in favor of the Dutch. Three Swedish ships were cap-

tured, and eight destroyed, with the loss of over one thousand men."

Let us conclude by considering the testimony of **MALLET**, a Frenchman, and disinterested chronicler, whose history of Denmark is one of the most impartial works of the kind. Every one of his statements is corroborated by the chronicles of the day, and the facts furnished by him appear to be undoubtedly true. after a comparison of the contradictory reports published by those who took part in, or witnessed, the battle.

The manifesto of the King of Sweden mentioned the loss of only two vessels, and made that of the Hollanders more than double that number. On the other hand, Admiral **Opdam**, in his official report, assured his government that he had three Swedish vessels prizes in his possession, that he witnessed the sinking of five others, and that the only ship missing from his command was that on whose deck Vice-Admiral **Witte de Wittesen** lost his life. How difficult for historians to reconcile such contradictory statements!

Who must the world believe? A king who published a plausible, it might be said vindictory, address to his subjects, describing an engagement which he witnessed himself, or an Admiral who rendered an account of what occurred to his superiors? The wisest plan, under such circumstances, is to consider what followed, and base a decision on what is beyond denial or even question. After doing their utmost, the remnant of the Swedes eventually retired precipitately into the harbor of Landskrona, where they were blockaded in the course of the next few days, and the exulting Hollanders entered as victors and preservers into the port of Copenhagen. It is true that their subsequent operations were seconded by the Danish ships of war, six (eight?) of which—as we have seen—

under Admiral **Henry Bielcke**, beat up the Sound as far as the island of Hven, but did not take any part in the battle described. Their advent on that occasion was thus far opportune, in that they assisted into port those of the Hollandish ships which had suffered the most.

Opdam's arrival at Copenhagen was a triumph, such as the world has rarely witnessed.

The king, the court, the inhabitants of the Danish capital—fluctuating between hope and horror, while the conflict was impending and raging—received as it were new life when they beheld that fleet, gliding into their haven, which came freighted with sustenance to reinvigorate them, and succor to assure them against future evils. Amidst shouts of victory and tears of joy, *Te Deums* resounded in all the churches, while universal gratitude to God found vent in sincerest thanksgivings. Military music and sacred harmony, mingled with blessings upon the Republic, which had redeemed its pledges to the full, rose up in universal concord to the skies. From every class of that suffering, gallant, but now delivered people—highest as well as lowest vying in laudation—one common cry bore witness to the bounty of the United Provinces and the heroic conduct of their agents, and, amid the clanging peals and chimes of every bell, reiterated *feux de joies* of musketry, and thundering salvos from every gun, ashore and afloat, the Hollandish officers disembarked to partake of a banquet in the Royal Palace.

As for their admiral, the King of Denmark paid him the highest compliment in his power, for learning that **Opdam's** indisposition confined him to his flag ship, his Royal Majesty proceeded on board to pay him a visit and thank and congratulate him in person.

With joyous recollections of their triumph, here, in their pomp and glory, we must leave them.

Between one and two o'clock the very night after the battle, 8th–9th November, (N. S.) the Swedes broke up their camp before the city, and abandoned their siege works in such confusion that they left their quarters full of all kinds of cattle, furniture, and every article which, in their haste, they could not carry off with them. When the Danes sallied forth to spoil their tents they found inscribed upon the hut of Colonel SCHMIDT,

"MAGNARUM RERUM, ET SI SUCCESSUS DEFUERIT, TAMEN CONATUS LAUDANDUS EST."

"To attempt great exploits deserves praise, even though success may not have rewarded the effort."

If the Swedes were satisfied with such a barren triumph, no man of Holland blood will seek to share with them like fruits of victory. Our hero's sickle harvested a crop whose teeming yield rewarded all the labor and his dangers. Fortune, won by such daring and ability, deserted from the Goth, and, with a generous hand, repaid each effort of the Hollanders and Danes. As for the Swedes, how great and dire their loss. On the 11th–13th of February, 1660—it is painful to relate, for who cannot but admire the brave and enterprising—CHARLES (X.) GUSTAVUS died, as some say, of an epidemic fever, then raging in his camp; according to others, of a broken heart, brought on by his reverses. Dying he counselled peace, strange exhortation for a monarch whose whole career had never known the blessing; whose lust of conquest, growing with his years, had kept his people in continual war.

The Swedes had good reason to suppose that the consequences of the **Battle of the Saund** or **Baltic** would be still more fatal than the combat itself, disastrous as it had proved to their ambition and their navy.

The Hollandish fleet, re-inforced by a Danish squadron, sailed—as was previously mentioned—in the course of a few days to blockade the wreck of their

naval armament, and on the 19th (29th) November appeared before **Landskrona**, with that intention.

This harbor, of such a depth and capacity that several hundred ships can lie within securely, is formed by an elbow of the Scanian coast. It would be entirely exposed to the west and south were it not defended by shoals and sand-bars, the principal known by the names of Graen and Pilhaken, which entirely enclose it on these quarters. These, however, being submerged, would afford but little protection, were it not entirely land-locked besides; the Zealand shore lying opposite, from nine to ten miles distant, while the islands of Amack and Saltholm, and the trend of the Swedish coast, completely break the force of any tempests in the Baltic. In fact it is a canal upwards of three miles long, rather than a port, communicating with the eastern channel of the Sound by an inlet opposite the southeast point of the island of Hven, so that nothing would have been easier than to maintain its blockade since a squadron could lie under the lee of that island sheltered from every wind, whereas it would be necessary for the Swedes to have a leading breeze to get out. Moreover, a hostile fleet lying to off the port could do much damage by the fire of its smaller rates, whose light draught of water would have enabled them to approach within range.

This inlet the Danes were desirous of stopping up by sinking vessels loaded with stones and rubbish at its entrance, which, if they had succeeded in accomplishing, according to their plan of operations, the Swedish armament must have been shut up therein, and the harbor ruined forever.

Whether the ice, which commenced to accumulate, and always made with great rapidity, in the Sound, frustrated this project, or whether the plan was aban-

done in consequence of the secret views of the government of Holland, history does not explain.

If the intentions of the **States-General** were not discovered at that time, they never will be, without more light than published chronicles have shed upon them. It is most probable that their action was regulated by a simple determination to maintain the balance of power between two rivals, Sweden and Denmark, and that whatever might be their apparent co-operation, they were resolved not to contribute to the undue preponderance of the latter by the entire destruction of the Swedish navy. Content with their triumph, unsurpassed in naval annals, their efforts were directed to the simple maintenance of the freedom of those seas.

Still, as whatever facts are known may not be destitute of interest, we will mention what occurred. Upon this occasion, 19th (29th) November, the allied fleet brought with them four large vessels, likewise smacks or lighters (**Schuiten**) loaded with stones and ballast to sink in the channel. As the day was very cloudy and the coast enveloped in fog, it was found impossible to select the proper positions for scuttling them, since, in a strong tide-way and dense mist, they could not remain stationary, without anchoring, in the proper depth of water. Nevertheless, they made an attempt and sunk three ships, the White Bear, the Prince, and one Danish vessel, called the Great Courland; a fourth, the Justitia, grounded, was set on fire, and burnt. Nothing of real consequence was effected, for the hulks, drifting aside, served as landmarks, and, in some degree, even as break-waters, not only to designate, but protect, the entrance to the port. What, however, appeared accidental to the world, and unsuccessful to the Swedes, may have been, and we think was, intentional on the part of the Hollanders.

BASNAGE, on the contrary, states that the Danish Admiral, **Bielcke**, actually succeeded in sinking vessels loaded with stones, before the port, so that an exit was precluded to the Swedish fleet; and that the Swedes on their side constructed a sort of rampart or parapet, with other hulks, in order to shelter their ships of war from the red-hot shot and bombs, which could have reduced them to ashes. The furious gales of winter, however, delivered them from this imminent peril, and burst through a new passage—so that their condition was eventually improved by the blockade, in that they had time to careen, refit, revictual, and equip, their vessels anew; while the Hollanders and Danes, keeping the sea, were consuming their provisions and material. Thus far his statement is not corroborated by contemporary authorities, but in the end he agrees with **MALLET** and others, that, caught in the ice, the blockading fleet was so beset that it experienced great difficulty in regaining the harbor of Copenhagen.

Upon this occasion **Charles X. Gustavus** displayed his accustomed temerity, for, having ordered out a number of launches and gun-boats to annoy the Allied fleets under cover of the fog—by which means the Swedes asserted that they were driven away—he accompanied them himself in a barge, having with him Lord High Admiral **Charles Gustavus Wrangel** and the French Ambassador, the **CHEVALIER DE TERLON**.

Thus rashly exposing themselves, **Charles** and the fearless officer—alone competent to replace him—as well as the bold diplomatist, who had shared the majority of his perils and adventures, narrowly escaped with their lives; for, while rowing about, not only within range of the guns of the largest vessels, but so close as to be able to distinguish the voices of their sailors, a sudden gleam of sunshine broke through the

mist, and discovered them to the Hollanders, who immediately opened their fire. Owing to the speed of his oarsmen, and the darkness of the day, no shot took effect, although a hail of shells and similar missiles were hurled after them, and the spheres and balls ricocheting along the surface, covered them with spray and water, scattered by their rebounds.

Throughout this perilous adventure, the King preserved his calm intrepidity, jesting with M. DE TERLON, and observing "that it would be a remarkable incident in history if a French Ambassador should be killed by the side of a Swedish King, in a boat." The Envoy, who had no interest in exposing himself to reconnoiter the Hollandish fleet, considered such pleasantry ill-timed, and by no means agreeable, and replied with some little air of vexation, "that if the same shot slew the King as well as the Ambassador, the fact would be still more wonderful, and worthy the curiosity of those who were fond of discovering marvels in history." But fearing that such freedom would prove displeasing to the King, he added, with ready wit, a compliment to serve as its passport, saying, "that although it would be glorious indeed to have his life ended by the same cannon-ball which cut short the reign of so great a monarch, he nevertheless sincerely hoped that such a terrible accident would not occur, principally because he knew that his Majesty's life was indispensable to the welfare of his kingdom, while for his own part he was by no means anxious or ready to die at that time."

Charles X. Gustavus experienced a somewhat similar danger only a few weeks before. He was passing over from Zealand to Sweden in a small craft, when it was upset by a large vessel, impelled with such impetuosity by wind and tide that it was impossible to rescue any of the passengers excepting GENERAL THE PRINCE

OF SULTZBACK and the **KING**, who was drawn on board the ship by means of a rope. The narrative adds, "after losing his hat and his cane," whether to intimate that a royal hat and cane were of more value than his companions and boat's-crew, or to emphasize the narrowness of his escape, does not appear from the context.

When **Opdam** returned home the ensuing December, 1659, covered with glory, and bearing the letter from the King of Denmark, wherein he testified his gratitude not only by the highest expressions of praise but by a gift of thirty thousand livres, besides an annual pension of three thousand livres to **M. de Wassenaer**, the Admiral's son; neither these marks of gratitude and esteem, nor the unanimous approbation which the **States-General** had expressed for the glorious result of his expedition, prevented several deputies of the States of Holland from accusing him of not having done his whole duty, and destroyed the Swedish fleet when at his mercy.

One of the principal charges was, that he did not assemble a council-of-war before the battle, but contented himself with issuing a general order to all his officers reminding *them to do their duty by the Vaderland*, in the same way that **NELSON** signalled to his fleet before the battle of Trafalgar that startling appeal, "which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England shall endure,—**NELSON'S** last signal,—**ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!**"

If the British hero deserves any credit for conceiving such a manly and patriotic watchword, how much more that **Hollander**, who a century and a half before had deemed a like appeal sufficient to evoke his countryman's—*true* Saxon blood—best efforts? Could party prejudice have founded an accusation on a falser basis,

or have adduced a reason for its hostility which could have proved the ingratitude of the propounders in darker colors, or invested the glory of **Opdam** with brighter lustre?

Opdam made manly replies, worthy himself, to every article of the act of accusation, and the **States of Holland** not only justified him but approved of his conduct, and thanked him for it—six factious and ungrateful towns dissenting. Alas, that party-spirit and sectional prejudices, falsely styled democratic, should have been the bane of all free governments! Look abroad throughout our land. Basking in the sunniest smiles of Providence, see how the clouds of faction brood upon the horizon and intrude upon the lovely picture. There can be no doubt but that there were two parties in the **States-General**, one inclined to make common cause with Denmark to the uttermost; the other, more sagacious, desirous of simply maintaining the rights and honor of the Republic. Obedience to the majority at once became a crime, and no success, no merit, no glory, could disarm the resentment of the minority. We see such injustice, such bigotry, such sectional, selfish policy at work among us at this very date. Party violence and too great prosperity ruined the greatest Republic of the old world. May the God who rules the destinies of nations, guard us from a like calamity!

In consequence of the infirmities arising from that excruciating malady, the gout, **Opdam**, finding himself an invalid, was permitted to turn over his command to an even more distinguished successor, the greatest Admiral whom the **United Provinces**, so prolific in sea-heroes, ever produced—**Michael Adrian de Ruyter**—who followed up the advantages resulting from **Opdam's** brilliant victory, by actions worthy of his own previous and subsequent renown; and after three months

more of useless obstinacy, **Charles X. Gustavus**, having almost witnessed the destruction of his veteran army in the island of **Funen**, or Fionia, by a combined attack of the forces of Holland and Denmark, consented to negotiate a peace highly favorable to the latter power, whereby the Swedes relinquished all their conquests, besides losing several advantages acquired by the treaty of Roskilde. Had **Charles** been wise enough to abide by that pacification he would have found his rival unable to resist his arms, and without supporters, when a just cause of war might have enabled him to draw forth his sword for the maintenance of *infringed* rights.

No event could have been more glorious for the Dutch than the pitched battle of **Funen**, fought near **Odensee**, on the twenty-fourth of November, 1659, and won by the valor of their infantry, when their Danish, Polish and Imperial or German allies had been put to flight. Of seven thousand who began the action on the part of **Charles X. Gustavus**, there eventually escaped only two of the three Generals highest in command, and a slender retinue of domestics, who owed their safety to a fisherman, won to their assistance by promises of extraordinary reward.

In this action victory had apparently declared for the Swedes, who had put to flight both wings of their opponents, and captured their artillery, when General **Schack** ordered the Hollanders, who constituted the centre or main battle—under Colonels **Killegrenw**, **Ailva** and **Mecteren**—to advance. Thereupon they closed up their ranks, lowered their pikes and charged the enemy, as we would now say, with the bayonet. In vain the victorious Swedes assailed their flanks and endeavored to stay their march. On they went without a check, retook the captured cannon, forced the enemy from their

lines of defence and drove them at the point of their pikes into the fortress of Nyburg.

The next day, 25th November, *de Ruyter* did such execution upon Nyburg, with his broadsides, that to escape annihilation the Swedes were too happy to surrender at discretion, while the Danish General sent a trumpeter to say "that he could not sufficiently thank him for the prompt manner in which he had finished the affair." In truth, the Hollanders, both by sea and by land, had been the instruments of victory, but after it was gained they won a nobler meed of praise; for while the Germans and Poles exhausted all the horrors of war upon this unhappy town, the Hollanders proved that their valor was only exceeded by their moderation, and remained under arms for the protection of the posts which had been confided to their honor.

The Danes harvested immense spoils, which were altogether due to the seamen and soldiers of Holland,—one hundred pieces of artillery, with an enormous quantity of ammunition; likewise four thousand prisoners, among them eleven regiments of cavalry, the very best troops of Sweden. Then *de Ruyter* once more drove the Swedish fleet into the harbor of Landscrona, and, determined to keep the Swedes from doing farther mischief, thence forward maintained a strict blockade of that port, resolved to convince them that the United Provinces held the balance of power, and were determined that no further maritime operations should delay the pending negotiations, or farther endanger the peace of the north.

IN CONCLUSION, to prove that this picture derives no brilliancy from a pencil dipped in colors prepared by the eye and hand of partiality or prejudice, let the words of an English historian portray the magnificence

of that position to which the courage, the energy, the loyalty and the wisdom of her rulers and her people, had elevated OUR DEAR OLD FATHERLAND.

“These transactions”—the victory of the Sound or Baltic, the relief of Denmark, the coercion of Sweden, and the defiance of England, to which he had devoted the preceding pages—says GRATTAN, *“placed the United Provinces on a still higher pinnacle of glory than they had ever reached. Intestine disputes were suddenly calmed. The Algerines and other pirates were swept from the seas by a succession of small but vigorous expeditions. The mediation of the States re-established peace in several of the petty states of Germany. ENGLAND and FRANCE were both held in check, if not preserved in friendship, by the dread of their recovered power. Trade and finance were reorganized. Every thing seemed to promise a long continued peace and growing greatness, much of which was owing to the talents and persevering energy of De Witte; and, to complete the good work of European tranquility, the French and Spanish monarchs concluded in this year the treaty known by the name of the ‘peace of the Pyrenees’ ”*—a glorious completion of the Treaty of MDCXLVIII. (LAVALLÉE,) which achieved the pacification of the South of Europe, even as that of “Oliva” restored concord to the States of the North, and guaranteed all the advantages which had accrued to the

UNITED PROVINCES

by that great act of accommodation—best known as the Treaty of Westphalia—signed at Munster [30th (31st) Jan.] 24th October, 1648, which had restored peace to Europe, desolated by a half century of terrific warfare, and made Holland free, prosperous and powerful, the bulwark of the oppressed, the asylum of human thought, the universal refuge and salvation of the human race,

the mightiest confederation which ever maintained the rights of man until the

UNITED STATES

threw off the yoke of Great Britain and became the champion of intelligence, of free thought, of free speech, of free soil and of free representation wherever the winds blow to flutter the stars and stripes, and the waters flow to bear abroad her ships freighted with the inestimable blessings of christian liberty and progress.

Wassenaar van Opdam.

"Ik wensch dat uw **WASSENAAR** nog lange wassen mag."

"PUISSE VOTRE CROISSANT CROITRE ENCORE LONG TEMPS."

"I wish your Crescent may yet for a long time increase."



The celebrated Hollandish Poet

Catz,



to

Heere Van Wassenaar van Opdam,

WHO DISPLAYED THREE CRESCENTS (WASSENAARS**)**

IN HIS COAT OF ARMS.

NOTES.

TITLE PAGE, 4th line, "OCTOBER 30th, (O. S.) [NOVEMBER 9th, N. S.]  and wherever that date occurs. 

Strange as it may appear, after all his researches and care, the writer finds that he was in error in regard to this date.

This great Dutch Naval Triumph was achieved on FRIDAY, THE 8TH, instead of *Saturday, the 9th* of NOVEMBER, NEW STYLE.

The manner in which the mistake occurred arose from the fact that the date was not specified in so many words in any of the old Chronicles originally consulted, and could only be arrived at by induction.

That of the 9th was deduced from **Opdam's** own report, while a rare work in old German entitled "*The lives and Exploits of Illustrious Naval Heroes and Discoverers, &c., &c.*", published at *Sultzbach*, in 1681, states that it took place on FRIDAY, *the 8th*: BASNAGE settles the matter and gives *the 8th*. An error of one day is of little actual consequence, except that the strictest accuracy in historical matters is never unimportant.

PAGE 8, Line 24. "*Powder-monkey.*"

L'Histoire Navale d'Angleterre de THOMAS LEDYARD, II, 596, (a) quoting M. BASNAGE, says, "qu'on soupçonna un goujat," (powder monkey) but the original has "on soupçonna le More" (*Moor*, Moorish slave or servant).

PAGE 13—Line 2—"within four weeks."

Opdam's orders from the States General are dated 14th September, Old Style (?), [24th September, New

Style (?)] and on the 26th October, O. S. [5th November, N. S.] he anchored at the entrance of the Sound.

PAGE 13—Line 12.

Schout or Schutz bij Nacht, according to HALMA, *de laagste Onderadmiraal*, the junior Vice-Admiral, is sometimes translated *Rear Admiral*, and again *Commodore*.

Page 14—line 2d from bottom, “*eighty in all.*”

ROSTER OF VESSELS COMPOSING Opdam's FLEET.

List translated from *Die Durchlauchtigsten See Helden dieser Zeit. Worinnen gehandelt wird von den furnehmsten Thaten und Zugen der berühmtesten Holländischen Admiralen, &c.* (Theil 1. Sultzbach) Theil 11, Nürnberg, MDCI-XXXI. Explanatory paragraphs in brackets, from various reliable works relating to the maritime affairs of Holland.

SHIPS OF THE MEUSE.

The **Union**, [Flag-Ship of] My Lord Lieutenant-Admiral Opdam, [blown up in the Battle of Lowestoft, 3d June, 1665—commanded by Captain Egbertus Bartholomæus de Kortenaar, afterwards Vice-Admiral, killed by a wound in the thigh in the same action.]

Seamen 250, Soldiers or Marines 75, Guns 72.

Frigate **Rotterdam**, commanded by Schutz bij Nacht [according to HALMA, “*de laagste Onderadmiraal*,” the Vice-Admiral, lowest in rank, sometimes rendered Rear-Admiral, sometimes Commodore] Verhaef. [De Verhoet.] 80s., 20s. or m., 52g.

Dordrecht, Captain [afterwards Vice-Admiral] De Liefde, [killed in the third day's battle with the English, 12th August, 1673.] 130s., 30s. or m., 40g.

Rotterdam (2d), Captain Van Nes, [afterwards Lieutenant-Admiral of Holland, renowned among the bra-

vest for his surprising valor. 7th June, 1672. |

130s., 30s. or m., 40g.

SHIPS OF AMSTERDAM.

The **Landmann**, [Landowner, or *The Man of the Land*,
Commandeur (Commodore)] **Evert Antonissen**.

130s. 30s. or m., 40g.

The **Sun**, **Dirck Krynne Verveen**. 130s. 30s. or m. 40g.

The **Half-Moon**, **Jan van Campen**. 130s. 30s. or m. 40g.

The **Duyvenvoorde**, **Paulus Stuck**. 130s. 30s. or m. 40g.

The **West-Friesland**, **Dirck Bogart**. 104s. 30s. or m. 28g.

The **Stavoren**, **Joris Colern**. 151s. 30s. or m. 40g.

The frigate **Deutechem**, (a town of Gelderland,) **Wardenburg**. 74s. 30s. 24m.

SHIPS OF THE CITY OF AMSTERDAM.

The **Wage**, (Balance,) **Sbarand Mol**. 140s. 30s. 40m.

The **Boge** (Rogge), **Willem Jan Stoffels**. 140. 30. 40.

SHIPS OF WEST-FRIESZLAND, OR THE NORTH QUARTER

The **Caleb**, **Slord**. 125s. 30s. or m. 40g.

The **YOUNG PRINCE**, The **Junge Huhn**, (the Chicken
or Young Rooster [? **Haan**, afterwards Vice-Admiral,
distinguished in the battle of Messina, 1676, in which
the unsurpassed **De Rugter** was wounded to death.

110s. 30s. or m. 30g.

The **Alckmaer**, **De Groot**. 120. 30. 26g.

The **Medenblick**, **Houltugn**. 120. 30. 37g.

The **Jupiter**, **De Boer**. 120. 30. 32g.

The **Union**, (2d,) **Gerrit Femsen** [**Demsc** or **Gerhard Fennis**.] 120s. 30s. or m. 31g.

The **Hollandia**, **Backer**, (highly distinguished in the
dreadful battle with the English, 7th June, 1673.)

125s. 30s. or m. 28g.

The **Golden Lion**, **Rens**. 125. 30. 28g.

The **Monk** or **Gelding**, **Claus Arens**. 105. 30. 26g.

SHIPS OF WEST FRIESZLAND, AND SO FORTH.

The **Joshua**, Vice-Admiral [sometimes styled Rear-Admiral] **Peter Floris**, [killed in the Battle of the Sound or Baltic, 8th (9th) November, 1658.]

150s. 30s. or m. 50g.

The frigate **Horn**, **Claus Allerts**. 100. 30. 28g.

The **Enkhuysen Alaid**, **Pomp**. 115. 30. 32g.

The **Monnikendam**, **Sampson**. 105. 30. 32g.

The **Castle of Medenblick**, **Hes of Valenken**.

95s. 30s. or m. 28g.

SHIPS OF THE MEUSE.

The **Brederode**, Vice-Admiral **De Witte**, killed in the Battle of the Sound or Baltic, 8th, 9th November, 1658.

220s. 50s. or m. 59g.

The **Princess Louisa**, **Boshuyzen**. 120s. 50s. or m. 31g.

The **Hollandia** (2d), **Haetskuvant**. 200s. 50s. or m. 62g.

The **Gelderland**, **De Haes** [? **Adrian**—afterwards Commodore, killed in defending the Smyrna fleet against the English, 1671.]

120s. 50s. or m. 32g.

The **Briel**, **Van Bancken**. 130 50 40g.

The **Delf**, **Wyngergen**. 130 50 40g.

The **Groningen**, **Geelenkamp**. 120 50 36g.

The **Breda**, **Brunnsfeld**, killed in the battle of the Sound or Baltic, 8th, (9th) November, 1658.

95s. 50s. or m. 28g.

The **Albertina**, **Stellingwerf**, afterwards Vice-Admiral, cut in two by a cannon shot in the battle of Lowestoft, in which **Opdam** lost his life, 3d June, 1665.

130s. 50s. or m. 36g.

Four ships, supposed to have been STORE SHIPS, as there is no account or indication of their having been armed, commanded by **Cornelis Evertson**, (afterwards Admiral of Zealand, killed by the last shot fired by the English at the Battle of Harwich, 1666.)

Adrian Banckaert (afterwards Lieutenant Admiral.)

Jan Duym.

Jan Krups.

6 MEN OF WAR, *armed in flute*, the PEARL, MEDEA, FRUIT TREE, JUDITH, and CHARITY.

4 Fire Ships.

6 GALLEONS, [large ships with three or four decks, such as were formerly used by the Spaniards to transport the precious metals from America, and doubtless captured from that nation or from the Portuguese, (who termed them *Caragues*, and employed them in their trade with the Brazils,) perhaps of the number taken by Opdam in his previous successful cruise.]

28 GALLIOTS, *armed in flute*, laden with herring, wine, vinegar, vegetables, and every variety of the necessaries of life.

Total.—[Armed vessels 36, (?35) (manned by 4619 Seaman and 1295 Soldiers or Marines, and mounting 1348 guns,) store ships 4, flutes or transports 8, fire ships 4, gallions 6, and galliotts 28]—84.

PAGE 14—Line 16.

The Rogge, Rye, THEATRUM EUROPÆUM, (T. E.) the Boge, Bow, Sultzbach Leben und Chaten der Durch Lanch ligsten, See Helden (L. & C. S. H.)

PAGE 17—Lines 12 and 14.

de Verhoet (T. E.) Verhaef, (L. & C. S. H.)

Gerhard Fennis (T. E.) Gerrit Femseu [(II. pp. 168,) Gerrit Femse, (II. pp. 174). (L. & C. S. H.)]

PAGE 24—Line 31.

‘Schaggen (Scagen) or the Skaw,’ can this be Schagen in North Holland, near the Zuyder Zee? Every authority is perplexing. The L. & C. S-H., reads, (II. 169) *unter Uperboet an Schagen*,” (II. 172,) “zum vier Boot von Schagen. PROF. WOLF thinks this means “*near the Light Ship off Schagen, or the Skaw*.” In the same way while PUFENDORF states Opdam’s fleet was detained at Flushing, the L. & C. S. H. reads it *rendesroused unter*

der Insul von der Schelling in the chops of the *Zuyder Zee*. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

PAGE 33, *Line 7*, "*a native of Zealand.*"

M. BASNAGE in his *Annales des Provinces-Unies*, Tome II. pp. 521, ¶. XLI. states that GERSON, who was a *Dane*, fought with as much fury against his country as if he aspired to the glory of being her liberator. The fact that he was *a native of Zealand*, the principal island appertaining to the *Danish* crown, properly spelled **Seeland**, has led to the error, *if there is one*, in as much as in English its orthography is the same as that of *Zealand*, one of the **United Provinces**. What is more, while **Gerson** and **Cerdson** sound like Scandinavian patronymics, **Geertzen** could not belong to any but a *Hollander*, or a descendant of that people. MALLET, the Danish historian, spells it always in the latter, never in the former manner. That a *Dane*, however, should have become a *devoted Swede* in the short space of time which had elapsed since the peace of *Roskilde*, is not at all surprising, since he had a prominent example in **Vinstrup** the Bishop of Lund. See MALLET'S *Histoire de Dannemarc*, Tome 8, *Livre XII*, pp. 316-'7.

PAGE 35—*Line 9*—"Three ships."

The **£. £. S. £.** mentions the names of two ships not contained in the foregoing list, the "**JONAS** and **Reichs-Apfel** (Imperial Globe, or Globe of the Realm—which Kings were formerly represented as supporting in their hand as the emblem of sovereignty—SCEPTER?)

PAGE 35, *Line 19*, "*Lieutenant General of Engineers.*"

MALLET, *Tome VIII*, *Livre XII*, page 325, styles General DAHLBERG, the Swedish Engineer-in-chief. The title in the text is taken from engravings in the writers possession, whose designs were made by that officer himself.

PAGE 44—2*d* and 3*d* paragraphs.

The THEATRUM EUROPÆUM relates with regard to the encounter between the VICTORY and **Brederode**, that “when they (the Hollanders) were about opposite the point of the Cronenburg bulwarks, the Swedish Admiral-of-the-Realm, Count **Wrangel**, in the ship VICTORIA, mounting, in her batteries alone, 50 half **Carthuuns**, besides other brass pieces, steered with his squadron against the Hollanders, met immediately Vice-Admiral **Witt Wittens**, who commanded the ship **Brederode**, gave him such a broadside, that, judging from appearances and the Swedish accounts, he, as it seemed, was humbled from the first cannonade and drifted, even while he answered with his guns, so near him (**Wrangel**) in the smoke that he (**W.**) fired a musket salvo upon the other’s crew, and then ordered him to strike, (send an officer on board to give up his sword? *abordiren*.)

PAGE 54—Line 7—*Palisades*, (**Busch**.)

From the concise language and technical terms used both in the histories of that period and the report of **Opdam**, it is impossible to decide to a certainty whether the allies made a harbor for the night (8th, 9th November,) under the lee of the island of **Hven**, or proceeded direct to **Copenhagen**. **BASNAGE** says that after the two fleets of Hollanders and Danes had combined they steered *northeast*. This would have inevitably brought them up to that island; he then adds, and sailed to anchor at the end or point of Zealand. This can only mean off Copenhagen.

Again, according to the chart, there is no four fathoms water around **Hven**, whereas that depth occurs just outside of the *Palisades* which protect the harbor of the Capital. **Opdam**’s report concludes with the following words: “Given in the ship of the Land lying at anchor *am Ende vorn Busch*”—or according to another copy, “*am Ende von dess Bosches*,” the 9th No-

vember, 1658. This is very indefinite. Then there is a small projection, which can scarcely, with propriety, be styled a point, called **Woodshrad**, about four miles north of Copenhagen, towards Hven, off which the water is very shallow.

Could this have been the locality intended? The whole matter is unimportant, except that in the former case **Opdam** not only won the battle, but, to use a military term, encamped upon the field. It is more likely, however, that **BASNAGE** mistook the course of the allied fleets.

PAGE 56.—*Lines 4 & 5, "Newly invented shells and projectiles."*

To our readers who are endowed with curiosity in military matters, it may be interesting to learn something of the military appliances of this era. In order to keep off reconnoitering parties as well as deter more serious demonstrations, the Danes buried here and there shells with a cocked and loaded pistol pointing at their matches or fuses, strewn over with powder, with a steel wire attached to the trigger, which, as soon as it was jerked or even touched, would fire the pistol and thus explode the shell.

The Swedes likewise occupied themselves in devising all kinds of new fire works, among which were small copper shells having sticks or ramrods screwed to them, so that they could be shot from muskets into the city of Copenhagen.

PAGE 71, *Line 17, "caught in the ice."*

On the 2nd December, [O. S. ?] 1658, the ice was strong enough to bear a mounted horseman—**THEATRUM EUROPÆUM**.

Errata.

Page 5,	Line 4	from	bottom;	insert	before	"Saxon,"	"the true or Anglo".
" 6,	" 15	"	"	for	"Guali"	read	"Gauli."
" 12,	" 15	"	"	for	"a few"	"	"twenty."
" 15,	" 13	"	"	for	"forts"	"	"ports."
" 17,	" 14	"	top,	after	"FENNIS,"	insert	"[also written GERRIT FEMSEN, and even TEMSE.]"
" "	" 15	"	"	between	"of" and	"the Northern,"	insert
					"West-Frieszland	and".	
" 22,	" 6	"	"	for	"disclaimed,"	read	"declaimed."
" 23,	" 5	"	"	for	"af"	read	"of."
" 26,	" 11	"	"	insert	"yet" between	"army" and	"had."
" 31,	" 19	"	"	for	"Admirals"	read	"Admiral."

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TWO SUMMER CRUISES WITH THE BALTIC FLEET, in 1854-'5. London, 1855.

To Holland and the Dutch Nation.

Come, men of Netherlandish blood,
Clasp hands, and celebrate with me
That race who, first, thrust back the flood,
Stablish'd their homes upon the sea,
To gardens clung'd pestiferous mud,
Won Ocean to sodality.

Asylum universal gave
To Persecution's victims wan,
Thinkers profound, inventors brave,
All whom the tyrant frowned upon;
Misfortune, Liberty, the Arts,
They welcomed to their heart of hearts.

The greatest of all exiles, Mind—
Breath'd forth with their protecting shield—
Whom all earth else conspired to bind,
Till dawn once more its beams reveal'd,
And moral sentiment, till light
Broke on the long and starless night.

“When Persia's despot's mad ambition
Bridg'd Hellespont's impetuous stream,
I smote his labors with perdition,
Swift dissolv'd his lucre's dream,
Once toss'd my foaming crest in sport,
And gone was all his myriads wrought.

“Vain fool! the finite madly thought
His earthly fetters to impose
On that dread element which nought
But a supernal Ruler knows—
My bursting foam long-liv'd as he
Who dar'd aspire to chain the Sea.”

With mighty glee, thus whoop'd the sea,
Roll'd aq'uid mountains to the strand,
Where now Hollandish industry
With teeming harvests clothes the land;
Exulting roar'd the tyrant brine,
“I claim this *Hollow-Land* as mine!”

With hopeful spirit, undismay'd,
The Netherlands' courage rose,
And to the Ocean's Master pray'd,
Who humbled had more cruel foes,
Then, cheer'd with his inspiring aid,
To the great task their shoulder laid.

Little by little, dunes of sand
Dissolv'd, reform'd, fenc'd in the sea;
Sub'nerg'd, regain'd the hard-won land
Began to flourish 'mid the sea,
And inch by inch, and foot by foot,
The dykes rose up and firm took root.

Repell'd, the Ocean's baffled ire
Summon'd the Tempest to his side,
And, with his surges all on fire,
Against man's bulwarks roll'd his tide,—
In vain! though breaches crumbled wide,
Triumphant entrance was deny'd.

What Wisdom plann'd wrought stalwart hand,
And stronger, higher, rood by rood,
The dykes hedg'd in th' exulting land,—
Daid the waves' most furious mood;
At length, the Ocean's wrath subdu'd,
A manly race his friendship woo'd.

“All gallant foes respect the bands
Which dare their honest rights maintain,
And such respect the Netherlands
Asks from the fierce but generous main.”
“No longer foes, sworn allies we,
Henceforth I'll serve thee,” quoth the sea.

While other people plough'd the ground,
Bold Holland's globe the rolling main,
From pole to pole, the earth around,
Each furrow yielded countless gain;
At home her hive was one vast store,
Glean'd from each clime and every shore.

The dreadful Glacial Ocean paid
Its tribute to her fearless toil;
Amid the ice the bases laid,
Rose an emporium of oil;
Arctic *Batavia*, proudly styled,—
Round it Spitzbergen's glaciers pil'd.

Near the equator, that same time,—
When Europe thro'd, convuls'd with war,—
From Java's gorgeous teemful clime
Commerce stupendous trophies bore,
And, in that crowning gem of earth,
To *Tropic Amsterdam* gave birth.

Coral with't—can truth ignore?
First, in the west, the Dutch proclaim'd
Free Faith, free Speech—Manhattan's shore
The neighbor'ing lands' intolerance shamed—
Good will tow'rd men—strange seed—yet thence
Grew th' Empire State's preeminence.

The Indian Archipelagoes
And Araby her gardens were,
Where aromatic odors rose
The pungent fruit matur'd for her,
Till Asia's riches' overflow
Made Holland Europe's entrepot.

And Scandinavia's giant trees,
Cloud-piercing, in her forests grew,
To build Dutch merchants' argosies,
Which o'er remotest waters flew:
And towns upborne on Norway pine
Rose from their fens still soak'd with brine.

Prussia's and Poland's fecund plains
For Holland grew their golden corn:
For her were Ireland's, Lusitania's, Spain's,
Silesia's choicest fleeces shorn;
Saxonia's, Poland's emerald wolds
Nourish'd for her their bleating folds.

The sunny slopes, whose vineyards line
The laughing banks of the Garonne,
Which lend such glory to the Rhine,
And famous render the Dordogne,
Their choicest flavor'd vintage here
To crown Dutch burghers' princely fare.

Two cent'ries since, what glory crown'd
The “Fatherland”! what comfort reign'd!
Freedom her ble-sings shed around,
Abundance and content unfeign'd;
A store house for the world was she
Whose swelling canvas fill'd the sea.

Her government throughout the earth
Respect enforc'd, respect inspir'd;
Cherish'd at home,—her rulers' worth,
Lent all the influence requir'd
To safely steer the Ship of State
Laden with such a priceless freight.

And here we leave her. Pen of mine,
Which sung her high and glorious flow,
Her triumphs on the earth and brine,
Could never tell the reflux,—no!
No foreign brand, but traitor-hand,
Stabb'd to the heart “mijn Nederland.”

Her fame is lustrous as a planet,
While earth endures its halo 'll blaze,
Meteor-like, heroes began it,
Thenceforward steadfast shone its rays;
Holland! till death shall end my days,
No task so joyous as thy praise.

The grandeur of the bold Dutch nation
The lapse of time shall never pale,
Yet, the world, with acclamation,
Will its wondrous influence hail:
Thou honest, fearless, tried and true,
Land of the Orange, White and Blue,
Mijn Vaderland, all hail! Adieu.

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